00046607

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

00046607

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

Thurston del. Raimbach Sculp.

The Robbers.

Act III. Scene II.

Published July 1, 1806, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry

1218
Ll. i. 15

THE

German Theatre,

TRANSLATED BY

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

46607

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

THE ROBBERS,
DON CARLOS.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARP, POULTRY;
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
By J. Wright, St, John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1806.

832.08
Ger/Ger
46607

THE ROBBERS.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1805.

832.6
Sch/R06

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT MOOR.

CHARLES, } *His Sons.*
FRANCIS, }

SPIEGELBERG, }
SCHWEITZER, }
GRIMM, }
SCHUFTERLE, } *Libertines, who become Robbers.*
ROLLER, }
RAZMAN, }
KOSINSKI, }

HERMAN, *the natural Son of a Nobleman.*
DANIEL, *an old Servant of Count Moor.*
COMMISSARY.

AMELIA, *Niece of the Count.*

Robbers, Servants, &c.

THE ROBBERS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Castle of* COUNT MOOR.

Enter COUNT *and* FRANCIS.

Fra. But are you well, my father?—You look so pale—

Cou. Quite well, my son. What tidings do you bring?

Fra. The post is arrived.—A letter from our correspondent at Leipzig—

Cou.—(*With great anxiety.*)—Does it contain any account of my son Charles?

Fra. It does; but I fear, if you be ill—if you feel in the smallest degree disordered, allow me——I will communicate the matter to you at a more proper time.—(*Half aside.*)—This intelligence is ill adapted to the ear of a feeble, sickly father.

Cou. Heavens! What can he mean?

Fra. First let me step aside, and drop a tear of pity for my poor lost brother. I ought to be mute—for he is your son. I ought to conceal his disgrace—for he is my brother: but to obey you is my first duty, and by this mournful duty I am bound to speak—therefore forgive me.

Cou. Oh Charles, Charles! didst thou but know how thy conduct tortures thy father;—didst thou but know that happy tidings of thee would add ten years to my existence—

whereas, all I have lately heard has led me, with rapid strides, to the grave.

Fra. If my father's life be dependent on happy tidings from my brother, I must go. Were I to state all I know, we should, even to-day, tear our hair over your corpse.

Cou. Stay.—The step to the grave is but short.—Be it so.—(*Seats himself.*)—The sins of the father are visited even unto the third and fourth generation. Be it so.

Fra.—(*Draws a letter from his pocket.*)—You know our correspondent. I would forfeit this finger if I could say he lied. Collect yourself. Forgive me, if I do not allow *you* to read this letter: you must not know all.

Cou. As you will. My son, you are the prop of my declining years.

Fra.—(*Reads.*)—"Leipzig, 1st of May. Your brother seems, at length, to have filled the measure of his infamy, unless his genius, in this respect, soars above every thing I can comprehend. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand dollars,"—a decent sum, Sir—"after having seduced the daughter of a rich banker, and mortally wounded her lover in a duel, he, last night, with seven of his dissipated companions, escaped the arm of justice by flight."—Father! for heaven's sake, father—how do you feel?

Cou. Enough, my son; read no further.

Fra. I pity you sincerely. "Warrants have been issued against him; the injured cry aloud for redress, and a reward is offered for his apprehension. The name of Moor"—No, my lips shall not destroy my father.—(*Tears the letter.*)—Do not believe it, sir. Do not believe one syllable of it.

Cou.—(*Overpowered with sorrow.*)—My name—the honourable name—

Fra. Oh that he did not bear the name of Moor! Oh that my heart did not feel such warm affection for him!

It is an affection which I cannot eradicate, though I feel that the Eternal Judge will hereafter condemn it.

Cou. Oh my prospects—my enchanting visions!

Fra. Yes, yes, "That ardent spirit," you were wont to say, "which already appears in my boy Charles, which already makes him feel the force of every thing sublime and beautiful. That candour which beams in his eye—that sensibility—that manly courage—that juvenile ambition—that unconquerable perseverance, and all those shining virtues which adorn my son, will one day make him a sincere friend, a worthy citizen, an illustrious hero." How gloriously is your prophecy fulfilled! The *ardent spirit* has shewn itself, and admirable indeed are his achievements. The *candour* is transformed to impudence, the *sensibility* is shewn by attachment to every wanton Phryne. Can the pleasures of six years have burnt away the oil of this illustrious fiery genius? Yes—so completely, that, as he passes through the streets, the passers-by exclaim—"C'est l'amour qui a fait ça." The *illustrious hero* has, indeed, achieved exploits beyond his years, and when he has attained the age of maturity, what may we not expect? Perhaps, father, you may live to enjoy the happiness of beholding him at the head of a troop, which takes its station in the sacred recesses of the woods, in order to ease the weary traveller of his burden. Perhaps, ere you die, you may behold the monument erected for him between heaven and earth. Perhaps—Oh my father! seek, seek another name; lest the boys, who have seen the effigy of your son in the market-place of Leipzig, should point the finger of derision at you.

Cou. Must you, too, torment me thus? How do my children lacerate my heart.

Fra. You perceive that I have a spirit, too; but 'tis a serpion's spirit. "Yes," you were wont to say, "that poor puppet Francis, that weak creature"—with twenty other

titles, pointing out the difference between me and Charles, as he sat upon your knee, and pinched your cheek—"that inanimate dolt will die, decay, and be forgotten, while his brother's fame will fly from pole to pole." Yes, with uplifted hands I thank thee, heaven, for having made the *poor puppet* Francis unlike his brother.

Cou. Pardon me, my son; rail not against your father, when he owns himself deceived. The God who doomed that Charles should cause these tears, will wipe them from my eyes, through thee, my Francis.

Fra. Yes, dear father; Francis will wipe them from your eyes: Francis will employ his life in prolonging yours. You shall be the oracle which guides his actions—the mirror in which he surveys his every project. No duty shall be too sacred to be broken, when your precious life depends on the transgression.

Cou. I thank you, my son. Heaven reward you for what you have done, and will do, for me!

Fra. Confess to me, then, that you would be a happy man, if you were not obliged to own my brother as your son.

Cou. Hold! oh hold! when the nurse first brought him to me, I raised him in my arms towards heaven, and cried—"I am most happy."

Fra. And feel you happy now? No, you envy the condition of your meanest vassal. Charles is the cause of your sorrow; as long as he remains your son, this sorrow will increase, and at last prove fatal.

Cou. True! True!

Fra. Well, then, disinherit this son.

Cou.—*(Starts.)*—Francis! Francis! what say you?—Wish you that I should curse my son?

Fra. That do I not. But whom do you call your son? The man, to whom you have given life, and whose constant endeavour is to shorten yours?

Cou. I own his conduct is unnatural—but still, still he is my child.

Fra. An amiable child truly, whose constant study is to put an end to his father's life. Oh that you could view his conduct in a proper light! Oh that the scales would fall from your eyes! But no: your indulgence confirms him in his dissolute pursuits—your supplies of money justify his conduct. True it is that you thus remove the curse of heaven from him, but on you, father, on you will it fall with tenfold vengeance.

Cou. It is just—most just. Mine, mine is all the guilt.

Fra. How many thousands, after having drenched the voluptuous bowl of libertinism, have been reclaimed by suffering? Is not the corporal pain, which succeeds every excess, a proof of heavenly interference? Shall man dare to avert this by impious affection? Shall the father dare to destroy, by ill-timed tenderness, the pledge entrusted to his care?—Consider, sir—if you doom him to undergo, for a short time, the misery he has prepared for himself, must he not reform? In the other case, must he not become habituated to vice?—Then woe be to the father, who, by countenancing the crimes of his son, has destroyed the intentions of a higher Power.

Cou. I'll write to him—I'll tell him that I abandon him for ever.

Fra. Such conduct will be wise.

Cou. I'll forbid him to appear again before me.

Fra. That will have a wholesome effect upon him.

Cou.—(*In a tone of affection.*)—Till he reforms.

Fra. Right, sir. But may he not come with the mask of a hypocrite; sue for your compassion; with tears implore your pardon; and, after having obtained it, may he not depart, and, in the arms of his harlots, laugh at his old father's

weakness?—No, sir; believe me, he will, of his own accord, return as soon as his conscience has acquitted him.

Cou. I must write to him without delay.—(*Going.*)

Fra. Hold! another word, my father. Your anger may, I fear, dictate to your pen expressions which may drive him to despair; and, on the other hand—will he not deem a letter written by yourself to be a token of forgiveness? It will, therefore, be better if you allow me to write the letter.

Cou. Do so, Francis. Alas! It would have broken my heart. Tell him—

Fra.—(*Eagerly.*)—You wish me to write, then?

Cou. Yes. Tell him that he has made me shed a thousand tears of blood—that he has made me toss upon my couch a thousand sleepless nights—but he is my son—do not drive him to despair.

Fra. Retire to bed, dear father. You are much agitated.

Cou. Tell him that his father's bosom—but do not, do not drive him to despair. [*Exit.*

Fra.—(*Looks after him with derision.*)—Yes. Console thyself, poor dotard, for his loss. Thou shalt never clasp him in thy arms. The gulph between thee and thy darling son is as wide as that which separates heaven from hell. He was torn from thy arms, ere thou hadst determined that it was thy will. I must collect these scraps. How easily might any one recognise my hand!—(*Gathers the pieces of the letter which he had torn.*)—What a wretched bungler should I be, had I not yet discovered the means of alienating a father from his son: even were they bound by chains of iron to each other. Yes, honoured father, I have drawn a magic circle round thee, which thy darling cannot overstep. Sorrow will soon do its duty, and close thy mortal career. From *her* heart too I must tear this Charles, even if half her life depended on it.—(*Walks to and fro with rapid strides.*)—Nature, I have great right to hate thee, and, by my soul, I'll be revenged. Why hast thou loaded me with such a burden of

deformity? Why me alone of all that bear the name of Moor? Hell and furies, why me alone? But, 'tis well. Thou didst damn me while I was begotten—and, in return, I vow eternal hatred against thee. I see no other human being like me—therefore will I blast thy works. The sweet fraternity of souls I cannot know—the soft persuasive eloquence of love I cannot use. Force, therefore,—force and cunning must assist me. With them I'll crush each creature that opposes me, till I have gained the height of my ambition.

Enter AMELIA *slowly.*

She comes.—Ha! I perceive, by her step, that the medicine takes effect.—I do not love her; but I am resolved that no one else shall revel in her charms. In my arms shall they wither, untasted, unenjoyed by man.——Ha! What is she doing now?—(Amelia, *without perceiving* Francis, *destroys a nosegay, and tramples on it.* Francis *approaches with a malicious mein.*)—What crime have these poor violets committed?

Ame.—*(Starts and measures him with a long look.)*—You here! 'Tis as I wished. You alone, of all mankind, did I wish to see.

Fra. Transcendant bliss! me alone of all mankind!

Ame. Yes: I have panted for this moment, and will enjoy it. Stay, I conjure you—stay, that I may—curse thee, villain.

Fra. What! Treat me thus! You have mistaken the object of your hate. Go to my father.

Ame. Father!—true. A father who dooms his son to eat the food of sorrow and despair, while he regales himself with dainties, quaffs delicious wines, and rests his palsied frame on beds of down. Shame on you, monsters—shame on you, brutal wretches! How could a father be persuaded thus to treat his only son?

Fra. His only son! I thought that he had two.

Ame. Yes, he deserves such sons as thou art. When stretched upon the bed of death, in vain will he stretch forth his withered hand, in hopes to feel the hand of Charles. With horror will he shrink from the icy touch of Francis. Yes, wretch, one transport still awaits thee—a dying father's curse.

Fra. Your mind is disordered, dear Amelia. I lament your fate.

Ame. Dost thou lament thy brother's fate? No: monster, thou hatest him. I hope thou hatest me too.

Fra. Oh, Amelia! I love you more than life.

Ame. If this be true, you surely cannot deny me one request.

Fra. Never, never! ask any thing.

Ame. The boon is small.—*(With dignity.)*—All I require is that thou wilt hate me. Shame would overpower me, were I to know that, while I thought of Charles, thou didst not hate me. Give me thy promise, and begone.

Fra. Lovely enthusiast! How does that firm, immutable affection charm me!—(*Placing his hand on* Amelia's *heart.*)—Here, here reigned my brother. Charles was the god of this temple.—In motion, or on her pillow, Charles was the idol of Amelia's fancy. In Charles creation seemed to be concentrated.—

Ame.—(Much agitated.)—'Tis true—I own it. Yes, in defiance of you, barbarous wretches as you are, I'll tell it to the world—I love him.

Fra. Inhuman villain, thus to reward her tender passion—to forget her!

Ame. What? Forget me!

Fra. Did you not place a ring upon his finger.—A diamond ring, as a pledge of your fidelity? But what youth can resist the fascinating arts of a wanton? Who can blame him? He had no money—and she rewarded him, no doubt, or his liberality, by many a warm embrace.

Ame.—*(Incensed)*—My ring to a wanton!

Fra. Shame overtake him! Yes.

Ame.—*(Violently.)*—My ring!

Fra. No other, Amelia. Oh, had you placed such a jewel on my finger, death himself should not have robbed me of the treasure. 'Tis not the sparkling diamond, nor the costly workmanship, but *love*, which gives value to the present.—You are in tears, sweet girl. Damned be the wretch who made them flow. Alas! did you know all; were you to see him in his present state?

Ame. Monster! In what state?

Fra. Dear Amelia, do not ask me.—*(As if aside, but audibly.)*—Well would it be for the libertine and the debauchee could he conceal his crimes from the world's observation but they are horribly betrayed by the dim, livid eye, the death-like features, faltering voice, projecting bones, and tottering frame. The poison pierces to the very marrow, and — — — disgusting dreadful thought!—*(Turns towards her.)*—Amelia, you recollect the wretch who expired in our hospital. You once looked at him, but modesty forbad that the look should be more than momentary. Recal the image of that wretch to your mind, and think you see—my brother Charles. Yes, such is he. His kisses are infectious—poison is on his lips.

Ame. Infamous slanderer!—*(Turns away.)*—

Fra. Does this weak description fill you with horror? Go, then—behold himself—behold your amiable, angelic Charles—go—inhale the balsam of his breath—feast on the ambrosial air which issues from his lips—(Amelia *conceals her face.)*—How voluptuous to embrace him!—But is it not unjust to condemn a person on account of his external appearance?—May not a great soul beam from a miserable cripple, like a diamond from a dunghill?—*(With a malicious smile.)*—True it is, if debauchery undermines the firm-

ness of character, if virtue makes her escape when modesty is banished, as the perfume leaves the withered rose—if the mind becomes a cripple with the body—

Ame.—(*Transported.*)—Ha! Charles! Now I know thee again. Thou art still the same. Villain, it cannot be. Thy tale is false.—(Francis *stands awhile lost in thought, then suddenly turns, and is going.*)—Whither so quick. Art thou ashamed, because detected?

Fra.—(*Concealing his face.*)—Let me weep unmolested.—Hard-hearted father—thus to consign to misery the worthiest of his sons. Let me hasten to him, dear Amelia. I'll fall at his feet, and, on my knees, implore that he will transfer his curse to me—that he will disinherit me—my blood—my life—my every thing.

Ame.—(*Falls on his neck.*)—Brother of my Charles! Best, dearest Francis!

Fra. Oh, Amelia, how do I love you for your unshaken constancy towards Charles. Pardon me for having thus put your affection to the test. How sweetly have you justified my wishes. These tears, these sighs, this praiseworthy indignation—all, all prove our souls to be congenial.

Ame.—(*Shakes her head.*)—No, no. By yon chaste light of heaven, thou canst not feel like Charles. His sensibility and spirit are alike unknown to thee.

Fra. The evening which preceded his departure for Leipzig was silent and serene. He led me to the arbour, where you and he so often had exchanged soft vows of love.—Long we remained silent, till he at length seized my hand, and whispered in a voice which his tears almost choaked: "I leave my Amelia—I cannot account for my sensations—but I fear that I leave her for ever. Do not forsake her, brother. Be her friend—her Charles—should Charles never return!—(*Falls at her feet, and kisses her hand with fervour.*)—And never will he return.—Amelia, I acceded to his wishes, and he bound me to the observance of them by an oath.

Ame.—*(Starts back.)*—Traitor! Have I detected thee? In that very arbour did he conjure me that, if death divided us, no other passion should——Wretch! villain most accursed! Away from me!

Fra. Amelia, you do not know me.

Ame. Oh, I know thee well. Wouldst thou convince me that Charles could entrust his secrets to a wretch like thee? Begone instantly.

Fra. You insult me.

Ame. Begone, I say. Thou hast robbed me of a costly hour. May it be deducted from thy life!

Fra. You hate me, then?

Ame. I abhor thee. Begone.

Fra.—*(Furiously.)*—Enough! Soon shall you tremble for this conduct. You shall feel what it is to prefer a beggar. [*Exit.*

Ame. Go, villain. I am now again with Charles.—Beggar, said he? I would not exchange the tatters which hang upon him, for the purple of an emperor. How dignified must be the look with which he begs!—A look, which instantly annihilates the pageantry and splendor of the great. Down to the dust, ye splendid baubles!—*(Tears her necklace.)*—Ye rich and mighty barons, may your gold, your jewels and your banquets be your curse!—Charles! Charles! Now I deserve thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Inn on the borders of Saxony.* CHARLES *is discovered walking to and fro in great agitation.*

Cha. Where can these fellows tarry? Surely they have been on horseback. Holla! More wine here!—Evening approaches, and the post is not yet arrived.—*(Laying his hand on his breast.)*—How my heart beats!—Wine, wine, I say!—I am doubly in want of courage to-day, whether to bear joyful or disastrous tidings.—*(Wine is brought—he*

drinks, and strikes the table with violence.)—What a damned inequality prevails throughout this world! While many a miser hoards whole chests of gold, poverty lays her leaden hand upon the bold enterprizing flights of youth. Fellows, whose income is incalculable, torment me hourly to discharge my paltry debts, and though I press their hands, and beg them to allow me but a single day—all is in vain. Entreaties, oaths, and tears, have no effect on their impenetrable souls.

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spi. Damnation! One stroke follows close upon another. Have you heard the news, Moor?

Cha. No—What has happened?

Spi. Happened! Read this paper, which is just arrived by the post. Peace is proclaimed throughout Germany. The devil take all monks, say I.

Cha. Peace throughout Germany!

Spi. Ay.—The news is enough to make a man hang himself. Club-law is at an end. All contests are forbidden on pain of death. Hell and furies! Cut your throat, Moor. Pens will scribble now, where swords used to be employed.

Cha.—(Casts his sword from him.)—Let cowards, then, head our regiments, and men break their swords.—Peace throughout Germany! The news has branded thee with infamy for ever, Germany. Goose-quills usurp the place of swords! I'll not think of it. Shall I curb my ardent spirit, and submit, without resistance, to despotic laws? Peace throughout Germany! Damned be the peace, which would make a man crawl like a snail upon the earth, when he feels that he could overtop the eagle in his flight! Peace never produced a great man—war has made many a hero. Oh that the spirit of our fathers would revive! Place me at the head of a few bold determined Germans.—Germans! No,

no, no. That cannot be. Germany must fall. Her hour is come. Not one spark of resolution animates the descendants of Barbarossa. I will forget the use of arms, and wander in my peaceful native groves.

Spi. What, *in* the devil's name, do you mean? Why, you surely would not act the part of the prodigal son—you, a fellow, who has written more legible characters with his sword, than half a dozen quill-drivers could scribble in a leap-year! Pshaw! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Misfortune must never transform a hero into a coward.

Cha. Yes, Maurice, I will act the part of the repentant prodigal. You may call it weakness in me to revere my father. It is the weakness of a man; and he who does not feel it, must be exalted above humanity, or degraded below it. I will pursue the middle course.

Spi. Go, go—You are no longer the Charles Moor, whom once I knew. Don't you remember how often you have laughed at the old miser, with the glass in your hand. Have I not heard you say a thousand times, "Let him enjoy his hoards of wealth, while I enjoy my bottle." Don't you remember this, I say? 'Twas spoken like a man, but——

Cha. Damnation overtake thee, Maurice, for reminding me of such expressions! Damnation overtake myself for having uttered them! But, no—I was intoxicated. My heart knew not what escaped my lips.

Spi.—*(Shakes his head.)*—Charles, it is impossible you can be serious. Come, confess now, that necessity compels you to think of this plan. Pshaw! Never fear, man, happen what may. True courage grows in proportion to the increase of danger. Fate seems resolved to make great men of us, by casting so many impediments in our way.

Cha.—*(In a peevish tone.)*—I know not of what use courage would be now.

Spi. Of much. What! Would you suffer your talent

to moulder and decay? Would you bury your great abilities in the earth? Do you fancy that your genius is incapable of any thing beyond your petty exploits at Leipzig? Let us hurry together into the bustle of the world. Paris and London are the places for us. There if you greet a person by the title of an honest man, you are sure to feel his fist. There a man of genius may carry on the trade by wholesale. Yes—you will stare, I promise you, when you see how gloriously writing is counterfeited—dice loaded—cards palmed—locks picked—strong boxes gutted. Huzza! Paris and London for ever! I'll be your tutor. Hang the miserable dolt, who would starve rather than belong to the crook-fingered tribe.

Cha.—*(With asperity.)*—Have you reached such a length as this?

Spi. I could almost fancy that you doubt my powers. Let me once become warm, and you shall see miracles. Your shallow understanding will be struck with astonishment, when my pregnant genius shall bring forth.—*(Striking the table.)*—*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.* You shall be jealous of me.

Cha.—*(Keenly surveying him.)*—Maurice!

Spi.—*(With ardour.)*—Yes, you shall be jealous of me—you, and all our comrades. I'll devise schemes which shall amaze and confound you. What mighty plans are dawning in my mind! What gigantic projects fill this teeming brain! Cursed be the lethargy—*(Striking his forehead.)*—which hitherto confined my powers, and darkened all my prospects! I am, now, awake—I feel who I am, and what I must become.—Leave me, all of you. You shall live from my bounty.

Cha. You are a fool. The wine has mounted into your brain.

Spi.—*(With increasing ardour.)*—"Spiegelberg," you will say, "are you concerned with the devil, Spiegelberg?"—

"What a pity it is, Spiegelberg," the king will say, "that you were not a general when the Turks attacked us! You would have soon made them beat a retreat."—"What a lamentable circumstance it is," I hear the doctors cry, "that this young man did not study physic! His discoveries would have immortalized him as the first of our profession."—"Alas! had he devoted his mind to finance," will the statesman exclaim, "he would have converted even stones to gold."—The name of Spiegelberg will be echoed from east to west—from north to south—and while he soars with outspread wings to the temple of renown, you, paltry reptiles, shall be crawling in the mire.

Cha. Success attend you! Mount to the summit of fame by the ladder of infamy, if such be *your* inclination. More honourable happiness awaits me, in the shade of my paternal groves, and in the arms of my Amelia. A week has now elapsed since I wrote to entreat my father's pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance, and forgiveness is ever the reward of sincerity. Let us take leave of each other, Maurice. We shall never meet again after to-day. The post is arrived. My father's pardon is already within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, *and* SCHUFTERLE.

Rol. Have you heard that there are officers in search of us?

Gri. And that we may expect every minute to be apprehended.

Cha. I am not surprised to hear it. I care not what happen. Have you seen Razman? I expect he has a letter for me.

Rol. I dare say he has, for I observed him in search of you some time ago.

Cha. Where, where is he?—*(Going.)*

Rol. Stay. I told him to come hither. Why, how now? You tremble.

Cha. Not I, indeed. Why should I tremble? This letter—rejoice with me my friends—I am the happiest man on earth. Why should I tremble?—(Schw. *seats himself in the chair previously occupied by* Spi. *and drinks his wine.*)

Enter RAZMAN.

Cha.—(*Flies towards him,*)—My friend! The letter! the letter!

Raz.—(*Delivers the letter, which* Charles *hastily tears open.*)—What now? Why you are as pale as a white-washed wall.

Cha. My brother's hand!

Rol. What's the matter with Spiegelberg?

Gri. The fellow has lost his senses. He is troubled with St. Vitus's dance.

Schw. He seems to me as if he were making verses.

Rol. Spiegelberg! Holla! Spiegelberg! Damn the fellow! He does not hear me.

Gri.—(*Shaking him.*)—Maurice, are you dreaming? or—

Spi.—(*Who has been, since his conversation with* Charles, *sitting in a corner, and making gestures, which convey the idea of some great project, starts wildly from his chair, and seizes* Schweitzer *by the throat.*)—*La bourse ou la vie.*—(Schweitzer, *with perfect composure, pushes him against the wall. The rest laugh.* Charles *drops his letter, and is bursting out of the room. All start.*)

Rol.—(*Holding* Charles.)—Moor, whither so fast?

Gri. What is the matter? He is as pale as death.

Cha. Lost, lost for ever.—(*Rushes out.*)

Rol.—(*Takes up the letter and reads it.*)—"Unfortunate brother!" The beginning is pleasant enough, to be sure; 'I am under the necessity of briefly informing you that

your hopes are defeated. Our father says, you may go wherever your depraved, abandoned mind directs. He forbids every personal attempt, on your part, to obtain his pardon, unless you wish to live on bread and water in the lowest dungeon of the castle, till your hairs grow like the feathers of an eagle, and your nails like the talons of a vulture. These are his last words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewel, for ever. I sincerely pity you.

FRANCIS MOOR."

Schw. Most amiable brother Francis!

Spi. You mentioned bread and water, I think? Temperate kind of diet, to be sure—but I have provided otherwise for you. Have not I always said that I should be obliged at last to think for you all?

Schw. The blockhead! You think for us all!

Spi. If you be not poltroons—if you have courage enough to attempt something great—

Rol. Will it release us from our present infernal scrapes?

Spi.—(*With a smile of self-approbation.*)—Release us from our present scrapes! Ha! ha! ha! Would that satisfy you? Can your thimble-full of brains project nothing greater than that? Yes, yes, Spiegelberg must think for you. I'll point out to you the way by which you shall become heroes, barons, princes, gods!

Raz. That's a long stride, by my soul. But I presume your project is rather of the break-neck kind. It will cost each of us a head at least I suppose.

Spi. Not yours depend upon it, Razman. Courage alone is wanted, for with respect to the mode of proceeding, I take the management of that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schufterle! Courage.

Schw. If that be all you want, I've courage enough to walk through hell barefooted.

Rol. And I enough to fight the devil under the gallows for the body of a thief just executed.

Spi. Spoken like men! If you feel thus courageous, let any step forth and say, "I still have something to lose."—(*A long pause.*)—No answer to this?

Rol. Why should we waste our time in idle words? If common sense can understand, and determined spirit execute your project—out with it!

Spi. Be it so.—(*Stations himself in the midst of them, and proceeds in a solemn tone.*)—If you have one drop of that blood which filled the veins of German heroes, follow me. Let us hasten to the forest of Bohemia, there collect a band of robbers—and—why do you stare at me? Is your little fume of valour already evaporated?

Rol. You are not the first freebooter who has defied the gallows—and yet—what else can we do?

Spi. What else? Nothing. Would you be confined in a dungeon for debt, and doomed to hard labour till the last trumpet sounds? Would you earn a morsel of rye-bread by tilling the earth? Would you gain a mean subsistence by singing ballads through the streets? Would you follow the drum (I mean if your countenances did not forbid that any regiments should accept you) and submit to the overbearing insults of a corporal, till flogged to death, or doomed to fill the station of a beast, and drag artillery? such is the choice now left to you.

Rol. Spiegelberg, you are a glorious orator, when your object is to transform an honest man into a villain. But what is become of Moor?

Spi. An honest man, did you say? Do you think my project will make you less honest than you are at present? Is it not praiseworthy to take from the miser a third of that which causes care, and banishes repose—to force the hoarded treasure into circulation—to restore equality of property—in a word, to create a second golden age—to assist heaven

by removing from the world war, pestilence, famine, and physic—to feel the flattering conviction, when we sit down to dinner, that our meal is procured by the exertion of our own genius and courage—to acquire the respect of every rank in society—

Rol. And, finally, to be dispatched by a hangman—to dangle in defiance of wind and weather, between heaven and earth, while the fowls of the air join in celestial concert round us—to have the honour, while monarchs are food for worms, of being visited by the royal bird of Jove—Maurice, Maurice, beware of the beast with three legs.

Spi. Hen-hearted fool! Does this alarm you? Many a fine fellow, with a genius extensive enough to have effected universal reformation, has been doomed to perish by the halter;—but does not such a man's renown extend through centuries and tens of centuries, while many a prince would be overlooked in history, were it not the historian's interest to increase the number of his pages? Nay, when the traveller sees a gibbet,—does he not exclaim—"That fellow was no fool," and lament the hardship of the times?

Raz. Spiegelberg, give me your hand. Your arguments, like the lyre of Orpheus, have lulled that howling Cerberus, my conscience, to repose.—I am yours.

Gri. Let them catch us too, if they can. At all events one may carry a concealed powder which is capable of conveying us across Acheron at short notice.—Your hand, Maurice. You have heard my catechism.

Schuf. Damnation! There's an auction in my head. A mountebank—a sharper—a coiner—a robber——I am ready to adopt any character. He who bids the most secures me—Give me your hand, Maurice.

Schw.—*(Approaches slowly, and presents his hand.)*—Spiegelberg, you are a great man—or a blind sow has found an acorn.

Rol.—*(After a long pause, during which he has riveted his eye on* Schweitzer.)—You too, my friend!—*(Stretches forth his hand.)*—Roller and Schweitzer shall support each other—even to the jaws of hell.

Spi. Right, my lads! All is settled. To the stars let us force our way,—to Cæsars and to Catilines.—Fill your glasses. Health to the god of thieves.

All. Health to Mercury!

Spi. Now, let us proceed to business. A year hence each of us will be rich enough to buy an earldom.

Schw.—*(Aside.)*—Yes—if we be not broken on the wheel before the year is expired.—*(They are going.)*

Rol. Stay, comrades, stay. Ugly as the beast may be, it must have a head. Rome and Sparta fell for want of one.

Spi.—*(With a fawning mien.)*—True, Roller is right.—A leader you must have—a penetrating, politic leader. *(Stalks into the midst of them.)* When I reflect what you were but a few moments since, and what one happy thought has made you—(yes, yes,—of course you must have a chief)—a thought, too, which must have had its origin in an enlightened mind—

Rol. If we might hope—but I fear he will not consent—

Spi.—*(in a complacent tone.)* Don't despair, Roller. Hard as is the task to steer the vessel, when the winds and waves oppose it—oppressive as is the weight of a crown—speak frankly, man. Perhaps—perhaps—he may be prevailed upon—

Rol. If he be not at our head, the whole scheme is a bubble. Without *Moor*, we shall be a body without a soul.

Spi.—*(Turning away with a look of peevish disappointment.)* Dolt! Blockhead!

Enter CHARLES, *in violent agitation.*

Cha. (Walks to and fro with furious gestures, not perceiv-

ng that any one is present.) Man!—man!—False hypocrite! —Deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow—but thy heart is iron.—Thou stretchest forth thy open arms—but a poniard is concealed in thy bosom. Lions and leopards feed their young,—the raven feasts its little ones on carrion, and he, he—Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice. I could smile, while my enemy quaffed my heart's blood—but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury—let manly composure catch fire—let the gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction.

Rol. Moor, what think you?—Is not the cavern of a robber better than the dungeon of a prison?

Cha. Why did not my spirit take up its abode in the body of a tiger, which satisfies its ravenous appetite with human flesh? Is this a parent's love? Oh that I were a bear—then might I instigate my whole species to revenge my wrongs. Thus penitent—yet thus rejected! I could pour poison into the ocean—I could annihilate mankind.

Rol. Listen to me, Moor.

Cha. It is incredible—it is a vision.—So pathetic a description of my sufferings—so fervent an avowal of my penitence—the beasts of the forest would have felt compassion, yet——were I to declare this openly, the world would deem it a libel upon human nature,—Oh that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through creation—that I could arm earth, air, and sea against the barbarous race!

Gri. Hear us, Moor! Your fury makes you deaf to us.

Cha. Away from me! Is not thy name *man!* Art thou not born of woman? Away from me instantly. Oh I loved him so sincerely—so unutterably. No son could feel the same affection towards a father.—A thousand times would I have sacrificed my life in his defence.—(*Foaming with*

fury, and stamping most violently.)—Ha!—Who will arm this hand with a sword, that I may destroy this brood of otters? Who will instruct me how to extirpate the whole race?—He shall be my friend, my guardian angel.—I will adore him.

Rol. We are the friends whom you describe.—Listen to us, Moor.

Gri. Accompany us to the Bohemian forests. We intend to form a band of robbers, and you—(Charles *rivets his eye on him.)*

Schw. You shall be our captain—You must be our captain.

Spi.—*(Throws himself into a chair.)*—Slaves and cowards!

Cha. Who first thought of this?—Hear me, fellows!—(*Seizes* Roller.)—Thy mind is incapable of conceiving such a project—Who mentioned it to thee?—Yes, by the thousand arms of Death, the project suits my temper.—He who first planned this enterprize, is worthy of a seat in heaven. Robbers and murderers!—By my soul, I will be your captain.

All.—*(With a joyful shout.)*—Long live our captain!

Spi.—*(Aside.)*—Till I dispatch him.

Cha. The scales fall from my eyes. What a fool was I to sigh for the cage, in which I have before been confined! My soul thirsts for action—my heart pants for the blessings of freedom.—Robbers and murderers!—Yes. I will unite with these, and trample on all laws. I appealed to man, and man shut his ear against me.—Away, therefore, all sympathy—all mercy—all humanity! I no longer have a father—I no longer feel an attachment. Blood and death shall teach me to forget that any one was ever dear to me.—Tremble, tremble, ye who are doomed to be in my power.—For my vengeance shall be horrible.—We are agreed, my friends. I am your captain—and happy shall be his lot, who

most shall spread around him desolation and despair: for, as I live, he shall be recompensed most royally.—Come round me, friends, and swear you will be faithful and obedient to me till death.

All.—(Present their hands.)—Yours till death.—(Spiegelberg *walks furiously up and down.)*

Cha. And now, by this right hand I swear to remain your faithful, stedfast leader, till I shall be no more. This arm shall make a corpse of him who hesitates when danger calls, or retreats when it presses. The same punishment overtake me from your hands, if ever I swerve from my oath. Are you satisfied?

All.—(Throwing their hats in the air.)—We are, we are.—(Spiegelberg *turns away with a malicious smile.)*

Cha. Now, let us go. Be not afraid of danger or of death; for over us presides a destiny, which cannot be controlled. We all hasten towards the fatal day:—Die we must—whether upon a bed of down, the field of battle, or the scaffold.——One of these must be our lot

[*Exit, followed by the rest.*

Spi.—(Aside, as he goes.)—The catalogue is not complete. Thou hast omitted treason and assassination. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in the* COUNT'S *Castle.*

FRANCIS *is discovered in deep meditation.*

Fra. How tedious are these medical men!—What an eternity is an old man's life!—Must my towering plans be confined to the snail-paced infirmities of a father? Oh that I understood the method of conveying death into the fort of life—of destroying the body by operating on the mind!—That were a glorious discovery,—it would raise me to the rank of a second Columbus in the realms of death.—Let me reflect awhile. Such an art deserves that I should be the inventor of it.—How shall I begin?—What sensation would soonest overpower the faculties of life?—*Rage?* No. That is a voracious wolf, which soon surfeits itself.—*Grief?* No. That is a worm, which creeps too slowly.—*Fear?* No. *Hope* defeats its power.—Are these the only executioners of man?—Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted?—*(After a pause.)*—Ha! True!—*Terror!* What cannot terror effect?—What can reason or religion oppose to this giant?—Yet, it is possible he may even survive the effects of terror.—Assist me, then, *Anguish*, and thou, *Repentance*, undermining viper, who dost ruminate thy food. Assist me, thou, *Self-accusation*, who dost destroy thine own inheritance, and turn against thy parent. Lend me thy aid, too, *Memory*, who dost multiply our present sorrows by recalling former happiness. Display thy mirror, thou deceitful nymph, *Futurity*. Let him behold therein the joys of heaven, but never, never let him taste them.—The plan is excellent. Blow shall follow blow. This band of furies

shall immediately commence their terrible combined assault, and that malignant fiend, *Despair*, shall follow, and inflict the fatal blow. Triumph! Triumph!

Enter HERMAN.

Ha! *Deus ex machinâ!* Herman!

Her. Your humble servant, sir.

Fra.—(*Presents his hand.*)—You shall not find me ungrateful.

Her. I have proof of your liberality.

Fra. You shall soon have more—very soon. Herman, listen to me.

Her. I am all attention.

Fra. I know you, Herman. You are a resolute, intrepid fellow. My father has insulted you most grossly.

Her. May hell receive me when I forget it!

Fra. Spoken like a man! Revenge becomes you, Herman. Take this purse. It should be heavier, were I lord of these domains.

Her. That is my constant wish. I thank you, Sir.

Fra. Is it your wish I should be lord of these domains?—is it really your wish, Herman? But it cannot be. My father has the constitution of a lion, and I am a younger son.

Her. I wish, sir, that you were heir to the estates, and that your father had the constitution of a love-sick girl.

Fra. Were such the case, Herman should be royally rewarded for his services. I would raise thee from thy ignoble situation, to the rank which thou deservest. By heaven thou shouldst possess a treasure—thou shouldst rival the equipages of our proudest nobles——but I am wandering from the subject, on which I wished to converse with you. Have you forgotten Amelia?

Her. Damnation! Why remind me of her?

Fra. My brother gained her affection—my brother robbed you———

Her. For which he shall most dearly pay.

Fra. She refused you—nay, I believe, he kicked you down stairs—

Her. For which I'll kick him into hell.

Fra. I have often heard him say, that your father never could look at you without striking his breast and exclaiming—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Her.—(*With frantic violence.*)—Hell and damnation seize him!—No more!

Fra. He advised you to sell the patent of your father's nobility, and buy worsted to mend your stockings.

Her. The curse of heaven overtake him! I'll tear his eyes out.

Fra. Why thus irritated, Herman? How can you be revenged? What harm can a mouse do to a lion? Your fury will sweeten his triumph. You can do no more than grind your teeth, and vent your rage upon a crust of bread.

Her.—(*Stamping with violence.*)—I'll trample him in the dust.

Fra. Right.—Herman, you are a gentleman. You must not tamely submit to this insult. You must not lose Amelia—no, by heaven, you *shall* not lose Amelia. Hell and furies! I would attempt the utmost, were I in your situation.

Her. I will not rest, till I have felled him to the earth.

Fra. Be not so violent, Herman. Come nearer. You shall have Amelia.

Her. That I will in spite of the devil.

Fra. You shall have her, I tell you. You shall receive her from my hand. Come nearer, I say. You are ignorant, perhaps, that Charles is disinherited.

Her. Amazing! I have never heard a syllable respecting it.

Fra. Compose yourself and listen. Eleven months have elapsed since he has been discarded.—But my father already repents the hasty step, though—*(with a smile,)*—I flatter myself he ought not to have the credit of it. Amelia, too, torments him daily with reproaches and complaints.—In short, I am convinced he will soon be persuaded to send people in search of him throughout the world, and if he be found—good night, Herman! You may bow to him at the coach-door, when he drives with her to church, for the purpose of marrying her.

Her. I would strangle him at the altar.

Fra. My father will soon resign to my brother his estates, that he himself may live in retirement. Then will your proud rival have the reins in hand, and laugh at those who envy him—while I, who would exalt you to the rank which you deserve—I must be dependent on him for a bare subsistence.

Her.—(Enraged.)—No. By my soul you shall not be dependent on him.

Fra. Can you prevent it? You, too, Herman, will be doomed to feel the scourge of his malice. When he meets you in the street he will spit at you, and if you shrug your shoulders, or complain—woe be to you!—Such is your chance to obtain Amelia—such are your prospects.

Her.—(In a resolute tone.)—Instruct me, then, how to act.

Fra. I will; I feel for your fate, and will advise you as a friend. Go—disguise yourself—so completely that no one can recognize you, and procure admission to the old man. Tell him that you are come from Hungary—that you served with my brother during the last campaign—that you saw him die on the field of battle—

Her. But shall I be believed?

Fra. Leave that to me. Take this packet. It contains instructions and documents, which will silence all suspicion. —Now contrive to leave the castle unperceived. Escape through the back-door, and over the garden-wall. For the management of the catastrophe rely on me.

Her. And that will end in—Long live our new Lord, Francis Count Moor!

Fra. How sly the rogue is!—Right, Herman. By this plan we shall obtain all we wish. Amelia will renounce every hope of possessing Charles. The old man will blame himself for having been the cause of his son's untimely end—will fall sick—and then, Herman—there needs no earthquake to destroy a falling house. He will not survive the news—I shall inherit his property. Amelia, having lost every support, must become the plaything of my will. Of course, therefore, you perceive—in short every thing will be as we wish.——But, you must not retract, Herman.

Her. Retract!—(*With an air of triumph.*)—Sooner shall the ball return to the cannon which discharged it. Rely on me. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Fra.—(*Calls after him.*)—Remember that all you do is for your own advantage. The harvest is your own.—Yes. When the ox has dragged the corn to the barn, he must be content with hay. Some village wench thou mayst espouse, but not Amelia. How ready is the impetuous fool to stride over the bounds of honesty for the purpose of obtaining an object, which it is impossible he ever can possess!——This fellow, though he himself is a villain, relies upon my promise. Willingly does he consent to deceive an unsuspecting father—yet never would he forgive the man who retaliates by deceiving *him*. Is such the creature appointed by his Maker to be lord of the creation? Forgive me, then, dame Nature, if I have accused thee of making me unlike the rest

of mankind, and rid me of the little resemblance which still exists.—Man, thou hast forfeited my respect, and firmly am I now convinced that there can be no sin in straining every nerve to injure thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* COUNT'S *Chamber.—He is discovered asleep.—*AMELIA *is standing at his side.*

Ame. Softly let me tread—he is asleep.—*(Approaches him.)*—How benignant, how venerable is his countenance! —Venerable as the countenance with which saints are depicted. No, good man, I cannot be incensed against thee. Slumber amidst the perfume of the rose.—*(Scatters roses on the bed.)*—Dream of your Charles—and wake with grateful odours round you.—*(Going.)*

Cou.—(In his sleep.)—My Charles! My Charles!

Ame.—(Slowly returns.)—Hark! His guardian angel listened to my supplication.—*(Walks close to the bed.)*—It is sweet to breathe the air, in which his name is floating. I will remain here.

Cou.—(Still asleep.)—Are you there, Charles? Are you really there?—Oh, turn away that look of horror. I am already wretched enough.—*(Appears to be much agitated.)*

Ame.—(Shakes him.)—Awake, Uncle. It was but a dream.

Cou.—(Half awake.)—He was not here, then. I did not hold his hand. Cruel, hard-hearted Francis! Will you not even allow me to see him in a dream?

Ame.—(Starts.)—Ha! mark that, Amelia.

Cou.—(Rouses himself.)—Where am I?—You here, my niece?

Ame. Your slumbers were enviable, uncle.

Cou. True. I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did I

not continue to dream of him? Perhaps, I might have obtained his forgiveness.

Ame.—(*With a look of benignity.*)—Angels harbour no resentment. He forgives you.—(*Gently pressing his hand.*)—Father of my Charles, *I* forgive you.

Cou. No, dearest girl. The deadly paleness of thy countenance bears witness against me. Poor Amelia! I destroyed thy happiness for ever. Do not forgive me—yet oh, do not curse me.

Ame. Never, never! Be this my only curse!—(*Kisses his hand with tenderness.*)

Cou.—(*Rising.*)—What do I see? Roses!—Girl, dost thou strew roses on the murderer of thy Charles?

Ame. I strewed them on the father of my Charles.—(*Falls on the* Count's *neck.*)—On Charles himself I cannot strew them.

Cou. How happy would you be, were that in your power.—(*Draws forth a miniature.*)—Know you this picture?

Ame.—(*Rushes towards it.*)—My Charles?

Cou. Such were his looks, when sixteen years of age.—How altered are they now! Dreadful thought! This benignant look is now supplanted by the frown of fell misanthropy. This smile of hope is banished by despair. Doubtless you recollect the day on which you painted this Amelia. It was his birth-day.

Ame. Oh! never shall I forget it. Never shall I again feel so happy! How charming were his looks! The reflection of the setting sun illumined his countenance, while his dark locks wantoned in the air. The sensations of the woman overpowered the skill of the artist. My pencil fell from my hand, while my soul fed on his enchanting features. The full beauty of the original took root in my heart, while on the ivory the touches were feeble and inanimate as is the recollection of past music.

Cou. Proceed, proceed. These enthusiastic ideas recal

my youth. Oh my Amelia, your mutual affection made me so happy———

Ame.—(*Riveting her eye upon the miniature.*)—No, it is not he—it is not Charles. Here, and here,—(*pointing to her heart and head,*)—the likeness is exact. It was not in the power of colours to imitate that heavenly fire which sparkles in his eye. Away with it—'tis a paltry daub.

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. A man waits without, who wishes to see you, my Lord. He says that he has tidings of importance to communicate.

Cou. To me there is, in this world, but one subject which can be of importance. You know it, Amelia.—Perhaps it is some unfortunate man, who comes to crave my charity. He shall not depart unassisted. [*Exit* Daniel.

Ame. If he be a beggar, admit him instantly.

Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN *in disguise, and* DANIEL.

Fra. This is the man who demands admittance to you. He says that he is the bearer of most dreadful tidings—can you bear to hear his recital?

Cou. I know but one circumstance which can be dreadful to me. Approach, and spare me not. Give him a cup of wine.

Her.—(*In a feigned voice.*)—My Lord, I hope you will forgive me, if, against my inclination, I distress you by my narrative. I am a stranger in this country; but I know you well—you are the father of Charles Moor.

Cou. How know you this?

Her. I knew your son.

Ame. Where is he? where is he?

Cou. Do you bring tidings of him?

Her. He was a student at the university of Leipzig.—When he left that place, he wandered far and wide. He himself has told me that he strolled through Germany bare-headed and bare-footed, begging his bread from door to door. Five months after this, the fatal war between the Poles and Turks broke out, and, as he had no hopes in this world, he was attracted by the sound of king Matthias's victorious drum. "Permit me," said he to his majesty, "to die upon the bed of honour. I am fatherless."

Cou. Do not look at me, Amelia.

Her. The king bestowed on him an ensign's commission, and he accompanied the royal hero during his victorious career. It happened that he and I slept in the same tent. He often spoke of his old father, and said he had known better days; nay, sometimes he would dwell upon his disappointed hopes, till tears rose into our eyes.

Cou.—(*Hiding his face.*)—No more! no more!

Her. A week after this period a bloody battle occurred, and your son conducted himself like a gallant warrior. The whole army was witness of his wonderful exploits. Five regiments were obliged to relieve each other—and your son kept his post. Balls whizzled past him on every side—and he kept his post. A bullet shattered his right hand—he grasped the colours with his left—and kept his post.

Ame.—(*Transported.*)—Uncle, he kept his post.

Her. I found him, after the battle, stretched on the very spot where he had stood. He was mortally wounded.—With his left hand he was trying to repel the streaming blood—his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade," said he, "it was reported through the ranks that our general is slain."—"He is," answered I. "Then let every brave soldier follow his commander," cried he. With these words he withdrew his left hand from the wound, and, in a few minutes, expired like a hero.

Fra.—*(Affecting to be enraged.)*—Peace, wretch! May thy tongue deny its office for ever! Art thou come hither to destroy my father.

Her. I am come to fulfil the last request of my dying comrade. "Take this sword," said he, in a feeble voice, "and deliver it to my father. Tell him that it is stained with the blood of his son—of his son Charles, whom his curse forced into the field. Tell him that I died in despair." The word which accompanied his last sigh was—*Amelia.*

Ame.—*(As if roused from a reverie.)*—Was Amelia!

Cou.—*(Overpowered with anguish, tears his hair.)*—My curse forced him into the field! He died in despair!

Her. This is the sword, and this a miniature, which, at the same time, he drew from his bosom: it bears a strong resemblance to that lady. "Deliver this to my brother Francis, and tell him"—Here his voice failed him. I know not what he would have added.

Fra.—*(Counterfeiting astonishment.)*—Amelia's picture to me! Amelia's picture from Charles to me!

Ame.—*(Approaching* Herman *with violence.)*—Vile impostor! Execrable hireling!—*(Seizes him.)*

Her. I merit not this treatment, Madam! Look, and be convinced it is your picture. Perhaps you yourself presented it to him.

Fra. By my soul, Amelia, 'tis the very picture.

Ame. It is, it is.—Oh heaven and earth!

Cou.—*(In agony.)*—My curse forced him into the field—my curse drove him to despair.

Fra. And he thought of me in the last bitter hour—thought of me when death already waved his sable banner over him. Worthy, affectionate brother.

Cou. My curse drove my son into the field of battle—my curse made him die in despair.

Her.—(*Scarcely able to conceal his agitation.*)— I cannot bear the sight of so much misery. Farewel, my Lord.—(*Aside to* Francis.)—Would that you had not employed me.

[*Exit hastily.*

Ame. Stay, oh stay, what was his last word?

Her.—(*Calls to her in a broken voice.*)—Amelia.

Ame. Amelia! No:—thou art not an impostor. He is dead—yes, he is dead. Charles is dead.

Fra. What do I see? Letters written with blood upon the sword!—Amelia!

Ame. Written with his blood?

Fra. Am I awake? Look at these bloody characters "*Francis, do not forsake my Amelia.*" And see—on the other side of the blade:—"*Amelia, almighty death releases you from your vows.*" Mark that. He wrote it with a hand almost benumbed by death: he wrote it with his heart's warm blood; he wrote it on the awful brink of eternity.

Ame. Gracious God! it is his hand. Oh horrible! He never loved me. [*Rushes out.*

Fra.—(*Aside.*)—Damnation, the dotard will survive the attack.

Cou. Oh my Amelia, my niece, my child, do not leave me. Francis, Francis, restore to me my son.

Fra. Who loaded him with a malediction? Who drove him to the field of battle? Who doomed him to die in despair? He was a noble youth. May the curse of heaven overtake his murderer!

Cou.—(*Striking his breast and forehead with frantic violence.*)—Yes. Heaven's curse must overtake me! I am the father, the unnatural father who destroyed him. I am the murderer of my son. He loved me even at the hour of death. Monster, monster that I am!

Fra. Why this fruitless sorrow? He is dead—(*With a malignant smile.*)—It is easier to murder than to reanimate a son.

Cou. It was by thy persuasion that I cursed my son. It was by thy hellish arts.—Wretch! restore to me my Charles.

Fra. Rouse not my fury. I abandon thee at the hour of death.

Cou. Villain! Monster! Barbarous monster! Restore to me my son.—(*Rushes furiously towards* Francis, *who eludes his grasp, and exit.*)—A thousand curses follow thee! Thou hast robbed me of my son.—(*Overwhelmed with despair, he throws himself upon a couch.*)— Forsaken by all—forsaken at my dying hour. My guardian angel turns away, and all the saints of heaven abhor me as a murderer.—O horrible, horrible!——Will no kind soul support my head? Will no one close my eyes? I call not on my kindred, or my friends. I have no kindred—I have no friends. I call on mankind. Will no one—forsaken—alone—death—despair.—(*Sinks senseless upon the couch.*)

Enter AMELIA.

Ame.—(*Espies him, and shrieks.*)—Dead! dead!

[*Rushes out.*

SCENE *changes to a forest in Bohemia. Enter* RAZMAN *from one side, and* SPIEGELBERG, *with several Robbers, from the other.*

Raz. Welcome, comrade, welcome to the forest of Bohemia.—(*Embraces him.*)—Where the devil have you been? From what quarter has the wind blown you hither, precious brother in iniquity?

Spi. I am piping hot from the fair at Leipzig. Rare fun we had, I assure you. Schufterle will tell you all particulars, when you see him. He has joined our captain's principal division on the road.—(*Throws himself on the earth.*)—

Well, and how have you fared since we parted. Is the trade brisk? Oh, I could spend a day in relating our pranks, and damn me if you would not forget your meals while listening to them.

Raz. That I believe—that I believe. We have seen some accounts of you in the newspapers. But where, in the devil's name, did you find these fellows? Why, you have brought an army of recruits. You are a notable dog at discovering rogues, Maurice.

Spi. Ay, and a glorious set of rogues I've brought. You may hang your hat on the sun, and I'll bet half a week's booty that the fellows steal it, and that not a soul shall know how it was taken away.

Raz.—(*Laughs.*)—Well said, Maurice, you and these gentlemen will be welcome to our noble captain. He has enticed some fine fellows, too, I promise you.

Spi.—(*Maliciously.*)—Captain, forsooth!—Compare his men to mine!—Pshaw!

Raz. Come, come.—Yours may know how to manage their fingers; but our captain's reputation has procured him some determined dogs——brave, hearty, honest fellows.

Spi. So much the worse.

Enter GRIMM *in haste.*

Raz. Who's there? What's the matter? Have you seen any travellers?

Gri. Damnation! Where are the rest?—What! Must you stand prating here, while poor Roller—

Raz. Roller! What of him?

Gri. Why he is hanged, and four more with him.

Raz. Roller hanged! How do you know that?

Gri. He has been in prison three weeks: and we knew nothing about the matter. During that time he has been thrice stretched on the wheel, but the staunch dog refused to

confess where his captain was. Yesterday he was condemned—and this morning he went post-haste to the devil.

Raz. What a damned business! Does the captain know it?

Gri. The first account of it reached him yesterday. He foamed at the mouth like a wild boar. You know he was always very fond of Roller. Away he went, and fixed a ladder against the wall of the prison, but in vain. He gained admittance disguised as a friar, and wanted to take Roller's situation, but the noble fellow would not consent to it. Moor then returned, and this morning swore (our blood ran cold while we heard him) that Roller should be lighted to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor. The town will feel the effect of his fury; for he hates the inhabitants on account of their bigotry, and you know when he says he will do any thing, it is as certain as if already done.

Raz. Poor Roller.

Spi. Memento mori. But I have not much to do with that maxim.—*(Sings.)*

When a gibbet I pass
I am not such an ass
As to blubber and think of my end;
But I shut my left eye,
Nod, and wink while I cry:
"Better you there than Maurice—good friend."

Raz. Hark! a shot!—*(A noise is heard.)*

Spi. Another!

Raz. And a third! Huzza! It is the captain.—*(Several Robbers sing at a distance.)*

Long live such judges! Who can match 'em?
They hang no rogues—unless they catch 'em.

(Schweitzer's *and* Roller's *voices are heard)*—Holla! Holla! Ho!

Raz. Roller's voice, or a thousand devils seize me!

(Schweitzer *and* Roller *are again heard.*)——Razman Grimm! Spiegelberg! Razman!

Raz. Roller! Schweitzer! Fire, fury, and hell.—(*Running to meet them.*)

Enter CHARLES, SCHWEITZER, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, *and other* Robbers, *covered with dirt.*

Cha. Liberty! Liberty!—Roller, you are free. Take my horse, and wash him with wine.—(*Throws himself on the earth.*)—We have had warm work, by my soul.

Raz.—(*To* Roller.)—What! Escaped, after having been thrice on the wheel!

Spi. Are you alive, or do I see a ghost?

Rol. Alive and hearty, comrade. Where am I come from, think you?

Gri. How can we know? We expected you were gone to prepare for our reception below.

Rol. You might have guessed worse, for I had begun my journey thither. I am come straight from the gallows. Let me recover my breath. Schweitzer will tell you the whole history. Give me a glass of brandy. You here again, Maurice! I expected to have met you elsewhere. Give me a glass of brandy. All my bones are loose.

Raz. But come—tell us how you escaped. From the gallows, did you say?

Rol.—(*Swallows a glass of brandy.*)—That's the liquor of life! It warms my heart.—Yes—straight from the gallows, as I told you. I was only three steps from the damned ladder on which I was to mount into Abraham's bosom. My chance was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain am indebted for liberty and life.

Schw. It was an excellent joke, to be sure. We were told by our spies, yesterday, that Roller was safe in the stone jug, and that, unless the sky fell before this morning, he

would inevitably go the way of all flesh. "Follow me," cried the captain. "What will not a man attempt, when the life of a friend is in danger? We will rescue him if it be possible—if not, we'll light him to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor." The band collected. We employed a clever fellow to apprize Roller of our intention, which he contrived by throwing a small note into his soup.

Rol. I despaired of success.

Schw. We waited till the streets were cleared. All the inhabitants followed poor Roller. We heard their shouts, and now and then could distinguish the voices of the psalm-singers. "Now," said the captain, "execute my orders." We flew like arrows, set fire to the town in thirty-three places at once, hurled firebrands into the neighbourhood of the powder-magazine, into the churches and granaries—— Hell and the devil! Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the north-east wind, which must have felt a grudge against the town, came to our assistance, and soon made the blaze mount above the chimnies. We ran up and down the streets like furies, crying "Fire! Fire!" Shrieks, shouts, and confusion pervaded the place. The bells began to ring backwards, when suddenly the powder-magazine blew up. What a cursed explosion did it make! One might have fancied that the earth was split asunder, that the sky was driven almost beyond space, and hell sunk at least ten thousand fathoms lower.

Rol. Just at this time, my attendants cast a look behind them. The town appeared like Sodom and Gomorrah. The horizon seemed to be on fire.—All sulphur, smoke, and flame. The forty hills which surround the town re-echoed with continual explosions. Terror and dismay overpowered every spectator of the scene. This was the decisive moment. I availed myself of it. So near was my fate that my irons had been already taken off. Away I flew swift as

the wind, while the people round me were looking back like Lot's wife. After having run about sixty yards, I threw my clothes away, plunged into the river, and swam under water till I thought myself no longer in danger. I then landed, and found our captain waiting for me with horses and clothes. Thus I escaped, and here I am. Moor, Moor, I wish you may soon be in a scrape, that I may have an opportunity of paying my debt.

Raz. A brutal wish, for which you ought to be hanged. But it was a capital stroke.

Rol. No one can know what it was, unless he has been in the same situation. To understand and feel it, you must march like me with half a hundred armed attendants. Then you must observe the damned preparations—you must see all the ceremonies of the executioner—you must look at the infernal machine, to which every reluctant step brings you nearer—you must hear those horrid psalm-singers—(their cursed twang still rings through my head)—you must hear the croak of the hungry ravens, who are picking up the half-corrupted remnant of your predecessor's carcase.—All this combined with the happy prospect of eternity, must be felt before you can judge what were my sensations. I would not undergo the same damned process for all the wealth which the devil can bestow. Death is no more than a Harlequin's leap, but the preparations—oh, curse them.

Spi. I can't help thinking of the powder magazine. When it blew up, I'll answer for it that the air stunk as insufferably of brimstone, as if the devil had hung out his whole wardrobe.

Schw. If the town rejoiced so much at the idea of seeing our friend Roller swing, why should not we rejoice at the destruction of the town? Schufterle, do you know how many lives were lost.

Schuf. Eighty-three, I was told. The church-steeple alone buried sixty people under it.

Cha.—(*Who has listened with the utmost gravity*)—Roller thy life was dearly bought.

Schuf. Pshaw! what does that signify? To be sure, if they had been men—but mere infants in swaddling-clouts—silly beldams, employed in driving the flies from them—blind chimney-corner cripples, no longer able to find the door—what the devil are they worth? All who could move, were gone to see the farce. None but the dregs of the town remained at home.

Cha. Poor unfortunate creatures! infants, cripples, and old nurses, said you?

Schuf. Ay, damn 'em—some invalids too—women with child—a few, perhaps, actually in labour. I happened to pass a house in which I heard an odd noise—I peeped into it, and what do you think I saw?—A child—a little healthy chubby boy.—It was stretched on the floor, under a table, and the flames were gathering round it.—"Poor little devil," said I, "why, you seem cold." So I lifted him by the arm, and threw him into the fire.

Cha. Didst thou so? May that fire burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey. Quit my presence, monster, and dare not to appear again before me. I discharge thee from my band.—(*Several robbers begin to murmur.*)—What? Do you murmur?—Do you reflect upon the justice of my sentence?—Who dares to murmur or to think when Moor commands!—Away with him, I say. There are more among you who are ripe for my resentment. I know you, Spiegelberg. But I shall soon investigate more narrowly the conduct of you all; and better had it been for any one who dreads this scrutiny, if he had never seen the light of heaven.—(*All the* Robbers *withdraw in great agitation.* Cha. *walks to and fro with rapid strides.*) God of vengeance, canst thou blame me for being what I am? Do not those engines of thy indignation, pestilence and famine, sweep away the just as well as the unjust? Who can command the

flames to kill the vermin, but to spare the grain? Here do I stand before the face of heaven, and feel ashamed to own my degradation.—I, who essayed to hurl the thunderbolt of Jove, have murdered pigmies, while the Titans triumph.—My first attempt has failed. I feel I have not strength to wield the avenging sword of God. Here, then, I renounce the audacious project.—I will retire to some rude corner of the earth, and shun the light of day.

Enter ROLLER *in great haste.*

Rol. Captain, we are discovered. Several troops of Bohemian cavalry are patroling through the forest. Damn blue stockings, they have betrayed us.

Enter GRIMM.

Gri. Captain, we are tracked to our haunts. We are surrounded by a thousand horsemen.

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spi. Lost, lost, inevitably lost! Every man of us is hung, drawn, and quartered. Several thousand hussars and dragoons are stationed on the heights, and prevent all possibility of escape. [*Exit* Charles.

Enter SCHWEITZER, RAZMAN, SCHUFTERLE, *and other* Robbers, *from various quarters.*

Schw. It seems to have routed the fellows at last. I am glad to see these knights of the broad-sword. I have long wished to face them.—Where is our captain?—Is all the band assembled? We have ammunition enough, I hope?

Raz. Plenty, plenty. But our troop consists of no more than eighty. The odds are thirty to one against us at least.

Schw. So much the better. These fellows are paid for risking their persons—we fight for liberty and life. Let us rush upon them like a deluge and fire, as if all the demons of hell were let loose. Where is our captain?

Spi. He forsakes us in the hour of distress. Is there no possibility of escape?

Schw. Escape! When you attempt it, coward, may you sink in the mire, and be trampled to death! Yes, poltroon, you always can talk, but when you see a pistol—— You chicken-hearted boaster, if you don't behave like a man to-day, I'll sew you in a boar's skin, and throw you to the dogs.

Raz. The captain! the captain!

Enter CHARLES *slowly.*

Cha.—*(Aside.)*—I have seen that the forest is surrounded. They must now fight with the courage of despair.—*(Aloud.)*—My friends, the decisive hour is arrived. We must conquer or die.

Schw. This sword shall rip up a few of them, by heavens. Lead on, captain. We'll follow you into the jaws of death.

Cha. Let every man load his fire-arms. We are not in want of ammunition, I hope?

Schw. Ammunition! We have enough to drive the earth to the moon.

Raz. Each of us is armed with five brace of pistols, and three carbines, all of which are loaded.

Cha. That is well. And now some of you must climb the trees, or hide yourselves in the thickets, in order to fire upon them before they can perceive you.

Schw. That station will suit you, Spiegelberg.

Cha. The rest will follow me, and fall like furies on their flank.

Schw. I'll belong to that division, captain.

Cha. Every man must blow his whistle, that our numbers may appear more formidable. All the dogs, too, must be let loose, and encouraged to attack the ranks, that, when separated and confused, they may rush upon our fire. Roller, Schweitzer, and I, will lead the main division.

Enter COMMISSARY.

Gri. Look, Captain. Here comes one of the blood-hounds of justice.

Schw. Down with him! Don't let him utter a word?

Cha. Silence! I will hear him.

Com. With your permission, gentlemen.—I am vested with authority, by the tribunal of justice, and every hair of my head is guarded by eight hundred soldiers.

Schw. Comfortable tidings for us.

Cha. Peace, comrade. Be brief, sir. What have you to say?

Com. I am a delegate of that august power, which decides on life and death. I shall address one word to you, and a couple to your band.

Cha.—*(Leaning on his sword.)*—Begin, then.

Com. Horrible murderer! Are not thy hands stained with the blood of a murdered count—a count of the holy Roman empire? Hast thou not dared, with sacrilegious arm, to break into the temple of the Lord, and bear away the consecrated vessels? Hast thou not hurled firebrands into our religious town, destroyed our church, and murdered many pious Christians?—*(With uplifted hands.)*—Oh, abominable act, the stench of which has mounted to the throne of the Most High, and may, perhaps, provoke him to destroy the world, and summon all into his heavenly presence.

Cha. Thus far you have conducted yourself in a masterly manner. But now, sir, to the point. What information

does this most august tribunal of justice send to me through you?

Com. It sends what thou never wilt deserve to receive. Look round thee, fell incendiary. On every side, far as thine eye can see, our cavalry is stationed. Escape is impossible. As surely as cherries grow upon these oaks, and peaches on these pines—so surely will you turn your backs on them in safety.

Cha. Do you hear this, comrades?—But proceed.

Com. Hear, then, how mercifully the tribunal proceeds. If thou wilt instantly surrender, own thy guilt, and sue for a mitigation of thy punishment, the rigour of the law will not be exercised against thee, but justice will become a loving mother. She will shut her eyes to half thy guilt, and only condemn thee to be broken on the wheel.

Schw. Captain let me cut his throat. By God I should like to make his blood gush from every pore.

Rol. Captain! Hell, damnation, and the devil! Captain! How he bites his lip. Captain, let me split his skull, and manure the earth with his brains, if he has got any.

Cha. Hold! Let no one dare to touch him.—(*To* Commissary.)—Look you, sir. Here stand seventy-nine men, whose commander I am. Not one whom you behold is skilled in military tactics, or can dance to the music of artillery. Opposed to us are eight hundred soldiers, who have been regularly disciplined. Now attend to me. Thus speaks Moor, the captain of these robbers: True it is, that I have murdered a count of the empire, that I have hurled fire-brands into your superstitious town, that I have caused the death of many pious christians—but fancy not that this is all.—(*Stretches forth his hand.*)—You see, that, on each finger of this hand, I wear a valuable ring. This ruby belonged to a prime minister, whom my sabre felled to the earth, when he and his prince were hunting. From the most abject situation he had raised himself to royal favour. His elevation

was obtained by crimes innumerable, which weeping widows and forsaken orphans daily proved.—This diamond I drew from the finger of a state-treasurer, who disposed of offices and posts of honour to the highest bidder. This agate was the property of a monk, whom I strangled with my own hand, because he had lamented, in the pulpit, that the inquisition was no longer in repute. I could recite to you more anecdotes respecting these my rings, were I not already sorry to have thrown away so many words upon you.

Com. How can a villain be so proud?

Cha. As yet you have not heard me speak with pride—but now you shall, sir. Go, and report my words to that august tribunal, which decides on life and death according to its pleasure. I am not one of those mean thieves, who enter into compact with darkness, and creep into a dwelling under covert of the night. What I have done, I doubtless shall be doomed to read in the Eternal Judge's register, but on his miserable earthly representatives, I shall not waste another word.—Tell your employers that retaliation is the trade I follow. Tell them, that vengeance is my occupation.—(*Turns away with contempt.*)

Com. Thou dost refuse, then, all mercy and compassion?—To thee I shall say no more.—(*Addresses himself to the band.*)—Listen to me, all of you. I am authorised to state that if you will instantly bind and deliver into my hands this abominable villain, your crimes shall no longer be remembered. The holy church will receive you, as sheep who have strayed from her flock, and the road to preferment shall be open to every one of you. Here is the general pardon, signed and sealed.—(*Delivers it to* Schweitzer, *with a triumphant smile.*)—How does your Majesty like this? Bind him and be free.

Cha. You hear his offer—why this appearance of surprise—this look of hesitation? He offers you liberty, and you are already prisoners. He offers you life, and you must

feel he *can* do this, because you are already doomed to die. He assures you that you may obtain honourable offices, and what can be the consequence of your refusal, but disgrace and infamy? He announces to you heaven's forgiveness, though you are already damned. There is not a hair upon your heads which will not blaze in hell's eternal fire.—Do you still hesitate? Is there a choice between celestial bliss and torture everlasting?—Aid my endeavours to persuade them, sir.

Com.—(*Aside.*)—Some demon surely speaks through him. He makes me tremble.

Cha. How! Still *no* answer! Do you fancy that your arms and intrepidity can extricate you from your present situation? Look round you—look on every side. The idea of escape is childish and absurd!—Or do you flatter yourselves that you will fall like heroes? What can induce you to think thus? *My* late delight in scenes of devastation? Oh, do not thus deceive yourselves.—Among you all there is not one like *Moor*. You are mere thieves—poor paltry tools which I employ to execute my nobler projects—despicably mean as is the hangman's halter.—Thieves cannot fall like heroes. Thieves have a right to be afraid of death.—Hear you not how their trumpets echo through the forest? See you not how their sabres glitter all around you? How! Still irresolute! Are you mad?—Think not that I am grateful for my life—I am indignant at the sacrifice you make.—(*Trumpets are heard.*)

Com.—(*Confounded by his dignity.*)—Never did I see a man like this! I must away.

Cha. Or are you fearful that I shall destroy myself, and thereby counteract the pardon offered for delivering me alive?—Your fears are groundless. Here I throw away my dagger—my pistols—and my poison.—What! still irresolute!—You, perhaps, imagine I shall oppose the man who

attempts to seize me.—See!—I bind my right hand to this branch of oak—Now opposition is impossible. A child might overpower me. Who will be the first to betray me? Who will first forsake his captain in the hour of peril?

Rol.—(*With frantic violence.*)—Hell seize him, if there be one in our band!—(*Brandishes his sword.*)—Damn the villain who refuses to defend our captain!

Schw.—(*Tears the pardon, and throws it in the face of the* Commissary.)—Take that, and begone, scoundrel!—our pardon is our swords and fire-arms. Tell the senate which sent you, that you did not find one traitor in Moor's band.—Save the captain!

All. Save the captain! Save him! Save the captain!

Cha.—(*Joyfully extricating himself from the tree.*)—Comrades—friends—brothers! Now we are free. I feel a tenfold vigour nerve this arm. I could oppose a host.—Death or liberty! They shall at all events not make us prisoners. Follow me.—(*All draw their swords and exeunt. The charge is immediately sounded.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A Garden.* AMELIA *is discovered in a pensive attitude. Enter* FRANCIS. *Both are in deep mourning.*

Fra. Do I find you here again, dear enthusiast? As soon as you stole away from table, my guests were no longer in spirits.

Ame. Shame on you for having guests!—Does not your father's funeral dirge still vibrate in your ears?

Fra. Why this incessant lamentation? Let the dead rest in peace, and make the living happy. I come——

Ame. And when will you go again?

Fra. Amelia, do not treat me with this cold disdain. I come to tell you—

Ame. That Francis Moor is lord of these domains.

Fra. Exactly. Maximilian reposes in the tomb of his forefathers, and I become the lord of these domains. Yet even these do not satisfy me, dear Amelia. You know, that you have always made my father's house your home. He loved you with a parent's tenderness. You will never forget that.

Ame. Never, never! How could I endeavour, by revelry and mirth, to banish from my mind the recollection of his goodness?

Fra. I admire your sentiments, Amelia. What you owed my father for his goodness, you have now an opportunity of paying to his son. Charles is dead, and Francis offers——

(Aside.)—By my soul so flattering is the thought, it ever too much for woman's pride.—*(Aloud.)*—Francis tramp on the hopes of many a noble family. Francis offers a fo saken orphan his heart, his hand, his wealth, his castle, h estates. Francis whom all his neighbours fear and env declares himself Amelia's voluntary slave.

Ame. Why do not heaven's lightnings blast thee, whil thou makest the declaration? Hast thou not been guilty fratricide! Hast thou not robbed me of my Charles? A thinkest thou that Amelia will accept thy hand,—tho monster!

Fra. Be not so violent, most gracious princess. True is, that Francis does not fawn and flatter like a cooing Cel don. True it is, he has not learnt, like the sighing shep herds of Arcadia, to complain of fair Amelia's cruelty grottos and to rocks.—No. Francis speaks; and if he be no answered—he commands.

Ame. Vile reptile!—Thou command me! And if I scor thy great commands?

Fra. That you will not. I know a most excellent recip for conquering female pride and obstinacy—a cloister.

Ame. Welcome thought! In a cloister I shall not be gaze upon by thee, thou basilisk, but shall have leisure to reflec upon the virtues of my Charles!—Take me to a cloister in stantly.

Fra. Ha! Is it so!—I thank you for having taught me the art of tormenting you.—Like a fury, will I drive the re collection of this Charles from your heart. My disgustin form shall lurk behind the image of your minion like th dragon which sleeps on subterraneous treasures. By th hair will I drag you to the altar,—with a dagger in my han will I force from your lips the nuptial vow.

Ame.—*(Strikes him.)*—Take this, then, as my dowry.

Fra.—*(Enraged.)*—Damnation!—I will think of tenfol vengeance.—Thou shalt not be my wife—no, that were to

great an honour.—Thou shalt be my paramour, that every peasant's wife may point the finger of derision at thee.—Ay, gnash thy teeth—dart fire and murder from thine eyes. To me a woman's fury is a treat—it makes her lovelier—more desirable.—Come.—Thy struggles shall enhance the value of my triumph, and sweeten the delight of forced embraces. —Come with me to the altar.—This instant thou shalt go. —(*Dragging her away.*)

Ame.—(*Falls on his neck.*)—Forgive me, Francis.—(*As he is about to embrace her, she draws the sword from his side, and hastily steps back.*)—See'st thou, villain, what I now can do? Thou art in my power. I am a woman—but a woman roused to fury.——Dare to approach me, and with this sword I'll stab thee to the heart. My uncle's spirit will direct my hand.—Instantly begone.—(*Drives him away*)—Ha! —I breath more freely. I feel myself endowed with strength and fury—such as animate the mettled steed and tiger.— To a cloister, said he? Thanks for the happy thought. There I shall find a safe retreat. A cloister is the right abode for hopeless love. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a hill near the Danube. The* ROBBERS *are stretched under various trees on the summit, while their horses are grazing on the side of the hill.*

Cha. Here I must rest awhile.—(*Throws himself on the earth.*)—My sinews are unstrung—my tongue is dry as a potsherd. I would ask you to fetch me a little water from the neighbouring stream, but you are all as weary as myself. [*Exit* Schw. *unobserved.*

Gri. We have swallowed all our wine, too.—How gloriously the sun sets to-night!

Cha.—(*Gazing at it.*)—Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero.

Gri. You seem deeply affected.

Cha. When I was a boy, my favourite thought was that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb.—*(Suppressing his emotion.)*—It was a boyish thought.

Gri. True, captain.

Cha.—*(Draws his hat over his face.)*—There was a time——Comrades, leave me to myself.

Gri. Captain! Captain!—Damnation! How his colour changes!

Raz. Death and the devil! What ails him?

Cha. There was a time, when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening-prayer.

Gri. Have you lost your senses? Who would be guided by the mere fancies of a boy?

Cha.—*(Rests his head on* Grimm's *breast.)*—Brother! Brother!

Gri. Come, come. Don't be a child, I beg.

Cha. Would that I were a child again!

Gri. Pshaw! Cheer up, man.—Look at this picturesque country, and enjoy the lovely evening.

Cha. Yes, friends—this world is so beautiful—

Gri. Right! Now, you talk properly.

Cha. This earth so admirable—

Gri. True. I like to hear you when you are in this humour.

Cha. And I so ugly in this beauteous world—I, a monster on this admirable earth.—*(Sinking back)*—Lost, lost for ever!

Gri. Pray do not talk thus.

Cha. My innocence! My innocence! See—every creature has stepped forth to enjoy the vivifying warmth of spring. Why must this heavenly scene be hell to me? Yet thus it is—All on this earth are happy—all united by the mild ties of concord—all one family—whose father is above them—but he is not my father—I, alone, am rejected—I, alone

am banished from the empire of the good.—(*Wildly looking at the robbers.*)—Surrounded by murderers—bound by adamantine chains to guilt and infamy.—

Raz. Unaccountable! I never saw him thus.

Cha. Oh, that I could return into my mother's womb! Oh, that I could be born a peasant! I would labour till the blood rolled from my temples to buy the luxury of a noon day's slumber—the rapture of one solitary tear.

Gri.—(*To the rest.*)—Don't disturb him. The paroxysm is already decreasing.

Cha. There was a time, when my tears flowed willingly.—Oh days of peace!——Thou castle of my fathers—and ye green delightful valleys, shall I no more behold you?—Oh beauteous groves, so oft enjoyed in childhood—will you not cool my burning bosom with your perfumed zephyrs? Mourn with me, nature. Never, never will those happy days return. Past, past—irrevocably past!

Enter SCHWEITZER, *with water in his hat.*

Schw. Drink, captain. Here is water enough—and cold as ice.

Gri. Why, Schweitzer, you are bleeding. What's the matter?

Schw. Nothing, man. To be sure, the joke might have cost me a limb or two. As I was running on the edge of the hill, which consists of nothing but sand, down sunk the whole mass, and away rolled I, full ten yards, to the bottom —There I lay awhile; and as soon as I recovered my five senses, I found a clear spring close to me, among some gravel —"Well," thought I, "Fortune has not tried to break my neck for nothing. Here is some good fresh water for the captain."

Cha.—(*Returns* Schweitzer's *hat, and throws a few drops*

of water upon his face.)—The dust and dirt have hidden the wounds on your forehead, which you received from the Bohemian cavalry.—The water was excellent, Schweitzer.—Your scars become you.

Schw. Pshaw! There is room for thirty more.

Cha. Yes, comrades. The battle was bloody, though we only lost a single friend.—Roller died a noble death. Had he fallen in any other cause, a monument would have been erected to his memory.—Let this suffice.—(*Wipes a tear away.*)—How many of our enemies were slain?

Schw. Sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and about forty rifle-men—in all, two hundred.

Cha. Two hundred for one.—Every man of you has a claim upon this head.—(*Takes off his hat.*)—Here, in the presence of you all, I raise my dagger, and swear, by my soul, I never will forsake you.

Schw. Captain, don't swear. Should happier prospects open to you, perhaps you may repent.

Cha. By the ashes of Roller, I never will forsake you.

Enter KOSINSKI.

Kos.—(*Aside.*)—I was told that I should find him in this country.—Ha!—who are these fellows? Should they be—they are, they are.—I will address them.

Gri. Look who comes here?

Kos. Pardon me, gentlemen. I know not whether I am right in my conjecture.

Cha. Who should we be, if you were right?

Kos. *Men.*

Schw. We have proved that, I think, captain.

Kos. I am in search of men, who can look unappalled at death, and sport with danger as with a tame dragon—men, who rate liberty at a far higher price than life—men, whose very names, while welcome to the oppressed and needy, make courage fly, and tyranny turn pale.

Schw. I like this fellow.—Friend, you have found the very people you are seeking.

Kos. I trust I have—and trust, too, I shall be soon allowed to call them comrades.—You, then, will doubtless tell me, where I can find your captain—the intrepid Moor.

Schw.—(*Shaking hands with him.*)—You and I are sworn friends.

Cha.—(*Approaching.*)—Do you know this Moor?

Kos. You are he.—In that mien——who could behold you without knowing you?—(*Gazes at him for some time.*)—Often have I wished to see the man, who sat with destruction-dealing look upon the ruins of Carthage.—Now I no longer wish to see him.

Schw. A noble lad, by my soul.

Cha. And what has brought you hither?

Kos. My more than cruel fate. Oh captain, I have been wrecked on the tempestuous ocean of this world. I have been doomed to see my hopes destroyed, and nothing now remains but the torturing recollection of my loss, which, I feel, will rob me of my senses, if I do not try to dissipate all thought by action.

Cha. Another wretch, by heaven abandoned!—Proceed.

Kos. I entered early into the army—misfortune followed me.—I embarked for the East Indies—the vessel in which I sailed struck against a rock.—Various have been my projects, but all alike have failed.—At length, the fame of the great hero, Moor (the great incendiary some term him,) reached my ears. I have travelled many miles with the fixed determination of serving under him, if he will accept my services.—Oh captain, do not refuse me.

Schw.—(*Springs into the air.*)—Huzza! Huzza! Another Roller!—A noble fellow for the band!

Cha. What is your name?

Kos. Kosinski.

Cha. Kosinski, thou art a thoughtless boy, and art about to take a most decisive step, without reflection. Here thou wilt find no tennis to amuse thee.

Kos. I understand what you mean to imply. I am only four and twenty years of age—but I have seen many a sword glitter before me, and have heard many a ball whiz around me.

Cha. Have you then learnt the use of arms, merely that you may assassinate a harmless traveller, for the sake of a paltry dollar, or murder helpless women? Go, go. You have escaped from your nurse, because you saw the rod in her hand.

Schw. Captain, what in the devil's name do you mean? Would you dismiss such a fellow as this? Why, he is a perfect Hercules.

Cha. Because your airy schemes have failed, you wish to become a villain, an assassin. Boyish idea! Know you what it is to become an assassin? You may sleep soundly after beheading thistles, but, after committing murder—

Kos. I will be answerable for every murder which you direct me to commit.

Cha. How wondrous clever! Think you that a *man* is to be caught by flattery? How can you know whether I am not tormented by bad dreams, or whether I shall not turn pale with terror on the bed of death? How many things have you already done, for which you thought, while doing them, that you must one day be accountable?

Kos. But very few. I, however, reckon in the number my journey in search of Moor.

Cha. Did your tutor ever put into your hands the adventures of Robin Hood? Such incautious blockheads should be chained to the galleys. They heat the imagination of the child, and tickle its vanity with the mad idea of renown. Is this your object, Kosinski? Wish you to purchase im-

mortality by murdering your fellow-creatures? Believe me, ambitious youth, no laurel decks the assassin's brow—no triumph awaits the conquests of banditti—but execration, danger, death, and infamy. Do you see that gibbet on the hill?

Spi.—(*Walking to and fro with a peevish look.*)—How stupid! How unpardonably stupid! Is this the proper way to increase the band? I should have talked in another style.

Kos. What can he fear, who fears not death?

Cha. Excellent!—You have learnt Seneca by heart, I perceive. But be assured, young man, you will not alleviate the sufferings of nature—you will not blunt the arrow of anguish by these sententious arguments. Consider well, my son—(*Takes his hand.*)—Think that you hear the counsel of a father. Learn the depth of the abyss, ere you spring into it. Reflect whether you have in this world any distant chance of comfort—for the moment may arrive when you awake, and find it is too late. By joining us, you at once bid adieu to all connection with mankind. To do this, you must be more than human, or—a demon. Once more, then, let me warn you, my son. If any spark of hope still glimmer in your breast, avoid the horrible confederacy you came to join in. You may have deceived yourself. You may mistake, for strength of mind, what will, in the end, drive you to despair. Believe what Moor says to you—and fly.

Kos. It cannot be. I will not leave you. Since my entreaties have not moved you, hear the true recital of my sorrows. You yourself will, then, place a poniard in my hand—you yourself will——Friends, seat yourselves around me, and listen attentively.

Cha. I will listen attentively.

Kos. Know, then, I am a Bohemian nobleman. By the

early death of my father, I came into possession of a considerable manor. The country, in which I lived, was a Paradise—for it contained an angel. It contained a lovely girl, adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as is the light of heaven. But to whom do I say this? Such descriptions suit not men who never loved, who never were beloved.

Schw. Look! our captain is as red as fire.

Cha. Hold, Kosinski! No more at present! I'll hear the rest to-morrow—soon—at another time—when I have seen blood.

Kos. Blood, say you? Nay hear me now. Mine is a tale which calls for blood. She was not of noble extraction, but her look subdued all prejudice. With captivating bashfulness, she listened to my vows, and it was fixed that, in two days, I should lead my Amelia to the altar.—(Charles *starts and rises.*)—Amidst the bustle of preparations for our union—while I was anticipating the happiness which awaited me, I was summoned by an express to court.—I obeyed.—Letters which teemed with treason, were produced, and I was accused of having written them. I blushed at the infamous charge. My sword was taken away—I was thrown into prison—my senses forsook me.

Schw. And in the mean time—go on. I smell a rat.

Kos. There I lay a month, and grieved for my Amelia: who would, I knew, feel pangs unutterable. At length the prime minister came to my dungeon, congratulated me on the discovery of my innocence, politely informed me I was at liberty, and returned my sword. Triumphantly I flew to my castle, to my Amelia—as I hoped. She was gone. She had been borne away at midnight—no one knew by whom or whither. Like lightning a suspicion darted through my brain. I flew to town—made enquiries at court. All averted their eyes upon me—but none would give me the wished-for information. At length I discovered my Ame-

lia through a grated window of the palace—she threw me a note.

Schw. Ay, ay, I thought how it would be.

Kos. Hell and damnation!—She had been allowed to chuse whether she would see me die, or become the prince's mistress. A contest arose between her honour and affection. The latter conquered—and I was saved.

Schw. How did you act then.

Kos. After having read her letter, I stood rooted to the spot. Blood was my first—my last—my only thought. Foaming with fury, I ran home, chose a three-edged sword, and flew to the minister's house—for he had been the infernal pander. I must have been previously observed from the windows, for I found all the apartments locked. I was informed that the minister was gone to the palace. I repaired thither—the attendants assured me they had not seen him. I returned—burst open the doors—found him—and was on the point of dispatching him, when five or six servants wrested the sword from my hand.

Schw.—*(Stamps with violence.)*—The devil seize him!—So he escaped?

Kos. I was again imprisoned—brought to trial—and sentenced—as a mark of peculiar lenity—to be banished from my native land for ever. My estates were given to the minister, my Amelia remained in the claws of the tiger, and now wastes her life in fruitless lamentation, while my revenge must bend to the iron yoke of despotism.

Schw.—*(Rises and draws his sword.)*—This is water for our mill. Captain! Here is employment for us.

Cha.—*(Who has been walking to and fro in violent agitation, turns hastily to the* Robbers.*)*—I must see her.—Rise!—Prepare for instant departure. Kosinski your hand. You shall remain with us. Prepare for instant departure, I say.

Robbers. Captain, where—

Cha. Who dares to ask a question?—*(With violence to*

Schweitzer.)—Traitor, you wish to make me abandon my project, but by the hope of heaven—

Schw. I a traitor! Lead into hell, if you like, I'll follow you.

Cha.—*(Falls on his neck.)*—I believe you, brother. She wastes her life in lamentation. Follow me, all of you. We must reach Franconia in a week. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A Gallery.* CHARLES *and* AMELIA *are discovered —the former in disguise. Both are intently gazing at a portrait. The habit of a nun lies on the table.*

Cha.—*(Deeply affected.)*—He was an excellent man.

Ame. The picture seems to interest you much, Count Brand.

Cha.—*(With his eye still riveted upon it.)*—An excellent —a godlike man.—And he is dead?

Ame. Yes—he has past away like all the joys of life.—*(Gently taking his hand.)*—Count, there is no happiness in this world.

Cha. True—most true. Has sad experience taught *you* this? You cannot be much more than twenty years of age.

Ame. And yet have learnt that all who live must die in sorrow—that all who gain must feel the pang of losing.

Cha.—*(Keenly looking at her.)*—Have you lost any thing?

Ame. Any thing! Every thing.

Cha. And hope you to forget your loss, when clad in yonder sacred garment?

Ame. I do——Shall we proceed, my lord?

Cha. Why in such haste?—Whose portrait is that on the right? He has an unfortunate countenance.

Ame. This on the left is the late Count's son—the present owner of the castle.

Cha. His only son?

Ame. Let us proceed, I beg.

Cha. But this picture on the right?

Ame. You will not accompany me into the garden?

Cha. With pleasure—but inform me first—— How! You are in tears, Amelia.—(*Exit* Ame. *hastily.*)—She loves me still. The treacherous tears rolled down her cheeks. She loves me. That is the sofa upon which I oft have drank the nectar of her lips. This is the castle in which I was born. Wretched as I am, the golden recollection of those happy days I once enjoyed, still cheers my soul. Here should I have lived, an honour to my house—the admiration of my vassals—here should I a second time have felt the joys of childhood, while observing the offspring of my dear Amelia at their gambols—here should I—No more! No more! Let me return to that dread station which fate has appointed me to fill.—Farewel, dear castle of my fathers. Thou didst witness my delight in earlier years—now witness my despair.—(*Is going, but suddenly stops.*)—Must I never see her more? Must I renounce all hopes of ever kissing those sweet lips? Must I depart without one last farewel?—No. Once more I will behold her—once more I will embrace her—that I may doubly feel my wretched fate in having lost her. Once more I'll quaff the sweet voluptuous poison—and then away, far as the winds of heaven, and all the demons of despair can drive me. [*Exit*

Enter FRANCIS, *in deep meditation.*

Fra. Begone from me, thou torturing image——Villain coward that I am! Of what or whom am I afraid? The count has been but a few hours in my castle—yet to me he seems a spy employed by hell to watch my every step. Surely I should know his features. There is a something great—something familiar to me in his wild and sun-burnt countenance, which makes me tremble.—(*Rings.*)—I must be on my guard. A plot is laid against me.

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. What are your lordship's commands?

Fra.—(*After having stedfastly gazed at him for some time.*)—Nothing.—But yes. Bring me a goblet of wine directly. [*Exit* Daniel.

Who knows but this fellow will confess, if I use threats to force the secret from him? I'll rivet my eye so keenly on him, that his features shall become the mirror of his conscience.—(*Turns to the portrait of* Charles.)—That long scraggy neck—those thick black bushy eye-brows—those bold fiery eyes.—(*Suddenly starting back.*)—Ha! Does hell inspire me with the dread suspicion?—It is Charles.

Enter DANIEL, *with wine.*

Place it on that table.—Now look stedfastly at me—eye to eye.—How the fellow's knees totter!—Villain, confess. What hast thou done?

Dan. Nothing, my lord, as I hope to be saved.

Fra. Drink this wine. How!—Dost thou hesitate?—Instantly confess what thou hast mixed with this wine.

Dan. Gracious God! Mixed with the wine!

Fra. Yes, wretch. Thou hast mingled poison with it. Art thou not as white as snow? Confess, I say. Who gave thee the poison? The count? Did not the count—

Dan. Good Heavens, my lord—the count gave me nothing.

Fra.—(*Seizes him.*)—I'll strangle thee, greyheaded liar.—Nothing! Why, then, did I see him and Amelia and thee whispering together? Did I not see her, after all her modest vows, cast amorous glances at him? Did I not see her tears fall into the wine which he so eagerly swallowed? Yes—though it was behind me, by my soul I saw it in the mirror.

Dan. God knows I was quite ignorant of it.

Fra. What darest thou deny it? Darest thou tell your master that he lies? What mode of dispatching me have you agreed upon? Do you mean to smother me at midnight, or to cut my throat—or to poison me—Out with the truth! I know all.

Dan. As I hope for God's assistance when I need it, all I have said is true.

Fra. This time I'll forgive you, Daniel. But no doubt he lined your purse—he pressed your hand more than usual—as if you were an old acquaintance. Did he not, Daniel?

Dan. Never, my lord.

Fra. He said, for example, that he had known you before—that you almost ought to know him—that the scales would soon fall from your eyes—that——yes, yes,—he said this, Daniel.

Dan. Not a word of it.

Fra. That he would be revenged—amply revenged.

Dan. Not a syllable of it, my lord.

Fra. How!—Recollect yourself.—Surely you heard him say that he knew your old master very well—particularly well—that he loved him—loved him most sincerely—most sincerely—as a son loves a father.

Dan. I recollect I did hear him say something of that kind.

Fra.—(*Alarmed.*)—Did you?—Did you, indeed? He said he was my brother—did he?

Dan. I never heard him say that. But while Miss Amelia was shewing him the pictures in the gallery, I observed him suddenly stop at the portrait of my late master. Miss Amelia pointed to it, and said, "An excellent man," when he repeated and wiped his eyes.

Fra. Enough! Run! Haste! Send Herman hither.

[*Exit Daniel.*

Albdoubt is at an end. It is Charles. He is come to

mand his estate. Have I, then, sacrificed my nightly rest—have I removed huge rocks, and levelled mountains, to be thus defeated? Have I rebelled against humanity, only to become the victim of an outcast? No, no. One way is always open to me. By murder I surely can escape. What a blockhead must he be, who, after having partly done his work, stands idly looking whether time will finish it.

Enter HERMAN.

Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylus—welcome, my trusty agent.

Her.—*(In a sullen tone.)*—You have sent for me.

Fra. True, Herman. I wish you to end what you have so ably begun.

Her. Indeed!

Fra. Shall I order the carriage? We can arrange the matter while we take an airing.

Her. No ceremony, if you please. The arrangements which we have to make to-day, can be as well fixed upon in this room as elsewhere. At all events, I can say a word or two which will spare your lungs some exertion.

Fra.—*(Alarmed.)*—What do you mean?

Her. That you promised me Amelia's hand.

Fra. Herman!

Her. Did you not tell me that she would become the play-thing of your will, and that, then, she should be mine? ——*(In a tone of defiance.)*—What have you now to say, Count Moor?

Fra. Nothing to you—I sent for Herman.

Her. No evasion. Why was I summoned? Again to be the fool I have been? Again to prop the ladder that the thief may mount?

Fra.—*(As if he had suddenly recollected something.)*—True. We must not forget that. I wished to have some conversation with you respecting the dowry.

Her. This is mockery—or something worse. Moor, be

careful—drive me not mad. We are without witnesses, Moor. Confide not in a villain, though you yourself have made him such.

Fra.—(*With a haughty mien.*)—Dare you conduct yourself thus towards your lord? Tremble, slave.

Her.—(*Contemptuously.*)—At your displeasure, perhaps? What is your displeasure to a man, who is incensed at himself? I already detest you as a villain, Moor—do not make me deride you as a blockhead. I can open sepulchres—I can raise the dead. Which of us is now the slave?

Fra.—(*With great condescension.*)—Friend, act rationally—keep your promise.

Her. Peace! To act rationally, were to abhor thee, villain—to keep my promise were madness.—A promise made to whom?—To him by whom perfidy is practised as a virtue.—But patience, patience! Revenge is subtle.

Fra. Right! I am glad I recollect it. You lately lost a purse containing a hundred louis d'ors. I had almost forgotten the circumstance. Take back what is your own, good Herman.—(*Gives him a purse.*)

Her.—(*Throws it contemptuously at the feet of* Francis.)—Damned be the vile Iscariot-bribe! Has hell employed thee to complete my ruin? You once imagined you had made my poverty the pander of my heart—but you are mistaken, Moor; grossly mistaken. The former purse of gold is useful—it supplies with food—*a certain person.*

Fra.—(*Alarmed.*)—Herman! Herman!—Do not make me fancy—If you have done any thing contrary to my will, you are a traitor to your master.

Her.—(*In a triumphant tone.*)—Indeed!—I rejoice to hear it. Mark me, then. I will soon prepare a banquet, at which your infamy shall be produced, and every nation of the earth shall be invited to it. Do you comprehend this, mighty, revered, and gracious master?

Fra. Villain! traitor! devil!—(*Strikes his forehead.*)

Fool that I was to place confidence in such a creature.—*(Throws himself upon a couch.)*—

Her. Ha! ha! ha!—Behold the cautious sly projector—foiled at his own weapons.

Fra. It is a truth, then, a confirmed truth, that no thread is so finely spun, so soon torn asunder, as the tie of guilt.

Her. Vastly fine!—Devils are beginning to moralise.

Fra.—(Suddenly rises, and addresses Herman *with a malignant smile.)*—The discovery will reflect great credit on yourself, no doubt?

Her.—(Claps his hands.)—Excellent! Inimitable! You act your part most admirably. First you drag the easy fool into the mire—then vent your rage against him, because he attempts to extricate himself. What a refinement of villany! But, count,—*(Laying his hand on* Francis's *shoulder)*—you are not yet thoroughly acquainted with me. You have not yet learnt how far the loser of the game dare venture. What says the pirate in such a situation?—"Throw a match into the powder magazine, and blow friend as well as foe into the air."

Fra.—(Runs to the wall and seizes a pistol.)—Treason!—I must be resolute.

Her.—(Draws a pistol from his pocket.)—Give yourself no trouble. I took care to be prepared before I came.

Fra.—(Throws the pistol away, and falls on the couch.)—Don't betray me, Herman, till I have reflected how to act.

Her. You mean till you have hired a dozen bravos, who will make me dumb for ever. But—*(In a lower tone.)*—I have committed the secret to paper, and my heirs will read it. [*Exit.*

Fra. Is this a dream?—Where was my courage?—where my presence of mind? Alas! even my own creatures betray me. The pillars of my fortune are decayed—the furious foe already falls upon me. I must instantly determine

in what way it is best to act. How if I go in person, and stab him in the back.——A wounded man is a mere infant —It is resolved—(*Is walking away with a firm step, but stops, as if overpowered by sudden debility.*)—Who are these men behind me?—(*Rolling his eyes with horrible wildness.*)— I never saw their faces before—their looks are terrific.— Away! away!—Courage I certainly have—the courage of a——But if a mirror were to betray me—or my shadow— or the sound created by raising my arm to inflict the deadly blow? Huh!—My hair bristles towards heaven—my every limb quakes—(*A dagger falls from his breast.*)—A coward I am not—perhaps I am too tender-hearted. Yes: these are the last struggles of departing virtue. I admire them. I should be a monster, were I to assassinate my brother. No, no, no. I will revere these relics of humanity. I will not murder. Thou hast conquered, Nature. I still feel something which is like affection.—He shall live. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Garden, in which an Arbour is seen.*

Enter AMELIA.

Amc. "You are in tears Amelia." And that he said with so much sympathy—O, I felt as if time had grown young again—as if the golden spring of love returned while he spoke. Methought I heard the nightingale—methought I smelt the perfume of the rose—methought I lay entranced upon his neck—all was the same as when my Charles was here—and, surely, if the spirits of the dead deign to revisit earth, it is my Charles.—Ha! false perfidious heart, how cunningly thou veil'st thy guilt. No, no. Away from my heart ye treacherous, impious thoughts! In this bosom where my Charles is buried, no other image ever shall reside —Yet, why do my thoughts so constantly, so irresistibly dwell upon this stranger? The image of my only love mis-

with his, until their features are united—and to think of one must be to think of both. "You are in tears, Amelia." —Ha!—I must begone. To-morrow I shall take the veil. The veil! How sweet was that idea lately!—But now—— Oh my heart, how hast thou deceived me! Thou didst convince me that what I felt was resolution. Liar that thou wert—it was despair.—(*Seats herself in the arbour, and hides her face.*)

Enter HERMAN.

Her.—(*Aside.*)—I have plunged boldly in—now let the storm rage on, even if the billows overwhelm me.—(*Aloud.*) —Miss Amelia!

Ame.—(*Alarmed.*)—A spy! What do you want here?

Her. I bring you news, most pleasant, yet most horrible. If you be disposed to pardon one who has injured you, prepare yourself to hear most wondrous tidings.

Ame. I have no recollection for injuries—no ear for news.

Her. Do you not lament the death of a youth whom you loved?

Ame.—(*Gazes at him.*)—Child of misfortune, what justifies you in asking such a question?

Her.—(*Mournfully casting his eyes on the earth.*)—Hatred and love.

Ame. Can any one love who inhabits this region?

Her.—(*Looking round.*)—Yes—too much—even to the perpetration of villany.—Did not your uncle lately die?

Ame. He was to me a father.

Her. The lover and the father are alive.—(*Rushes away.*)

Ame.—(*Stands rooted to the spot—then wildly exclaims.*)— Charles alive!—(*Is about to run after* Herman.)

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Whither in such haste lady?

Ame.—(*Starts back with a frantic gesture.*)—Gape beneath me, earth!

Cha. I come to take leave of you.—But——Heavens! what extreme agitation do I find you!

Ame. Go, count——stay—Happy would it have been for me, had you never come!

Cha. Would that have made you happy? Farewell. (*Turns suddenly round and is going.*)—

Ame. For heaven's sake stay. That was not my meaning —(*Wringing her hands.*)—Yet—oh God, why was it not? Count, what have I done, that you should make me criminal. How did I injure you by that affection which you have determined?

Cha. You pierce to my very soul, lady.

Ame. My heart was pure till I saw you. Oh that my eyes had lost their faculty! They have corrupted my heart.

Cha. Say not so. Your eyes and heart are guiltless, I am sure.

Ame. His very look!—Count, I beseech you to avoid those looks. They rouse rebellion. My treacherous fancy tells me every moment that I see himself.—Go, count—return in the hateful form of a crocodile, and you will be more welcome.

Cha.—(*With a look of fervent affection.*)—That is not true, Amelia.

Ame.—(*With increasing tenderness.*)—Should you deceive me, count—should you be trifling with this poor weak heart——But how can falsehood dwell in an eye, which beams with the expression of his?—Alas! Happy were it for me, should you be false—happy, should I be obliged to hate you——yet, oh, how wretched should I be, might I not love

you.—(Charles *presses her hand to his lips with rapture.*)—Your kisses burn like fire.

Cha. My soul burns in them.

Ame. Go.—I may yet be saved.—The mind of man is firm.—Let your firmness save me. Go.—

Cha. It cannot be.—I see you tremble—and my firmness vanishes. Here I am fixed for ever.—(*Hiding his face in her bosom.*)—Here will I die.

Ame.—(*Quite confounded.*)—Away !—Leave me.—What have you done, count ?—Away with those lips !—(*She struggles feebly against his violent caresses.*)—An impious fire creeps through my veins.—(*Weeping and in a tone of tenderness.*)—Must you come from a distant country to destroy a passion, which had even defied the power of death ?—(*Clasps him with increasing fervour in her arms.*) —God forgive you, count !

Cha.—(*Still embracing her.*)—If such be the separation of the soul and body, how blissful, how rapturous must it be to die.

Ame. Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times, and at his side, I, who, when at his side, forgot both heaven and earth. Here,—here his eye wandered over the lovely charms of nature—he seemed to feel how grateful was the sight, and she appeared to dress herself more gaily while her prince admired her. Here he would listen to the celestial music of the nightingale. Here he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here—here he pressed me to his heart, and glued his lips to mine.—(Charles, *no longer able to control his passion, presses his lips to her's—she meets him with equal rapture, and they remain for some time lost in ecstasy*—Amelia *then sinks, almost in a swoon, upon the seat of the arbour.*)—Come, Charles, and be revenged. My oath is broken.

Cha.—(*Steps from her with a frantic look.*)—This must be

some snare designed by hell for my destruction—I am so happy.—(*Gazes at her.*)

Ame.—(*Espies her ring, and hastily rises.*)—What? Art thou still upon my finger—thou, that hast been a witness of my perjury? Away!—(*Gives the ring to* Charles.)—Take it—take it, beloved seducer, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Charles.—(*Falls back.*)

Cha.—(*Becomes pale.*)—Almighty God, is this thy sovereign will?—It is the very ring I gave her as a pledge of my affection.—She has returned it.—Oh horrible!

Ame.—(*Alarmed.*)—Heavens! What is the matter? How wildly your eyes roll—and how pale are your lips!—Wretch that I am! Do you so soon repent the blissful crime?

Cha.—(*Suppressing his emotion.*)—Nothing—nothing.—(*Raising his eyes.*)—I am still a man.—(*Draws his ring from his hand, and gives it to* Amelia.)—Take this, sweet fury of my heart, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Amelia.

Ame.—(*Springs from the seat.*)—Your Amelia!

Cha.—(*Mournfully.*)—Oh, she was a lovely girl, and faithful as an angel. When I left her, she gave me a ring, I her another, as pledges of our mutual faith. She heard that I was dead, and remained constant to the dead. She heard again, that I was living, and became faithless to the living. I flew into her arms—my transports equalled heavenly bliss. Think what my heart was doomed to feel. She returned to me my ring—I her's to her.

Ame.—(*Looks with amazement on the earth.*)—Strange! Dreadfully strange!

Cha. True, my good child.—Man has much, very much to learn, ere he can dive into the great decrees of that being who laughs at his vows, and weeps over his projects.—My Amelia is an unfortunate girl.

Ame. She is—because she rejected you.

Cha. She is—because she loves me. How, if I were

assassin? How if, for every kiss bestowed by her, I could recount a murder?—Would not my Amelia, then, be unfortunate?

Ame. She would; but what you mention is impossible. He, whom you resemble, could not bear to see a fly suffer.

Cha. What I have said, is true. There is a world in which the veil will be removed entirely, and those who loved will meet again—with horror. Eternity is its name. Yes, My Amelia is unfortunate, for when she thought she clasped an angel in her arms, she held—a murderer.

Ame.—(*Overpowered with anguish.*)—Horrible!—I will weep for your sad fate.

Cha.—(*Takes her hand, and holds the ring before her eyes.*) Weep for your own. [*Exit instantly.*

Ame.—(*Recognizes the ring.*)—Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth!—(*Swoons.*)

SCENE *changes to a forest, in which the ruins of a tower are discernible. The moon shines bright, and the* ROBBERS *are stretched on the earth.* SPIEGELBERG *and* RAZMAN *advance from the rest.*

Raz. It is almost midnight, and our captain is not yet arrived.

Spi. A word in confidence, Razman. Captain, said you? Who made him our captain? Did he not usurp the title, when it justly belonged to *me*? What! Are we to expose our lives, and buffet all the storms of Fate, merely that we may be called the slaves of Moor,—slaves, when we might be princes? By God, Razman, I'll bear it no longer.

Raz. Hell and damnation—nor I. But what can we do?

Spi. Can you ask that, who have dispatched many a fine fellow? Razman, if you be the man I think you—he is missing—some begi to think him lost—Razman, his hour is

come.—How! Don't you spring into the air at the idea of being free? Why, you surely don't understand me.

Raz. The idea is tempting, I must own.

Spi. Right! Follow me then. I observed the road he took. Come. A brace of pistols seldom fail, and then—

Schw.—(*Springs up.*)—Villain, I have overheard you. I remember how you behaved in the forests of Bohemia. Like a coward you began to skulk, when the enemy approached. At that time I swore by my soul—Down to hell, assassin! —(*Both draw and begin to fight.*)

Robbers.—(*Rising in confusion.*)—Murder! Murder! Schweitzer!—Spiegelberg!—Tear them asunder.

Schw.—(*Stabs* Spiegelberg.)—There lie and rot.—Be quiet, comrades —Don't let this poltroon disturb you. The scoundrel always hated the captain, and has not one scar upon his whole body.—He wanted to lie in ambush—to murder unseen.—Have we toiled thus long, to be sent out of the world in that way? Have we passed our lives amidst fire and smoke, to be caught, like rats, in a trap?

Gri. But, damn it—the captain will be in a terrible fury.

Schw. Let me settle that. Schufterle acted in the same way, and now he is gibbeted, as the captain prophesied.— (*A shot is heard.*)

Gri. Hark! A shot!—(*A second is heard.*)—Another! Huzza! It is the captain.

Kos. Patience! He must fire a third.—(*A third shot is heard.*)

Gri. It is the captain.—Conceal yourself, Schweitzer, till we have explained to him—

Enter CHARLES.

Schw.—(*Meets him.*)—You are welcome, captain.—I have been somewhat rash since you left us.—(*Leads him to*

dead body.)—You shall decide between this man and me. He wished to waylay and murder you.

Cha.—(*After a pause, during which his eyes have been fixed upon the corpse,*)—Wonderful and incomprehensible are thy ways, O God of vengeance.—Was it not this man, who sung the syren song, which made me what I am?—Consecrate the sword by which he fell, to the avenger.—Schweitzer, this was not done by you.

Schw. By my soul it was, and the devil take me, if I think it the worst thing I ever did.—(*Throws the sword upon the body with a look of dissatisfaction.*)

Cha.—(*In deep meditation.*)—I understand thee—heavenly Judge—I understand thee.—The leaves fall from the branches.—The autumn of my life is come.—Remove this body from my sight.—(*He is obeyed.*)

Gri.—Now, captain, give us orders. What shall we do next?

Cha. Soon—soon all will be accomplished—Since I left you I have lost myself. Sound your horns. I must recal former days to my mind, and gather strength from the remembrance.

Kos. It is midnight, captain, and three days have elapsed since we closed our eyes. Sleep hangs heavy on them.

Cha. Can, then, assassins taste the balm of soft repose? Why am *I* not allowed to sleep? Sound your horns, I say. I must hear warlike music, that my torpid spirit may awake. —(*The* Robbers *play a march, while* Charles *walks to and fro with a gloomy mien. At length he suddenly interrupts them.*)—No more!—Good night. In the morning I shall issue my commands.

Robbers.—(*Stretch themselves on the earth.*)—Good night, captain.—(*They sleep.*)

Cha. Good night——for ever. It is a night, to which no morning will succeed.——Ye spirits numberless of those,

whom I have murdered, think you that I shall tremble? Never, never. Your fearful dying groans, your black and strangled features, your horrid gaping wounds are but links of an indissoluble chain, by which Almighty Fate has bound me. My nurse's humours may have caused them, my father's temper, or my mother's blood. Why has no Perillus made a bull of me, and fed me with the flesh of man.—(*Raises a pistol to his head.*)—Time and eternity embrace each other over this little weapon. Dread key, which locks behind me the prison of life and opens the abode of everlasting freedom. Tell me, oh tell me whither thou wilt lead me.—To some strange land, which no one ever circumnavigated. Human nature shudders at the awful thought, while busy fancy introduces unknown phantoms, and appals, still more, the shrinking soul.—Away with these ideas! Man must not hesitate. Be what thou may'st, thou world without a name, Moor shall still be faithful to himself. Be what thou will, if I but take my soul. The external form is but the colour which the fancy paints. I myself am my heaven or my hell. —(*Looking towards the horizon.*)—Wert thou disposed, Creator of the world, to place me in some blasted region, which thou hadst banished from thy sight, where darkness, solitude, and dreary desolation were my only prospects—my visionary brain would people the expanse.—But such is not thy will.—Perhaps, after having led me, step by step, through scenes of misery and horror, thou wilt, at last, annihilate me. ——May I not be able to break the thread of the next life as easily as I shall do it now?—At all events it is a liberty of which I cannot be deprived in this world.—(*Again raises the pistol.*)—But hold! Am I not about to die from the mean dread of living here in agony?—Cowardly deed! Shall it be said, that Moor was conquered by misfortune? No. I will brave the malice of fate.—(*Throws the pistol away.*)—My pride shall triumph over every difficulty.—(*The darkness increases and a distant clock strikes twelve.*)

Enter HERMAN.

Her. Hark! How the nightcrows shriek!—The village clock has just struck twelve. All are asleep but those who feel the pangs of a bad conscience, and those who brood revenge.—(*Knocks at the tower.*)—Rise, man of misery. I have brought your meal.

Cha.—(*Starts.*)—What means this?

A voice from the tower. Who knocks! Is it you, Herman? Is it my raven?

Her. It is.—Climb to the grate and eat.—What a dreadful noise the owlets make!—Old man,—you like your food, I hope?

Voice. It is most welcome, Herman—I was very hungry. Oh thou, who sendest my raven, accept my thanks for this food in the wilderness.—

Her. Silence! Hark!—I hear a noise.—The wind whistles through the chinks of the tower, and makes my teeth chatter.—Hark! again I heard a noise. I could fancy some one was asleep and snoring.—You have company, old man. Hush!

Voice. Do you see any one?

Her. Farewel! Farewel!—I must be gone.—Descend into the dungeon again. Your deliverer—your avenger is near.—(*Going.*)

Cha. Hold!

Her. Who's there?

Cha. Hold! Answer me. Who art thou? For what purpose camest thou hither? Speak.

Her.—(*Aside.*)—One of his spies, no doubt. It matters not. Fear is become a stranger to me.—(*Draws his sword.*) Villain, defend thyself. Thou hast a man before thee.

Cha.—(*Strikes* Herman's *sword, which flies from his grasp.*)

—I will have an answer. Of what avail is this sword-play! —Thou didst speak of vengeance—Vengeance is my occupation—mine alone of all who dwell on earth.—What mortal dares to interfere with my vocation?

Her.—(*Starts back.*)—By heaven, he was not born of woman. His blow was like the stroke of death.

Voice. Herman, to whom are you speaking?

Cha. There is some one in the tower. A dreadful mystery lurks here.—(*Rushes to the tower.*)—This sword shall unravel it.

Her.—(*Approaches trembling.*)—Terrible stranger, art thou the demon of this forest, or one of those dread spirits, who wander through the lower world observing every midnight act? If the latter, oh welcome to this dungeon.

Cha. Thou art right. I am the angel of desolation, but am, nevertheless, flesh and blood like thyself. If some prisoner be confined here by the power of man, I will release him. Where is the door?

Her. Belzebub would as easily burst open the portal of heaven as you this. The villain's cunning is superior to a mortal's strength.

Cha. But not superior to a robber's cunning.—(*Draws forth a bunch of keys.*)—I thank thee, heaven, for having placed me at the head of robbers. These keys deride the power of hell.—(*Opens the door. An old man steps forth pale and horribly emaciated.* Charles *starts back.*)—My father!——Dreadful phantom!

Cou. Oh God, accept my thanks. The hour of deliverance is arrived.

Cha. Shade of the venerable Moor, what has disturbed thee in thy tomb? Hast thou taken with thee to the other world some crime, which bars thy passage through the gates of Paradise! I will pray, I will order masses to be read that thy wandering spirit may be sent to its abode. Hast thou buried the gold of widows and of orphans, and art doomed

to wander here at midnight? I will tear the subterraneous treasures from the dragons which defend it, even if they vomit the flames of hell at me. Or comest thou to reveal to me the secrets of eternity? Speak, oh speak. My colour will not change with fear.

Cou. I am not a spirit.—Touch me. Thou perceivest I live—and wretchedly I live.

Cha. What! Wert thou not buried?

Cou. Alas, no. A dog was buried in the vault of my forefathers, and I, for three long months, have languished in this gloomy tower, where no sunbeam ever shines, no wholesome breath of air can penetrate—where my companions are the croaking raven and the shrieking bird of night.

Cha. Heaven and earth! Who did this?

Her. A son.

Cou. Oh, do not, do not curse him.

Cha. A son!—(*Furiously rushing towards* Herman.)—Liar! Villain!—A son! Repeat that word and ten times will I plunge my sword into thy slanderous throat. A son!

Her. Yes—if it rouse all hell—I say *his son.*

Cha.—(*As if petrified.*)—Oh eternal chaos!

Cou. If you be a man, if you possess a human heart, listen to me, mighty and unknown deliverer. Listen to the sorrows and the sufferings which my sons have heaped upon their father.—For three sad dreary months I have uttered my complaints to these deaf walls, and none but echo answered to my groans. If, therefore, you be a man—if you possess a human heart, oh listen to me.

Cha. Wolves would be tame, when thus conjured.

Cou. I lay upon the bed of sickness, and scarcely had regained a portion of my former strength, when a man appeared, who told me that my first-born son had fallen in the field of battle, and at the hour of death declared his father's curse had driven him to despair.

Her. It was false. I was the villain, who pretended to have witnessed it. Bribed by the gold and promises of Francis, I became the messenger, whose tidings were to hinder all enquiries after Charles, and, if possible, to end your days.

Cou. You! You! Gracious God! I was deceived, then?

Cha.—(*Turns away in the greatest agitation.*)—How dreadfully the day begins to dawn!

Her. Tread on me—crush me like a poisonous adder.—I consented to destroy you—I intercepted all letters from your Charles—destroyed those written to him by yourself, and substituted others couched in the language of hatred and resentment. Thus were you imposed upon—thus was your eldest son banished from your heart.

Cha.—(*In a tone of dreadful anguish.*)—And hence that son became a robber and a murderer.—(*Strikes his breast and forehead.*)—Fool! Blockhead! Dolt!—A villain's arts have made thee a thief and an incendiary.—(*Walks to and fro with looks of horror and distraction.*)

Cou. Francis! Francis!—But I will not curse him.—To be thus deceived!—Blind dotard that I was!

Cha.—(*Suddenly stops.*)—While my father was confined in this tower—(*Suppressing his emotion.*)—I have no right to complain.—(*Turns to the* Count, *and endeavours to appear composed.*)—Proceed.

Cou. When this intelligence was brought, I swooned. Doubtless I was supposed to be dead, for when my senses returned, I found myself upon a bier, clad in a shroud. I knocked at the top of the coffin—which was opened. It was midnight, and my son Francis stood before me. "What!" cried he, with a voice of thunder, "will you live for ever!" and instantly again shut the coffin. These words overpowered me. When I awoke, I felt the coffin raised and carried away. At length it was opened, and I found myself at the entrance of this tower. At my side stood Francis and the man, who had brought me my Charles's bloody

sword.—I embraced my son's knees—prayed—entreated—conjured him—in vain. His flinty heart was dead to pity. "Down with the dotard!" roared he, "I have been plagued with him too long"—upon which I was cast into the dungeon, and my son Francis locked the door.

Cha. It is not possible. You must be mistaken.

Cou. Oh that I were! Hear the sequel of my story, but be not incensed. Thus I lay full twenty hours in dreadful solicitude. No mortal ever ventures hither, for it is universally believed that the spirits of my ancestors wander at midnight through these ruins, rattling their chains, and chaunting songs of death. At length I again heard the door open. This man appeared. He brought me bread and water; told me that I was doomed to die by hunger, and added that his life was in danger, should it be discovered that he supplied me with food. Thus has my life been preserved, but my remnant of strength was unable to oppose the chilling blast—the fetid air—the unutterable anguish of my mind. A thousand times have I prayed that I might be allowed to die; but doubtless the measure of my punishment was not filled—or some happiness awaits me ere I quit this world—else why is my life thus miraculously prolonged?—But it is just that I should suffer. My Charles! My Charles!

Cha. Enough!—(*To the* Robbers.)—Rise! Ye logs—ye idle, senseless lumps of clay! Rise, I say. Will none of you awake?—(*Fires a pistol over them.*)

Rob.—(*Starting from their sleep.*)—Holla! What now? What's the matter?

Cha. Could not this horrid story wake you from your slumbers? Methinks it might have roused the dead. Look here! Look here! The laws of this world are become a game at dice. The bands of nature have been rent asunder. Discord is let loose, and stalks triumphant. A son has slain his father.

Rob. What says the captain?

Cha. Slain! No. That is too mild a term. A son has butchered, racked, flead his father. Where shall I find words? He has committed a crime, at which even the cannibal would shudder—a crime, of which no devil would have thought. In this tower has a son confined his own father. Oh see, see—he faints. In this tower—cold—naked—hungry—thirsty—oh see, see—this is the father—this is *my* father.

Rob.—*(Rush forward and surround the old man.)*—Your father! Your father!

Schw.—*(Approaches with reverence, and kneels.)*—Father of my captain, let me kiss thy feet. My dagger is ready to avenge thy wrongs.

Cha. Ay—horribly, most horribly shalt thou be avenged, much injured venerable man. Thus I destroy for ever the tie of fraternity.—*(Tears his coat from top to bottom.)*—Thus, in the face of heaven, I curse each drop of blood, which flows in the veins of him, who was my brother. Hear me, oh moon and stars! Hear me, ye spirits of the night, who witnessed the abominable act! Hear me, terrific judge, whose lightnings pierce through darkness to avenge the injured—thus I kneel before thee—prostrate I raise my arm towards thy throne, and swear—May Nature drive me like a hideous monster from her boundaries, if I greet the light of day until my sword has drank the heart's blood of this fell parricide—until the purple current stains the earth, and spreads its noisome vapours through the air.—*(Rises)*

Rob. Glorious! Glorious! Who can call us villains, now? By all the fiends of hell, we never yet have been so well employed.

Cha. True—and by the dreadful groans of those, whom we have murdered—of those who were devoured by fire, or crushed beneath the tower at Leipzig—no thought of rapine shall find place in our minds, till each of us has dyed his

garment purple in the blood of the foul villain. You never dreamt that it would be your lot to execute the great decrees of heaven. The clue of destiny, so long confused, is now unravelled. This day does an invisible power dignify our occupation. Offer up your prayers and thanks to him, who has exalted you to this honourable rank; who has deigned to appoint you the dreadful agents of his dark decrees. Bare your heads—prostrate yourselves in the dust—and rise hallowed men—(*They kneel.*)

Schw. Now, captain, issue your commands. We are ready.

Cha. Rise, Schweitzer, and touch these sacred locks.—(*Leads him to the* Count, *and places a lock of hair in his hand.*)—You recollect, that once, when overpowered and breathless, I had sunk upon my knee, you cleft the skull of a Bohemian, who had already raised his sword to slay me. At that time I promised you a royal recompence, but have never been able to discharge the obligation.

Schw. You made this promise, I allow, but let me for ever be your creditor.

Cha. No, Schweitzer—to-day I have it in my power to pay the debt. No mortal ever was so highly honoured. I appoint thee the avenger of my father's wrongs.

Schw.—(*Rises.*)—Great Captain, you have to-day made me for the first time proud. Command me. How, where, and when shall I make the attack?

Cha. The moments are precious. You must depart instantly. Select from the band as many as you please, and proceed to the villain's castle. Drag him from his bed, though he be asleep, or in the arms of a wanton. Seize him at the banquet—tear him from the crucifix. But mark my words, and let them not escape thy memory at the decisive moment. He must be delivered to me alive. Should any one attempt to wound him, or to hurt a hair of his head, that man shall perish by this arm. I'll tear him piecemeal,

and feed the hungry vultures with his carcase. I must have him whole and uninjured. If you bring him thus, your recompence shall be a million. I'll plunder some monarch, at the peril of my life, in order to obtain it. If you have understood me, go.

Schw. Enough, captain! There is my hand. You shall see both of us or neither. Follow me, comrades.

[*Exeunt* Schweitzer, Herman, *and several* Robbers.

Cha.—(*To the rest.*)—Disperse yourselves in the forest. I shall stay here.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*A gallery in which are seen doors to various apartments.* FRANCIS *rushes from one of them.*

Fra. Betrayed! Betrayed! A thousand spirits have started from their graves. All the empire of death is in motion, and on every side my ear is tortured with the name of murderer. Ha! Who moves there?

Enter DANIEL.

Dan. Heaven have mercy on us! Is it you, my lord, whose shrieks echo through the gallery, and rouse all who sleep?

Fra. Sleep! Who permitted you to sleep? Let every one instantly arise—let every one clothe himself in armour, and load his musket.—Didst thou not see them flit along the corridors?

Dan. Whom, my lord?

Fra. Whom! blockhead! whom! Canst thou thus coldly ask me whom?—Oh, the sight thrilled through my very marrow. Spirits of the damned!—What is the hour of night?

Dan. The watchman has just called two.

Fra. Two! Will this night, then, extend to the day of judgment. Did you hear no noise in the neighbourhood—no shout of triumph—no galloping of horses? Where is Charles—the count I mean?

Dan. I do not know, my lord.

Fra. Not know! Thou art in the plot, then. I'll tear thy entrails piecemeal, villain. What have my dependants too—have even beggars conspired against me? Heaven—hell—every thing conspires against me.

Dan. Count Moor!

Fra. No. I will not tremble. It was but a dream. The dead cannot awake from their eternal sleep. Who says that I tremble and am pale?—I feel easy and well.

Dan. You are pale as death—your voice faulters, my lord.

Fra. Yes—I am somewhat feverish—my surgeon shall bleed me in the morning.

Dan. Oh, you are very ill—

Fra. True—I am ill.—My disorder affects my brain, and is the cause of these terrific dreams; but dreams mean nothing. Daniel, dreams mean nothing.—I had a merry dream just now.—(*Faints.*)

Dan. Gracious God! What can this mean! George! Conrad! Bastion! Martin! Rouse yourself, my lord.—(*Shakes him.*)—I shall be suspected of having murdered him. God have mercy on me!

Fra. Away! away! Why dost thou shake me thus, vile ghastly spectre?—The dead cannot awake from—

Dan. Merciful heaven! He knows not what he says.

Fra.—(*Raises himself slowly.*)—Where am I? You here, Daniel! What did I say, just now?—Pay no regard to it—for it was false, be it what it might.—Come hither. Raise me. It was only a kind of fit, in consequence of wanting rest.

Dan. I'll call your surgeon, my lord.

Fra. Hold! Seat yourself at my side, upon this sofa.—You are a sensible, a worthy man. Listen to me.

Dan. Another time, my lord. Let me lead you to bed. Repose is necessary.

Fra. No. Listen to me, Daniel, and laugh at me. Me-

thought I had been feasting at a splendid banquet. My heart was elated, and I lay stretched on the platform, with sensations the most pleasing, when suddenly—suddenly—but laugh at me, I charge you.

Dan. Proceed, my lord.

Fra. Suddenly my ear was assailed by a tremendous peal of thunder. I started up, and saw the whole horizon wrapped in flames. Mountains, cities, and forests, melted like wax in a furnace, while a terrific hurricane swept before it the ocean, the heavens, and the earth.

Dan. Horrible! It is the description of the last day.

Fra. Pshaw! nonsense!—Then a person stept forth with scales in his hand, which he held between east and west, and said: "Approach ye children of dust, I weigh the thoughts of man."

Dan. God have mercy on me!

Fra. All turned pale. Fearful expectation beat in every breast.—My name was first heard. The sound issued from the bowels of the mountain. My blood congealed with terror—my teeth chattered—my knees smote each other.

Dan. Oh! God forgive you!

Fra. That did he not. An old man appeared, pale—emaciated—bent towards the earth, by sorrows and distress. Raging hunger had compelled him to eat his own arm. At his approach all shuddered, and turned away. I knew the man. He cut a lock from his hoary head, and threw it towards me. Instantly a voice thundered through the smoke: "Mercy, mercy to all the sinners upon earth. Thou alone art rejected."—(*A long pause.*)—Now, why do you not laugh?

Dan. Can I be expected to laugh, when my flesh creeps? Dreams are sent by heaven.

Fra. Pshaw, pshaw! Talk not thus. Call me a fool, a blockhead—call me any thing, dear Daniel—laugh at me—I beseech you, laugh at me.

Dan. Dreams are sent by heaven. I will pray for yo

[*Ex*

Fra. Mean, vulgar prejudice and superstition!—It h never yet been proved that any eye, above this earth, o serves what passes on it. What makes me just now think this subject?—Is there an avenging Judge above the star Alas, I fear there is. Dreadful, horrible idea!—To appe this very night before the avenging Judge—No, no, no.— Solitude and silence reign beyond this world. It must n shall not, be otherwise.—Yet should it notwithstanding— ——Why do I tremble thus?—To die!—Why am I alar ed at this idea?——Oh should I be obliged to give accou of all my actions—and should my judge be just—

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Ser. My lord, Amelia has escaped, and the count h suddenly disappeared.

Enter DANIEL, *much alarmed.*

Dan. Count Moor, a troop of horsemen has this inst galloped into the court. The whole village is in motion.

Fra. Ring the alarm-bell. Let every one hasten to t chapel, and pray for me. I will release all the prisone Threefold I will repay what I have taken from the help Go—call my confessor, that he may give me absolution Go, I say.—(*The tumult becomes more audible.*)

Dan. God forgive me my sins! May I believe wh hear? You who always ridiculed religion.

Fra. No more—Death, Daniel, death—It is too late (Schweitzer *is heard without,*)—Pray for me! Oh pray me.

Dan. Yes, I always told you that when the fatal day rived—

Schw.—(*Without.*)—Down with them! burst the gates open. I see a light. He must be there.

Fra.—(*Kneels.*)—Hear my prayer, Almighty God. It is the first I ever uttered. Hear me, Almighty God!

Schw.—(*Still in the court.*)—Drive them back, comrades. Back, you damned dogs. I am the devil, and am come for your master. Where is the black fellow and his troop? Grimm, station your men at distances from each other round the castle. Storm the ramparts to the east.

Gri. Hurl the fire-brands. The scoundrel will appear when he smells the flames.

Fra.—(*Prays*)—Oh Lord God! I have not been a common murderer—I have not been guilty of any trifling crimes.

Dan. God have mercy on us! Even his prayers are crimes. —(*Firebrands and stones are thrown into the castle.*)

Fra. I cannot pray.—Here—here—(*Striking his breast and forehead.*)—All is so dreary.—(*Rises.*)—No.—I will not pray.

Dan. Jesus Maria! Help! Help! The whole castle is in flames.

Fra. Daniel—obey me—take this sword, and plunge it to my heart, that I may not be made the sport of these vile rascals.—(*The fire spreads on all sides.*)

Dan. Heaven forbid! I should not like to send any one too soon to heaven—far less to— [*Runs out.*

Fra.—(*After a pause, during which he has followed* Daniel *with a look of horror and despair.*)—To hell, thou wouldst have said—and rightly wouldst have said.—Is this the triumphant tumult of the demons who await me?—Hark!—They approach—they have entered the castle.—Why does this murderous weapon make me tremble?—Ha! The gates are broken.—Escape is impossible. Welcome, Hell.—(*Springs into the flames.*)

SCENE.—*The forest and tower as at the end of the fourth act. The* COUNT *is discovered sitting upon a stone.* CHARLES *stands near him. Several* Robbers *are seen at a distance in the Forest.*

Cha. And you loved this other son?

Cou. Heaven knows how sincerely. Oh, why did I listen to the falshoods of that monster Francis? I was once an enviable parent—blessed with most hopeful children—but oh! in an unlucky hour, that demon Envy entered into the breast of my younger son. I listened to the serpent, and lost both my children.—(*Hides his face*—Charles *walks from him.*)—Deeply do I feel the truth of thy words, dear Amelia. The spirit of vengeance spoke from thy lips. Alas, yes. In vain do I stretch forth my arms to embrace my son. In vain do I wish to grasp the warm hand of my Charles.—(Charles *presents his hand, with averted countenance.*)—Oh that this were his hand! But he is dead—buried far from his native home—he can never hear his father's lamentations.—Wretch that I am!—I have no son to close my eyes. I must die in the arms of a stranger.

Cha.—(*In most violent agitation.*)—It must be so. The decisive moment is arrived.—(*To the* Robbers.)—Leave us. And yet—can I restore to him his son?—Alas, no.

Cou. Why do you mutter thus, my generous friend?

Cha. Your son—yes, old man—your son is—lost for ever.

Cou. True, true.

Cha.—(*Raising his eyes towards heaven.*)—Support my sinking soul.—Grant me but fortitude to bear this trial.—(*Aloud.*)—Yes, your son is lost for ever.

Cou. Stranger, stranger, did you release me from the tower only to remind me of my sorrows?

Cha.—(*Aside.*)—How, if I were to snatch his blessing—steal it, like a thief, and escape with the precious prize

—(*sinks on his knee at the feet of the* Count.)—'Twas I, who liberated thee, venerable man, I crave thy blessing.

Cou.—(*Presses him to his heart.*)—Think that a father blesses thee—and I will think I bless my Charles.—Thou, too, canst weep, I see.

Cha.—(*In great emotion.*)—Yes, I will think it is a father's blessing.—(*Hangs on the* Count's *neck. A pause ensues. At length a confused noise is heard, and torches are seen at a distance.* Charles *starts from the* Count's *arms.*)—Hark! Vengeance calls to me. They come.—(*Gazes awhile at the old man—then looks towards the approaching* Robbers *with grim ferocity.*)—Inflame me, suffering lamb, with the murderous fury of the tiger. I will offer a sacrifice to thee, which shall make the stars grow dim, and petrify all animated nature.—(*The torches become more visible—the noise more audible. Several pistols are fired.*)

Cou. Merciful heaven! What means this dreadful noise? Are my son's creatures coming to drag me to the scaffold?

Cha.—(*Folding his hands with fervour.*)—Listen, oh heavenly Judge, listen to the prayer of an assassin. Make this wretch immortal. Let not the first stroke of this sword destroy him. No. Let me enjoy his lengthened agonies. Let me feast on the convulsions of his tortured frame!

Cou. What are you muttering, stranger?

Cha. I am praying.—(*The wild noise of the approaching* Robbers *is heard.*)

Cou. Oh think of Francis in your prayers.

Cha.—(*Suppressing his fury.*)—Be assured I do.

Cou. But is that the tone of supplication? Cease, cease. I shudder at such prayers.

Enter Schweitzer, *and other* Robbers, *conducting* Francis, *who is in irons.*

Schw. Triumph, Captain! I have fulfilled my vow.—Here is the villain.

Gri. We snatched him from the flames.

Kos. And reduced his castle to ashes.

Cha.—(*After a dreadful pause, approaches* Francis.)—Dost thou know me?—(Francis *rivets his eyes on the earth, and returns no answer.* Charles *leads him to the* Count.)—Dost thou know this man?

Fra.—(*Starts back, with a look of horror.*)—Lightnings blast me! 'Tis my father.

Cou.—(*Turns away.*)—Go.—God forgive thee! I will forget all.

Cha.—(*With terrific sternness.*)—And may my curse hang to that prayer like tons of lead, that it may never reach the ear of mercy.—Dost thou know this tower too?

Fra.—(*With violence to* Herman.)—Monster! has thy hatred to our race pursued my father even to this tower.

Her. Bravo! Bravo! The devil is not so wicked as to let his friends perish for want of a lie.

Cha. Enough! conduct this old man further into the forest. That which must now be done, shall not be interrupted by a father's tears.—(Count *is led away.*)—Come nearer, ye banditti.—(*They form a semicircle round* Charles *and* Francis, *and lean upon their muskets.*)—Now—not another word. As I hope for mercy, the man who dares to move his tongue till I command it dies on the spot.—Silence.

Fra.—(*Transported with fury, rushes towards* Herman.)—Villain, Villain! O that I could spit a flood of poison on thee!—(*Bites his chains.*)

Cha.—(*With dignified majesty.*)—I stand here, appointed by the Eternal Judge, to execute his office upon earth. The sentence I shall pass is such as all creation will approve. The tribunal is formed of villains, and I, the greatest, am its head. Let your daggers speak your sentiments. Let every one compare his actions with those of this wretch, and if then, there be among you one, who does not feel himself a

saint, let him withdraw and break his dagger.—(*All the* Robbers *throw down their daggers unbroken.* Charles *turns to* Francis.)—Now thou mayst be proud, for to-day thou hast converted sinners into angels.—One dagger still is wanted.—(*Draws forth his own.*)—His mother was also mine.—(*To* Kosinski *and* Schweitzer.)—Be you his judges.—(*Breaks his dagger and walks aside in great emotion.*)

Schw.—(*After a pause.*)—I feel a very school-boy, and rack my mind in vain. Numerous as are the enjoyments of life, the torments of death seem to be few.—(*Stamping with violence.*)—Kosinski, speak. I can devise no torture, which I think sufficient.

Kos. Shame on you, grey-beard! Cast a glance at the tower—let that inspire you. I am but a scholar. Don't make me feel ashamed of my tutor.

Schw. I am grown grey amidst scenes of horror, but, at present, I feel a beggar in ideas. I thank you, comrade. Was not this tower the place in which he exercised his cruelties? Do we not stand as judges before this tower? Down with him! There let him die and rot.

Rob.—(*With shouts of joy.*)—Right! Right! Down with him into the dungeon!

Fra.—(*Rushes into his brother's arms.*)—Save me from the claws of these assassins. Save me, brother.

Cha.—(*With stern solemnity.*)—Thou didst make me their leader.—(Francis *starts back alarmed.*)—Canst thou still ask me to save thee?

Rob.—(*With increasing eagerness.*)—Down with him! To the dungeon with him!

Cha.—(*Approaches him with a dignified mien and a look of sorrow.*)—Son of my father, thou hast robbed me of celestial happiness. Be that crime pardoned. The tortures of hell await thee as a son—as a brother *I* forgive thee.—(*Embraces him, and hastens away. The* Robbers, *with frantic shouts of delight, plunge* Francis *into the dungeon.*

Charles *returns.*)—It is accomplished. Accept my thanks Almighty Ruler of the world. The dreadful deed is done —(*A pause ensues, during which he appears to be meditating some great design.*)—Should Providence have decreed, after so far leading me upon the path of blood, that this tower shall be the goal of my career, I bend to his decree and willingly obey. I rely upon the mercy of my God, and rejoice that my work is at an end. How gloriously the hero dies, whom victory has crowned. This was the greatest action of my life—'tis right that it should be the last. Amidst the gloom of night I will expire. Conduct my father hither. [*Exeunt* Robbers.

Re-enter COUNT *and* ROBBERS.

Cou. Whither will you lead me? Where is my son?

Cha.—(*Meets him with dignified composure.*)—Each plant and each grain of sand has its appointed place in the creation—your son, too, has his. Compose yourself, and be seated.

Cou.—(*Bursts into tears.*)—No longer a son—no longer a son in this world.

Cha. Compose yourself, and be seated.

Cou. Oh ye compassionate barbarians! You drag a dying father from his dungeon, that you may tell him he is childless. Let your compassion do still more! Replace me where I was, I beseech you.

Cha.—(*Grasps his hand with fervour, and raises it towards heaven.*)—Blaspheme not, old man. Accuse not that Being whom I to-day have worshipped with sincerity. Men more wicked far than you, have this day been allowed to approach the throne of God.

Cou. Murderers approach the throne of God!

Cha.—(*Incensed.*)—Not another word, I do command thee.—(*In a milder tone.*)—If ever sinners feel the influ-

of heavenly kindness, shall saints despair of feeling it? Where could you find words to atone for such a sin, were God this day to baptize for you *a* SON.

Cou.—(*With asperity.*)—Are sons to-day baptized with blood?

Cha. Yes. Providence can baptize with blood, and does so to-day. The ways of heaven are dreadful and mysterious—but tears of joy await us, when we have reached the point of destination.

Cou. Where shall I shed them?

Cha.—(*Rushes into his arms.*)—On the breast of Charles.

Cou.—(*With a shout of transport.*)—My Charles alive?

Cha. He is alive—and has been sent hither to release and to avenge you. This—(*Pointing to the tower*)—was the reward bestowed upon you by the favoured son—this—(*Pressing him to his heart*)—is the vengeance of the son whom you abandoned.

Rob. There are people in the forest. We hear voices.

Cha. Call the rest.—(*Exeunt Robbers.*)—I must be resolute, and dash the cup of joy from my lips ere it be converted into poison.

Cou. Are these men your friends! I almost fear their looks.

Cha. I will answer any question but this, my father. Do not ask this.

Enter AMELIA, *with dishevelled hair, followed by the* Robbers.

Ame. They say his voice has raised the dead—they say my uncle is alive.—Charles! Uncle! Where shall I find them?

Cha.—(*Shuddering.*)—What demon brings that image to my view?

Cou.—(*Raises himself.*)—Amelia! my niece!

Ame.—(*Rushes into his arms.*)—Do I again behold you, dearest uncle—and my Charles too?

Cou. Yes. Charles is alive—You—I—all.

Cha.—(*In a phrenzy to the band.*)—Away, comrades. The archfiend has betrayed me.

Ame.—(*Releases herself from the* Count's *embrace, and clasps* Charles *in her arms.*)—I have him again! Angels of bliss! I have him again.

Cha. Tear her from my neck. Murder her—murder him—me—every one. Let all the world perish.

Ame.—Dearest Charles!—The transport overpowers him. Why am I thus cool? Am I not as happy as himself?

Cou. Come, children. Your hand, Charles—and yours Amelia. Oh, I little thought that so much bliss awaited me. I will unite you forever.

Ame. Oh ecstasy indescribable! Mine, mine for ever! Ye powers of heaven, release me from this load of bliss, lest I should sink beneath the weight of it.

Cha.—(*Who has torn himself from her arms.*)—Away, away!—Most unfortunate of brides! Look at these men—ask them—listen to them——Most unfortunate of fathers! Let me fly far away, and hide myself forever.

Ame. Fly! Whither? Why? A life of ecstasy awaits you ——and you wish to fly?

Cou. Can my son wish to fly—my son—Amelia's husband!

Cha. Too late!—In vain!—Curse me, my father.—Ask me no more questions.—Die, Amelia—die my father—rescued by me, to be by me destroyed. These thy deliverers are robbers and assassins. Thy son is their CAPTAIN.

Cou. God of heaven! My children!—(*Falls and instantly expires.* Amelia *stands rooted to the spot, and all the* Robbers *preserve a dreadful silence.*)

Cha. The souls of those whom I murdered amidst the enjoymets of love—of those whom I strangled in their sleep

—of those—Ha! ha! ha! Do you hear the powder magazine?—Do you observe that roof falling upon the helpless woman, who is in childbed? Do you see those flames creeping round the cradle of the infant? That is the hymeneal torch. Hear you those shrieks? That is the bridal music. Oh, he does not forget—he claims his due—therefore away from me, all joys of love———This is retaliation.

Ame.—(*Awaking from her reverie.*)—What have I done, Father of all, what have I done?

Cha. This is more than man can bear. I who have seen death in its every shape, and never was appalled—shall I now be taught to tremble by a woman?—No. It shall not be. I will drink blood, and bid defiance to the tyrant Fate. —(*Going.*)

Ame.—(*Throws herself into his arms.*)—Murderer! Demon! I cannot lose thee, angel.

Cha.—(*Stops with an astonished air.*)—Am I awake?—Am I mad?—Has hell devised some new method of tormenting me? She hangs upon the neck of an assassin.

Ame. For ever.

Cha. She still loves me—loves me with all my crimes. Then am I pure as is the light of day. A child of light weeps upon the neck of a pardoned demon. The Furies can no longer lash me with their serpents—the power of hell is annihilated—I am happy.—(*Hides his face in her bosom.*)

Gri.—(*Approaches with a furious look.*)—Hold, traitor. Instantly quit her embrace, or I will speak a word that shall convulse thy frame.

Schw.—(*Places his sword between* Charles *and* Amelia.)—Remember the forest of Bohemia. Traitor! Where are now your vows? Have you forgotten that in your defence we risked our lives—our honour—every thing? Did any one of us escape without wounds? Did we not stand like rocks? And did not you raise your arm, and swear never to forsake

us, as we had not forsaken you? Traitor! Can a woman make you false to your oath?

Rob.—(*Tear open their clothes.*)—Look here—and here—and here. Do you know these scars? We bought you with our heart's blood. Ours you are, and shall remain, though angels try to tear you from us. Come with us. A victim for a victim! A woman for the band!

Cha. Be it so. I wished to return to virtue, but he who reigns in heaven forbids it. Roll not your eyes thus wildly, dear Amelia. God has millions of beings created by himself, and wants not me. He can easily spare one—that one am I.—(*Turns to the band.*)

Ame.—(*Holds him back.*)—Stay, I beseech you. A single blow—strike but a single blow. Draw your sword, and be compassionate.

Cha. Compassion dwells among the beasts of the forest. I will not murder thee.

Ame.—(*Embracing his knees.*)—Oh, for heaven's sake—for mercy's sake—I ask you not for affection—but for death. See, my hand trembles. I have not courage to guide the fatal weapon. For you it is easy—for you are accustomed to it. Plunge your sword into my heart—and I shall be happy.

Cha.—(*With great sternness.*)—And why must you also be happy? Begone: Moor cannot slay a woman.

Ame. Inhuman wretch! You pass by those who are weary of existence, and murder none but the happy.—(*To the* Robbers, *in a tone of supplication.*)—Have compassion on me, men of blood. There is a ferocious scowl upon your foreheads, which to the wretched is consoling. Look at me. Your leader is a boaster and a coward.—(*Some of the* Robbers *take aim at her.*)

Cha.—(*Enraged.*)—Away, ye demons! (*Walks forward with a majestic mien.*)—Who dares to break into my sanctuary? She is mine.—(*Draws her to him, and puts his arm round her waist.*)—Now let heaven and hell attempt to

us. Love scorns the power of oaths.—(*Raises her into the air, and with dauntless look holds her before the band.*)—Who will dare to separate what nature has united?

Rob.—(*Again taking aim.*)—We will.

Cha.—(*With a smile of contempt.*)—Impotent reptiles!—(*Places* Amelia *upon a stone—she is almost bereft of every faculty.*)—Look up, my bride. No priestly blessing will unite us, but I know something better.—(*Removes the handkerchief from* Amelia's *neck, and exposes her bosom to the* Robbers.)—Look at these heavenly charms.—(*With mournful tenderness.*)—Do they not even melt the hearts of murderers?—(*After a pause, in a milder tone.*)—Look at me, murderers—I am young.—I love and am beloved—I adore and am adored. I have reached the gate of paradise.—(*With great emotion.*)—Will my comrades drive me back?—(Robbers *laugh.* Charles *summons his resolution, and looks at them with dignity and sternness.*)—Enough!—Thus far nature has prevailed—now let the man appear. I am an assassin, and—(*Walking toward them with indescribable majesty.*)—your CAPTAIN. Traitors, dare you raise your arms against your captain?—(*In a commanding tone.*)—Ground your muskets! 'Tis your leader, who addresses you—(*The* Robbers *are alarmed, and throw their arms down.*)—Right! Now you are mere children—I am free. Moor must be free in order to be great. I would not exchange the triumphant sensations which I now enjoy, for an Elysium of love.—(*Draws his sword.*)—Call not that phrenzy, which you are incapable of calling great. Despair outstrips the tardy course of calm philosophy. A deed like this will not allow deliberation to precede it. I will reflect when it is done.—(*Plunges the sword into* Amelia's *breast.*)

Rob.—(*Clap their hands.*)—Bravo! Bravo! Thy honour is redeemed, thou king of robbers.

Cha.—(*Leans over* Amelia.)—Now she is mine—mine

for ever—or eternity is a mere blockhead's whim. With my sword have I obtained my bride, in spite of all the dragons with which FATE, my deadly foe, had guarded her. Many, many a time shall this our earth revolve around the sun, ere he shall behold another deed like this.—Sweet must it be, Amelia, thus to receive your death from your beloved.

Ame.—(*Weltering in blood.*)—Most sweet.—(*Stretches forth her hands and dies.*)

Cha. Now, miserable reptiles—are you satisfied? Had you hearts hard enough to claim a sacrifice so great? Your sacrifice to me was a life of infamy—the victim I have offered up to you was an angel.—(*Throws his sword into the midst of them with disdain.*)—Banditti—we are even. Over this corpse I claim my liberty, and grant you yours.

Rob.—(*Crowd round him.*)—We will never forsake you—We will be obedient till death.

Cha. No, no, no. My mission is accomplished. My genius whispers to me that I may not proceed. I have reached the goal of my career. Take back this blood-stained plume.—(*Throws it down.*)—Let him who chuses to be your captain take it up.

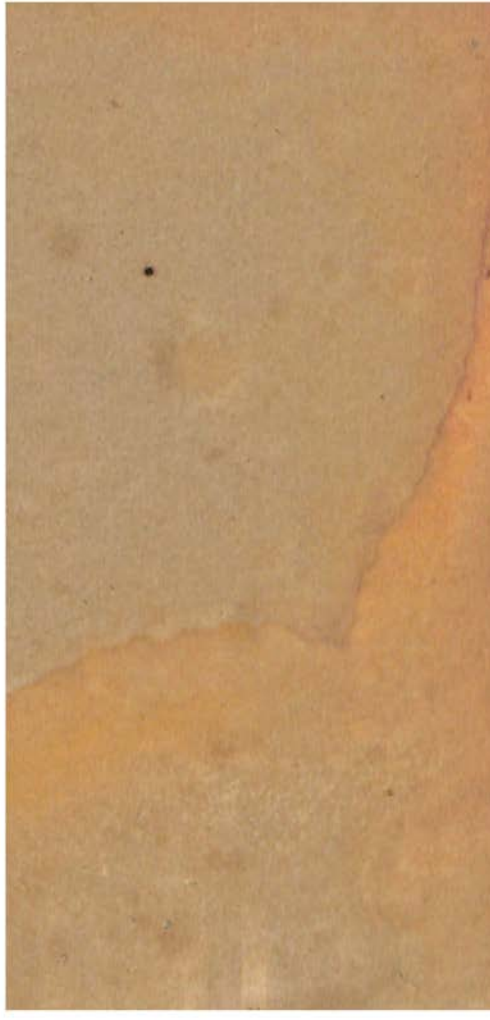
Rob. Coward! Where are now your mighty projects? Were they mere bubbles, which a woman's dying groan could burst?

Cha.—(*With dignity.*)—Dare not to scrutinize what Moor has done. This is my last command. Now, form a circle round me, and listen to your dying captain's testament.—(*Rivets his eyes upon the band.*)—You have been faithful to me—faithful beyond example. Had virtue bound you as firmly to each other as guilt, you had been heroes, and your names had never been uttered but with veneration. Go, and devote your talents to the service of a monarch, who is contending for the rights of man. With this blessing I disband you.—Schweitzer and Kosinski, stay.—(*The* Robbers *move away slowly and much affected.*)

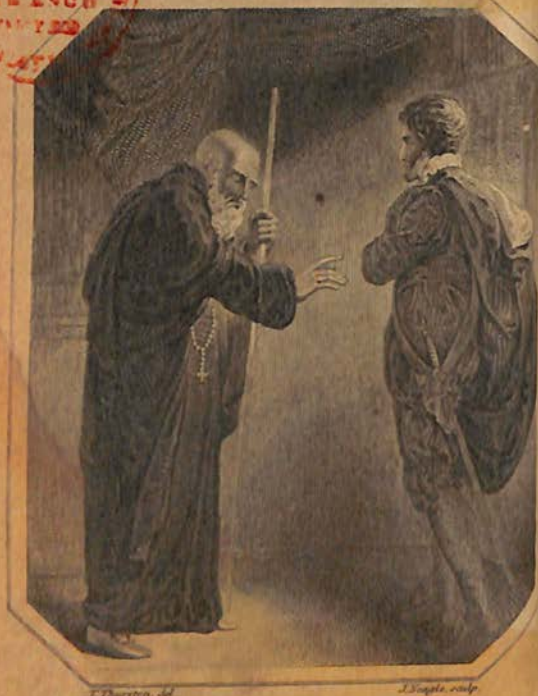
Manent CHARLES, SCHWEITZER, *and* KOSINSKI.

Your hand, Kosinski—and yours, Schweitzer.—(*To* Kosinski.)—Young man, you are still uncontaminated. Among the guilty you alone are guiltless.—(*To* Schweitzer.)—Deeply have I bathed this hand in blood. 'Twas I who did it, and with this cordial grasp I claim my own. Schweitzer you are free from guilt.—*(Raises their hands with fervour.)* —Father of the world, I restore them to thee. They will serve thee more faithfully than those who never fell.—(Kosinski *and* Schweitzer *embrace each other with warmth.)* —Not now—not now, my friends. Spare me at this decisive hour. To-day I am become possessed of an immense domain. Divide it between you—become good citizens, and, if for *ten* whose comfort I have blasted, you confer happiness on *one*, my soul may still be saved. Go.—no farewel —in another world we may meet again. Go, go—ere my resolution fail me—(*Both conceal their faces and exeunt.*)— I too am a good citizen. Have I not fulfilled a law the most horrible? Have I not faithfully executed the vengeance it enjoined? I remember that when I first came hither I observed a poor disbanded officer, who was working in the field, that he might support a numerous family. A large reward is offered to the man who shall deliver the terrific robber Moor into the hands of justice. This officer shall have it.

THE END.



LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE



T. Thurston, del. J. Neagle, sculp.

Don Carlos

Act V. Scene 10.

Published March 1st 1801, by Verner & Hood, Poult.y

DON CARLOS.

INFANT OF SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER,

BY

Benjamin Thompson, Esq.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.

1805.

832.6
Sch/Don.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP *the Second, King of Spain.*
DON CARLOS, *his Son.*
PRINCE OF PARMA, *his Nephew.*
MARQUIS POSA, *a Knight of Malta.*
DUKE ALBA.
COUNT LERMA, *Commander of the body-guard.*
DUKE OF FERIA, *Knight of the golden fleece.*
DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA, *Admiral of the Spanish fle*
DON RAIMOND DE TAXIS, *Postmaster-General.*
DOMINGO, *the King's Confessor.*
GRAND INQUISITOR.
PRIOR *of a Carthusian convent.*
MERCADO, *the Queen's Physician.*

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, *Queen of Spain.*
CLARA EUGENIA, *her Daughter, three years of age.*
DUCHESS OF OLIVAREZ.
MARCHIONESS OF MONDECAR,
PRINCESS EBOLI,
COUNTESS FUENTES,
} *Ladies attending on the Queen.*

Grandees, Pages, Officers, Ladies, Friars, &c.

DON CARLOS.

INFANT OF SPAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Royal Garden at Aranjuez. Enter* CARLOS *and* DOMINGO.

Dom. THE cheerful days enjoyed by others at Aranjuez have had no effect upon your highness. Our abode at this delightful spot has been of no avail.—(Carlos *is thoughtful and silent.*)—Be not thus mute, and thus mysterious, Prince. Let your heart be open to a parent's heart. No monarch can purchase, at too dear a rate, the peace and comfort of his only son. The power of Philip is extensive. If you have any wish ungratified, name it to Philip. But is this possible? I was present when due homage was paid to royal Carlos in Toledo—when princes contended for the honour of kissing his hand, and six mighty potentates at the same moment knelt to him. I saw the blood mount into his cheeks—I saw his bosom heave with great resolves.—I saw his sparkling eye wander with delight through the assembly——yes, and his eye confessed that he was satisfied. But this deep solemn melancholy, Prince, which we with sorrow have remarked during eight months, is to each mem-

ber of the court a painful mystery. Many a night of care has it caused your royal father, and many a tear has it drawn from the eyes of your mother.

Car.—(*Starts.*)—Mother!

Dom.—(*Surprised.*)—Prince!

Car. Heaven grant I may forgive the man who made her my mother!

Dom. Prince!

Car.—(*Recollecting himself.*)—Holy father, I have been unfortunate in mothers. The first act of which I was guilty, when I saw the light, was matricide.

Dom. Is it possible that your Royal Highness can allow such a reproach to dwell upon your mind?

Car. And my new mother—has she not robbed me of the little love my father felt for me? My only merit in his eyes consisted in being his only son.—she has produced a daughter.—Alas! Who can foretell what futurity may disclose?

Dom. You surely are disposed to be ironical. Her Majesty is adored by all Spain. Can it be possible that your highness alone surveys her with the eyes of hatred? Is she not the most beauteous woman on our globe? Are not her very looks royal! Is she not in the bloom of youth? Was she not to have been your bride? Impossible! Impossible! Carlos cannot hate the darling of our nation. By saying this, he contradicts himself. But though I know you are not serious, Prince, let no one, I entreat you, tell the queen her son dislikes her—it would affect her deeply.

Car. Think you it would?

Dom. If, Prince, you bear in mind the last tournament at Saragossa, you can hardly doubt it. The queen sat with the ladies of the court, surveying what passed among the combatants. Suddenly some one called "The king is wounded." The cry was on every side repeated, till the

confused report reached the queen's ears!—"The prince!" cried she, and attempted to spring from the balcony.—"No. The king himself."—"Send, then, for surgeons," was her answer, while she endeavoured to regain her breath.—(*After a pause.*)—You are thoughtful.

Car. I am lost in admiration of his majesty's most merry confessor, who seems to have a store of pointed anecdote; but,—(*With a look of stern solemnity*)—father Domingo, I have often heard that spies and vile informers have in this world done far more harm than poison or the poniard. You have taken on yourself unnecessary trouble. If you expect to be thanked, go to the king.

Dom. Your highness is right in being cautious; but proper distinctions should ever be made. Spurn not from you the friend as well as the hypocrite. My intentions are upright.

Car. Let not my father know this,—else is your disgrace certain—your hopes of the purple vain.

Dom.—(*Starts.*)—How!

Car. Why thus affect surprise? Are you not promised the first vacant see?

Dom. You mock me, prince.

Car. Heaven forbid that I should mock the dreadful man who can declare my father blessed or damned!

Dom. I will not presumptuously attempt to dive into the cause of your mysterious melancholy. Allow me, however, to remind your highness that the church offers an asylum to every oppressed mind; that no monarch has a key to this asylum; and that even crimes are indiscoverable when sealed with the signet of the sacrament. You understand me. I need say no more.

Car. Right! You need not. Far be it from me to tempt the bearer of this signet.

Dom. Prince, this suspicion——you misconstrue the intentions of your most faithful servant.

Car.—*(Takes his hand.)*—Right, again! Therefore pay no further regard to my concerns. You are a holy man—that every body knows; but, to confess the truth, you are already troubled with the cares of too many consciences. Your road, holy father, leads to St. Peter's chair. Too much knowledge might be a burden to you on the journey. Report this to the king, who sent you hither.

Dom. Sent me hither!

Car. Such were my words, most venerable father.—Too well I know that I am betrayed at this court—that a hundred eyes are bribed to observe my every action—that king Philip has sold his only son to the basest of his subjects—that every one who reports a syllable which I have uttered, is more liberally rewarded than if he had done a virtuous action—that I——but no more of this. My heart will betray all it feels on such a subject. I have already said too much.

Dom. It is his majesty's intention to return, before the approach of evening, to Madrid. The court is already preparing for departure. Shall we have the honour, prince—

Car. Enough!—I shall attend his majesty. [*Exit* Dom. Thou art worthy of compassion, Philip; worthy of it as thy son. Already I perceive that the viper Jealousy has lodged its deadly venom in thy soul. Thy luckless anxiety hastens with eagerness to make the most dreadful of discoveries, and when made, it will drive thee to distraction. Thy treasures may be exhausted—the boisterous billows may devour thy fleets—rebellion may force its way even to the steps of thy throne. All this thou may'st witness without alarm, but when—

Enter Posa

Spirits of bliss! Whom do I see? My Roderigo!

Posa. My Carlos!—*(They embrace.)*

Car. Is it possible? May I believe my senses?——Yes, yes.—'Tis he, 'tis Roderigo. I press him to my breast—I feel his heart beat against mine. All now is well again. This embrace is balsam to my wounded soul.

Posa. Your wounded soul! All now is well again! What mean you by these declarations?

Car. And what brings you from Brussels at a time that no one expected you?—How!—Can I ask? Pardon me, holy providence, pardon the impious question. Thou didst see the unhappy Carlos, and hast sent to him his guardian angel.

Posa. Dear prince, I can return no answer to this storm of rapture, but declarations of astonishment. Little did I expect to find king Philip's son in such a state. Never did Carlos meet me with a look so dreadful. Your haggard cheeks are flushed with an unnatural glow—your feverish lips quiver, and are pale.—What must I think? This cannot be the emblem of the lion—this cannot be the bold intrepid youth, to whom a nation, grievously oppressed, has sent me—for I stand not here as Roderigo—as the companion of your early years.—No, as the ambassador of a much injured people. In their name I embrace you. It is Flanders which weeps upon your neck, and solemnly calls upon you for deliverance. The day, the dreadful day is come, which ends their liberty for ever. King Philip is resolved to plunge a poniard into the heart of Brabant. Your favourite country loses its free-born rights, if Alba, that harsh instrument of fell fanaticism, reaches the gates of Brussels with the law of Spain. The last hope of this almost despairing land, rests on the grandson of immortal Charles. If he be not affected by its sad appeal, all, all is lost.

Car. Then all is lost indeed. Tears are the utmost I can offer, and them my own misery requires. Heaven has forsaken me—why should I think of others?

Posa. Carlos, I no longer know you. Is this the man whom heaven had spared to vindicate the rights of human nature? Is this the man, who stood upright amidst the universal degeneracy of Europe, who boldly dashed from his lips the envenomed draught of popery, who defied the power of priesthood, and, in the cause of all mankind, feared not a wily king's pretended piety?

Car. Speak you of me? You are mistaken, friend. I once dreamt of a Carlos, like the man you have described—whose boiling blood would mount into his cheeks, if liberty were mentioned—but he has long been dead. The Carlos, whom you now behold, is not the man whom you took leave of, in Alkala, whose aspiring mind aimed at a knowledge of the bliss which Paradise bestows, and fondly hoped that, when upon the throne, he could transplant such bliss to Spain. The idea was childish, but oh, how heavenly!—Past is the vision, never to return.

Posa. Vision, prince! Was it then but a vision?

Car. Let me weep; let me shed these scalding tears upon the bosom of my only friend. Far as king Philip's power extends—far as his fleets display the Spanish flag, there is no place but this where I can freely shed my tears. Oh Roderigo, I conjure you, by our mutual hopes of heavenly bliss, throw me not from your arms.—(Posa *bends over him with speechless emotion.*)—Fancy me an orphan, who has a claim on your compassion; for though I am a monarch's son, I know not what it is to have a father. Oh if the hopes which my heart cherishes be gratified, if bounteous nature formed Roderigo with the same sensations as my own, if the chords of our hearts were destined to move in mutual mild vibration, if the tear which relieves me is dearer to you than king Philip's favour—

Posa. Dearer than all the world.

Car. I am become so poor and abject that I must remind you of our earlier years, and claim the debt you have owed

me since that time. This debt is pure disinterested friendship. We were two wild boys, who had no cares, or nearly none, for I was only grieved to see myself so much eclipsed by you, until at length I formed the resolution of making you my friend, instead of envying you. My offer was, however, not accepted—you received my tokens of regard with coldness. Often,—though you did not see them—often have tears rolled down my cheeks, when I perceived that your regard was bestowed upon inferiors. "Why," thought I, "why are these preferred to me? Do I not feel as sincere an esteem for him as they?"—Me you approached with cold solemnity, then knelt, and said this homage was the prince's due.

Posa. No more of this, I pray. You confuse me.

Car. I deserved not such a forced return—such cold respect; yet though you hurt me, you could not persuade me to withdraw my proffered friendship. Thrice did you discard the Prince—thrice he returned to beg and force on you a brother's love. Chance did what Carlos was not able to effect. It happened once, when we were amusing ourselves with boyish sports, that the shuttlecock, which you had struck, flew with some force against the eye of my aunt, the queen of Bohemia. She thought you did it purposely, and with tears made her complaint to my father. Every one of our playmates was summoned to appear before him, that the culprit might be discovered; and the king swore he should be punished with rigour, even if he were his son. I saw you stand with fearful tremor at a distance—I approached to the king, knelt, confessed the crime was mine, and submitted to the punishment decreed.

Posa. Alas! Of what do you remind me, prince?

Car. And the punishment was inflicted, too, in the presence of the whole commiserating court. I looked at you, but did not weep. The pain was great, and my royal blood

followed each barbarous stroke, but I looked at you, and did not weep. The resolution of a boy roused the king's anger. He doomed me further to atone for my offence by an imprisonment of twelve hours in a dark, dismal dungeon. Thus dearly did I pay for my obstinate determination to possess the esteem of Roderigo. When we again met, you fell at my feet and bathed my hand with tears. "Yes," cried you, "yes, my pride is conquered. I will repay you when you mount the throne."

Posa.—*(Presents his hand.)*—That will I, Carlos. The vow of earlier years I now confirm. I will discharge the debt I owe you. The hour of payment is perhaps at hand.

Car. It is, it is. Delay not, I beseech you. Now, even now, you can discharge the debt. I need your friendship much.

Posa. In friendship alone, dear Carlos, I will not be surpassed by Philip's son.

Car. A dreadful secret rages in my soul. No longer shall it be concealed. On Roderigo's pallid countenance I'll read the sentence of my death. Hear then—with horror hear—but do not answer me—I dote upon my mother.

Posa. Gracious God!

Car. Nay, spare me not. Speak! Confess that on this globe no one is half so wretched as myself. But no, you need not speak. I know already what would be your observations. "Dote upon your mother! The long established customs of society, the ordinance of nature, and the laws of Rome—all, all condemn this passion. It militates against your father's rights." True. This I feel, yet still I love, although I know the path which lies before me will lead me to the scaffold or to madness. I have no hope—I know my life will be endangered by my conduct—yet still I love.

Posa. Is the queen aware of your passion?

Car. How could I attempt to divulge it? She is the wife

of Philip—she is the queen of Spain. Guarded as she is by my father's jealousy, and surrounded by the formality of etiquette, how could I approach her without witnesses? Eight months of hopeless torture have elapsed since the king called me from the university to court. Daily has it been my destiny to hear and to behold her, and, while I panted for the liberty of speaking, to be silent. Yes. Eight months of hopeless torture have elapsed. A thousand times the dread confession has trembled on my lips, then crept with cowardly dismay back to my burning heart. Oh Roderigo, procure me a short interview without a witness—for a few moments only—but without a witness.

Posa. And your father, Carlos?

Car. Torture! Why remind me of him? Call to my recollection all the horrors which conscience can inflict, but mention not my father. For ever are the adamantine bonds of nature severed between him and me.

Posa. Hate you your father, then?

Car. No, no; but a tremor, such as is felt by culprits most abandoned, creeps through my frame, when I but hear him mentioned. Is it my fault, if the mean education he bestowed on me destroyed the affection which was taking root in my heart? I was six years old before I saw the dreadful man who was, as those around me said, my father. On that very morning, without even sitting to the table, he had signed four death-warrants. After that time I never saw him, unless summoned to be punished for some fault.—Oh heavens!—I feel the subject galls me.—No more of it!

Posa. Yes, Prince. You must now unbosom yourself. Confess every sensation of your mind—then will it be relieved.

Car. Often have I contended against my own feelings—often, when the centinels have been asleep, have I at midnight knelt, with floods of tears, before my crucifix, and

prayed that heaven would inspire me with filial affection; but never was I heard. Oh Roderigo, explain to me this wondrous act of Providence. Why was this man of all others doomed to be my father? Why was I doomed to be his son, when he might have had so many who are better? In all creation, Nature could not have discovered two such opposites. How could she by a tie so sacred bind to each other the extremes of all the human race? Horrible destiny!—Roderigo, in me and in my father you behold two hostile planets. Once in their course they met each other with discordant touch, and then for ever flew asunder.

Posa. I anticipate a dreadful hour.

Car. That do I also, for my mind is haunted by terrific dreams, as if the demons of despair were dancing round my couch. My spirit bends beneath their influence. My reason traverses a labyrinth of sophistry, till I at length start at the gulph which I perceive before me. Oh Roderigo, could I but cease to think he is my father—thy pallid looks declare that thou hast understood me—could I but cease to think he is my father, what were the king to me?

Posa.—(After a pause.)—Dare I make one request, my Carlos? Whatever you may wish to do—however violent may be your passion, promise you will not form a resolution, till you have heard the counsel of your friend. Promise me this.

Car. I promise all which you can ask; I throw myself into your arms.

Posa. The king, I hear, returns immediatlely to Madrid. But little time is in your power; for, if you wish to speak in private with the queen, it must be in Aranjuez. The retirement of the country, and the banishment of form, which in some degree must take place, are in your favour.

Car. Such were the hopes I cherished, but in vain.

Posa. Not entirely so. I go to be presented to her. The

I should have done at all events. She, and she alone is acquainted with the secret of our friendship. If I find her such in Spain as formerly she was at Henry's court, she will have no reserve or pride. An opportunity may occur of mentioning her son.

Car. Ecstatic thought!

Posa. Her heart speaks in her looks. If in these looks I find that you may hope—if I perceive that she has no objection to the interview, and that the attendant ladies can be removed—

Car. Most of them would serve me, especially the Marchioness of Mondecar, whose son I lately made my page.

Posa. So much the better.—Be at hand, then, that, when I give a signal, you may appear.

Car. I will, I will. Haste, then, dear friend!

Posa. Yes—but what signal?—You must be at some distance. Were you too near, we should all be in danger.

Car.—(After some reflection.)—How if that succeeded? It must—it will. About this time I know that she is wont to wander in the garden. All the fountains communicate with that which you will see before the queen's pavilion. Luckily none of them are at present playing. If you by any means can open this one fountain, all the cascades will instantly burst forth. I shall then know that I am suffered to approach.

Posa. A happy thought! I will not lose a moment. Adieu, then, till we meet again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the garden, which commands a prospect into the country. At the end of a walk is the* QUEEN'S *pavilion. Enter* QUEEN, OLIVAREZ, EBOLI, *and* MONDECAR.

Queen. I wish *you* to walk with me, Mondecar. The

sparkling eyes of the princess have tormented me throughout the morning. Look at her; scarcely can she conceal the delight which she feels in leaving the country.

Ebo. Your majesty will excuse me, when I own that I feel a pleasure in returning to Madrid.

Mon. And is your majesty so unwilling to leave Aranjuez?

Queen. I am. This landscape is so beautiful. I feel, when here, in my own world. This place, some time ago, became my favourite residence. Here rural nature, the bosom friend of earlier years, greets me whenever I step forth to meet her. Here I retrace my infantine delights, and here I feel the friendly breeze of France. Pardon what I say. We are all partial to our native land.

Mon. Are they so too, who are born in France?

Ebo. But how dreary, how sad and solitary it is here. I could almost imagine myself at La Trappe.

Queen. In my opinion it is the reverse. Sadness and solitude, I think, dwell in Madrid.—But what says the Duchess to this?

Oli. My opinion is that, since there were kings in Spain it has always been the custom to pass one month here, another in the Prado, and the winter at Madrid.

Queen. Yes, Duchess, you know I am resolved never again to enter into any controversy with you.

Mon. And what life will soon be diffused through the capital! Preparations are already making for a bull-fight, and we are to be treated with an *Auto da fé*.

Queen. Treated! Does the gentle Mondecar express herself thus?

Mon. Why not? They who are burnt, are heretics.

Queen. I hope your sentiments are different, Eboli.

Ebo. I entreat your majesty not to think me a worse Christian than the Marchioness.

Queen. Alas! I forget where I am.—Let us converse upon

some other subject. We were speaking of the country, I think. This month seems to have passed away with wonderful rapidity. I promised myself much pleasure at Aranjuez; but, alas! I have not found what I expected. Does hope deceive others as well as me?

Oli. The princess Eboli can answer that. She has not confessed whether Gomez may cherish hope—whether we shortly shall greet her as his bride.

Queen. True—I thank you for reminding me of this.—(*To* Eboli.)—I have been entreated to sue in his behalf. But how can I do this! The man to whom I give my Eboli must be deserving of her.

Oli. Your majesty may rest assured he well deserves the Princess. He is a worthy man—a man whom our most gracious monarch honours with his royal favour.

Queen. That makes him, of course, very happy; but we must know whether he loves, and ought to be beloved. This I ask you, Eboli.

Ebo.—(*Is silent and confused—after a pause, during which her eyes are fixed on the earth, she falls at the* queen's *feet.*)—Oh generous lady, have compassion on me. Let me not, for heaven's sake, let me not be sacrificed.

Queen. Sacrificed! You need say no more. Rise. Dreadful is her destiny who is doomed to be sacrificed. Rise. Is it long since you refused the count?

Ebo. Many months. Don Carlos was still at the university.

Queen.—(*Starts, and keenly rivets her eyes on* Eboli.)—Have you looked into your heart, and discovered for what reason?

Ebo.—(*With warmth.*)—Oh never can I be his—for a thousand reasons, never!

Queen.—(*In a very solemn tone.*)—More than one is too many. You cannot feel an affection for him. That is

enough. Let us say no more upon the subject.—*(To the other ladies.)*—I have not yet seen the Infanta to-day. Marchioness, let her be brought to me.

Oli.—(Looks at her watch.)—It is not yet the usual hour.

Queen. Not yet the hour when I may be a mother! That is hard. Forget not to tell me when the proper period is arrived.

Enter a PAGE, *who whispers to* OLIVAREZ.

Oli. The marquis Posa requests your majesty's permission——

Queen. Posa!

Oli. He is lately arrived from France and the Netherlands, and wishes to be allowed the honour of delivering letters from your royal mother.

Queen. Is this allowed?

Oli.—(Scrupulously.)—I must own, that, in my instructions, no mention is made of a Castilian grandee coming from a foreign court to deliver letters in the royal garden to the queen of Spain.

Queen. I will venture, then, at my own risk.—

Oli. I hope, then, that your majesty will allow me to withdraw.

Queen. Act as you think proper, Duchess.

[*Exit* Olivarez.

(Queen *makes a sign to the* Page, *who goes for the* Marquis.

Enter POSA.

My lord, you are welcome to Spain.

Posa. Which I never was so proud to call my native land as now.

Queen.—(To Eboli *and* Mondecar.)—Ladies the mar-

quis Posa, who broke a lance with my father at the tournament of Rheims, and made my colour thrice victorious—the first of his nation who taught me that it was an honour to be queen of Spain.—(*To* Posa.)—When we last saw each other at the Louvre, Marquis, you fancied not that you would be my guest in this part of the world.

Posa. No, great queen; for then I little fancied France would lose to us the sole incitement to our envy.

Queen. Haughty Spaniard! The sole incitement! This to a princess of the house of Valois?

Posa. I dare say this now, for now your majesty is ours.

Queen. Your travels have, I hear, led you through France. What tidings bring you of my honoured mother, and my much-loved brothers?

Posa.—(*Presents letters to her.*)—I found the queen Regent indisposed, and heedless of any other gratification than that of knowing her daughter is happy on the Spanish throne.

Queen. Must she not be so, when she knows with what affection her kind relatives remember her? How sweet is it to call to mind———I understand you have travelled through many countries, in the north of Europe, and have visited many courts. You seem to have staid long in London.

Mon.—(*Surveys* Posa *with a look of curiosity.*)—In London!

Ebo. In London! You have seen the heretic queen then, Chevalier? What kind of woman is she?

Posa. Almost as lovely as the Princess Eboli—upon a throne.

Ebo. Lovely!—Mondecar!

Queen. And now you are disposed to settle in your native country. You will be a greater prince within your peaceful mansion than is king Philip—more satisfied—more free

—more a philosopher. I have my doubts whether Madrid will please you.—We are very——quiet in Madrid.

Posa. That is more than can be said of any other capital in Europe.

Queen. I am told so. I have almost forgotten the transactions of this world, though I once thought I never should. Nothing is easier, I perceive, than to be a Queen.

Posa. Undoubtedly, to those who are born to be queens.

Queen.—(*Looks with earnestness at* Posa.)—The world has corrupted you, Marquis. I no longer recognize in you the philosopher who boldly spoke the truth to every one.

Posa. Surely it is the boldest frankness to avow the truth, where certainly no flatterer would venture to declare it.

Queen.—(*To* Eboli.)—Princess, I think that, at a distance, I perceive a hyacinth.—Will you pluck it for me?—(Eboli *goes towards the place pointed to.* Queen *speaks in a tone somewhat lower than before.*)—Marquis, if I be not much deceived, your arrival will make one more happy man at court.

Posa. I have found one in a state of abject melancholy, whom nothing in this world can cheer, but——(Eboli *returns with the flower.*)

Ebo. As the Chevalier has seen so many countries, his adventures have, doubtless, been many and remarkable. We may promise ourselves much entertainment from the recital of them.

Posa. You do me honour. It is, to be sure, the duty of a knight to seek adventures, and more particularly to defend the ladies.

Mon. Against giants—but now there are no giants.

Posa. Power, when opposed to the weak, is always a giant.

Queen. The Chevalier is right. There are still giants, but no knights.

Posa. But lately, on my return from Naples, I was witness of a most affecting circumstance, which happened to a worthy youth, with whom the bonds of friendship had united me.——If I were not afraid that I should be thought tedious by your majesty——

Queen. Have I any choice?—The curiosity of the Princess will not bear a refusal. Proceed, my lord. I am fond of anecdote.

Posa. Two noble families of Mirandola, weary of the jealousy and enmity which they had inherited for centuries as partizans of the Guelphs and Gibellines, resolved to ratify an everlasting peace, by the gentle tie of marriage. Fernando, the nephew of the powerful Pietro, and the angelic Matilda, daughter of Colonna, were fixed upon for the purpose. Never did nature form two hearts so proper to be joined—never did the world produce a couple so formed in every respect for each other. As yet Fernando had but paid his devotions to the portrait of his beauteous bride. How did he tremble with delight at the fond hope of finding her as lovely as the picture promised. In Padua, to which place he was confined by his studies, he anxiously awaited the ecstatic summons to do homage at the feet of fair Matilda, for the first time.—(Queen *becomes more attentive.* Posa *proceeds, after a short pause; and, as far as the presence of the* queen *will allow it, seems as if relating the anecdote to* Eboli.)—Mean while the death of Pietro's wife takes place. With youthful ardour the old man listens to the universal praise of sweet Matilda. He comes—he sees—he loves. This new emotion stifles the gentler voice of nature—he declares his passion for his nephew's destined bride, and sanctifies his robbery at the altar.

Queen. And how did Fernando act?

Posa. Ignorant of the fatal change in his affairs, the in toxicated youth flew, on the wings of love, to Mirandola The stars shone bright when his fleet steed stopped at th door of the illuminated palace. The Bacchanalian soun of cymbals and of kettle-drums assailed his ear. He alig ed, and, unknown to any one, entered the magnificent salo where, amidst his mirthful guests, sat—Pietro, with an a gel at his side,—an angel, whom Fernando knows, but wh his ardent fancy never yet had painted half so lovely. single look tells him what he once was destined to pos —what he has lost for ever.

Ebo. Unfortunate Fernando!

Queen. Your story now is surely at an end—it must at an end.

Posa. Not quite.

Queen. Did you not say Fernando was your friend?

Posa. I have not one whom I regard so much.

Ebo. Proceed with your anecdote, my lord.

Posa. It is a mournful tale———and the recollection gives me pain.—Allow me to omit the rest.—*(An unea pause ensues.)*

Queen.—(*To* Eboli.)—Now I may surely be allow embrace my daughter.—Bring her hither, Princess.

[*Exit E*

(Posa *gives a sign to a* Page, *who appears in the ground, and instantly withdraws.* Queen *opens the l which the marquis had delivered to her, and evinces, looks, that she is much surprised. While she reads the le the* Marquis *converses at a distance with* Mondecar. Queen, *at length, turns to* Posa, *and surveys him with netrating eye.)*

Queen. You have given us no account of Matilda knows not, perhaps, how much Fernando suffers.

Posa. No one has yet dived into the secrets of Ma heart; but exalted minds are silent while they suffer

Queen. You look around. Whom do you expect to see?

Posa. It occurred to me, just now, that one whom I could name, would be most happy were he in my place.

Queen. Who is to blame that he is not?

Posa. How! May I interpret this according to my wishes? Would he be pardoned if he now appeared?

Queen.—(*Alarmed.*)—Now! Now! What do you mean?

Posa. May he cherish hopes?

Queen.—(*With increasing confusion.*)—You alarm me, Chevalier.—Surely he will not—

Posa. Here he is.—

Enter CARLOS.

(Posa *and* Mondecar *withdraw to the back ground.*)

Car.—(*Falls at the feet of the* Queen.)—At length the moment is arrived when Carlos is allowed to touch this hand. Oh happiest moment of my whole existence! Now am I truly blessed.

Queen. Inconsiderate man! What a step have you taken! What a rash and culpable surprise! Rise. We are observed. My attendants are at hand.

Car. I will not rise. Here will I kneel for ever—here will I lie enchanted—rooted to the spot.

Queen. Madman! To what excess has my indulgence led you? Do you know it is your queen, your mother, whom you with licentious language thus address? Do you know that I—I myself shall acquaint my royal husband with——

Car. Yes, and that I must die. Let me be torn from this spot, and hurried to the place of execution. One moment passed in Paradise is bought too cheap even with loss of life.

Queen. And your queen?

Car.—*(Rises.)*—God of Heaven!—I go—I will leave you. I *must*—for you require it. Mother! Mother! How great is your influence over me! A look, a sign, a syllable from your dear lips wafts me aloft to heaven or down to hell—commands me to exist or perish. What do you wish that I should do? What sacrifice can be required which I will not instantly offer?

Queen. Fly then.

Car. Oh God!

Queen, Carlos, all that I request—with tears request, is that you will fly. Do this, I conjure you, ere my attendants, my pages, my *jailors,* find you and me together in this violent agitation, and bear the dreadful tidings to your father's ears. Still can you stand irresolute? Stay then, and draw down destruction on us both.

Car. I will await my destiny, be it life or death. Have I surmounted every obstacle, waded through all the maze of etiquette, subdued the minotaurs around you, rested my hopes upon this single moment, which allows me to behold you without witnesses, and shall I, after gaining this, become the paltry dupe of false alarm? No, queen. A thousand times may our globe revolve upon its axis ere Fortune favour me so much again.

Queen. That be assured she never shall. Unfortunate young man, what would you say to me?

Car. Oh queen, God is my witness I have combated the passion which consumes me with resolution almost more than human—but in vain, in vain! Depressed, annihilated is my courage—I am no longer Carlos.

Queen. No more of this, if my peace of mind be dear to you.

Car. I must—I will speak. My agony is soothed by the avowal of my feelings. You were mine. You were betrothed to me by two great monarchs in the sight of

world. You were affianced to me by heaven and nature—and Philip, Philip robbed me of you.

Queen. He is your father.

Car. And your husband.

Queen. From him you will inherit the most extensive monarchy on earth.

Car. And you for a mother.

Queen. Merciful Heavens! You rave.

Car. And does he know how rich he is? Has he a heart, which can feel the value of the treasure he possesses? I would not complain were this the case. No, eternal Providence, I would forgive thee—I would forget how happy—oh how beyond description happy—I could have been with her, had he been so. But he is not—hear it, eternal Providence—he despises thy best gift—he is not happy—he never can be happy. It is this which tortures me. Thou hast robbed me of the sweetest flower that ever bloomed, and hast ordained that it should wither in the icy bosom of king Philip.

Queen. Execrable thought!

Car. Oh, I know full well who was the promoter of this union. I know the love which Philip feels, and what was the foundation of your marriage.—Almighty nature! Such a being as thou hast not been able to produce during ten centuries—as thou wilt not be able to produce during ten more—and now, now, now——oh blush for thyself, Nature—bartered for a treaty which will soon be broken—made the shameful purchase of a peace—sent into Spain by the decision of assembled privy-counsellors and prelates—sold like a bale of merchandize, and then delivered to the purchaser! Such are the marriages of kings.

Queen. No more, I do entreat.

Car. What are you in this kingdom?—Tell me.—Have you any power? No. If you had power, would Alba thus

spread desolation round him?—would Flanders bleed for maintaining its religion? Or are you Philip's wife? Impossible. A wife is in possession of her husband's heart—but to whom does his belong? The tenderness and the embrace which he bestows are borrowed from his sceptre and from age.

Queen. What has induced you to be thus presumptuous? Who told you that the wife of Philip was an object of compassion?

Car. My heart, which feels, and boldly tells you, that, were you the wife of Carlos, you would be an object of envy.

Queen. Vain man! How if my heart asserted the reverse? How if the respectful tenderness of Philip—the silent language of affection in his mien, had more effect upon me than his proud son's presumptuous rhetoric? How if the well-considered calm regard of an old man—

Car. This alters my ideas—and I beg your pardon. I did not know you loved the king.

Queen. I understand that proud contemptuous smile. No—I do not love him—but to respect him is my pleasure and my wish.

Car. Have you, then, never felt the influence of love?

Queen. This is a strange question.

Car. Have you never felt the influence of love?

Queen. I no longer feel it.

Car. Because your heart, or because the nuptial vow, forbids it?

Queen. Leave me, Prince, and never renew this conversation.

Car. Because your heart, or because the nuptial vow, forbids it?

Queen. Because my duty—— Unfortunate young man, why do you thus arraign the will of Fate, which well you know we must obey?

Car. Must!—must obey!

Queen. How! What means this tone?

Car. It means that Carlos bids defiance to a term like *must*:—that he is not disposed to bend beneath another's will:—that he is not disposed to be the most unhappy in this kingdom, when, by opposition to its laws, he can become most happy.

Queen. Do I understand you? Dare you still cherish hope when all is lost?

Car. I think nothing lost while I have life.

Queen. And place you any hopes upon your mother?—(*Rivets her eyes on him for some time—then approaches with dignified solemnity.*)—But why not? The king, as soon as crowned, can do much more than this. He can annul the edicts of his predecessor; declare his memory infamous; destroy what he had built; build what he destroyed;—(Carlos *is in great agitation*)—bring forth his ashes from the escurial; expose them to the light of day; scatter them to the four winds of heaven; and, to complete these noble actions—

Car. For heaven's sake proceed no further.

Queen. He can take his mother to his bed.

Car. Cursed be such a son!—(*After a pause.*)—It is accomplished. My destiny is fulfilled. I feel, in its utmost force, what should have been concealed from me for ever. To me you are irrevocably lost. Hell lies in the sensation—I cannot bear it. My shattered nerves will soon be rent.

Queen. I pity you, dear Carlos. Completely do I feel the nameless agony which rages in your soul. Boundless is your pain as is your love. Boundless as both is the great merit of subduing them. Be this merit yours, young hero. The prize is worthy of a mighty combatant; worthy of him whose veins contain the blood, whose heart the virtues, of so many noble ancestors. Rouse yourself, prince. Let the grandson of Charles renew the fight, when others basely quit the field.

Car. Too late! Oh God! It is too late!

Queen. Too late to be a man! Oh Carlos! How great becomes our virtue when our hearts break in the practice of it! Providence has placed you, Prince, above a million of your fellow-creatures. Partial to her Carlos, she took from others what she gave to him, and millions say: "Did he, ere he was born, deserve more than all other mortals?" Rise, prince. Justify the will of heaven. Deserve to be the first of men, by sacrificing more than any one.

Car. That can I too. To fight for you I have a giant's strength—to lose you I feel myself incapable.

Queen. Confess now, Carlos. It is pride and indignation which make you feel this passion for your mother. The affection, which you lavishly bestow on me, belongs to nations which you will hereafter govern. You are squandering the property of your ward. Remove this affection from me to your future realms, and, instead of the pangs of conscience, feel the delight of being a God. Elizabeth was the first object of your love—be Spain the second. How willingly, good Carlos, will I yield to a rival so superior!

Car.—*(Falls at her feet, overpowered by his sensations.)*—How great are your ideas, heavenly woman! Yes. I will do all that you request. I will make any sacrifice.—*(Rises.)*—Here I stand, in presence of my Creator, and solemnly swear I will never again think—(Oh heavens, what do I say?)—I will be silent. I can restrain my tongue, but not my memory.

Queen. How could I ask a vow of Carlos, which I myself should be unwilling to make?

Posa *hastily approaches.*

Posa. The king!

Queen. Heavens!

Posa. Away! Away! Prince!

Queen. His suspicions are dreadful. Should he see you—

Car. He shall. I will remain. Has he, or have I, the greater right to stay here? I am in the humour to ask him this question.

Queen. And who will be the victim of your rashness?

Car.—(*Draws* Posa *away.*)—Instantly let us begone.—(*Looks back.*)—What dare I take with me?

Queen. The esteem of your mother.

Car. Esteem! Mother!

Queen. And these tears from the Netherlands.—(*Gives him some letters.*)

Car. Ha! I comprehend this. [*Exeunt* Carlos *and* Posa. (*The* queen *looks anxiously around for her attendants, whom she cannot see.*)

Enter King, Alba, Lerma, Domingo, *with Ladies and Grandees.*

King.—(*Looks round with surprise, and pauses awhile.*)—Quite alone, madam! Not even one lady as a companion? This surprises me. Where are your attendants?

Queen. My gracious lord—

King. What means this? You are quite confused, madam. Your face is on fire. All is not as it should be. Why alone? Where are your attendants?—(*To his suite.*)—Let this unpardonable neglect be strictly examined, and the result reported to me. Whose turn was it to wait on you to-day?

Queen. Be not incensed, my lord. I, myself, I am to blame. The princess Eboli went by my desire—

King. By your desire!

Queen. To call the nurse; for I much wished to see my daughter.

King. And therefore you were left without attendants. This is mighty strange, by heaven. In future, madam, let it not be said, to the disgrace of Spain, that Philip's wife, when wishing to embrace her child, should thus await it unattended. My kingdom is, I trust, sufficiently populous to provide the queen with females for her suite. But this apology exculpates only the first lady. Where was the second?

Mon.—(*Who has, in the mean time, returned and joined the other ladies, now approaches.*)—I confess to your majesty that my conduct is culpable—

King. For which reason I allow you ten years of repentance far from Madrid.—(Mondecar *weeps, and retires to the back ground. Universal silence prevails. All eyes are anxiously directed to the* Queen.)

Queen. If I have erred, my gracious lord, methinks the diadem of Spain, to which I never did aspire, should, at least, protect me from a situation which obliges me to blush. Is there in this kingdom, a law by which a monarch's daughter can be compelled to justify herself? Are the wives of Spaniards to be guarded? Do witnesses defend them better than their virtue? I am not accustomed to let those depart in tears who have served me with cheerfulness. Mondecar, you have incensed the king, not me.—(*Unbuckles her splendid girdle, and presents it to* Mondecar.)—Accept, therefore, this token of my favour.—Leave the kingdom. You have erred only in Spain, and in my native France your tears will soon be wiped away.——Oh. Must I for ever be reminded of the difference between France and Spain.—(*Leans on one of the attendants, and conceals her face.*)

King.—(*Somewhat agitated.*)—How, Elizabeth! Is it possible? Heavens! Have I lived to hear this? Could a mere reproach, the offspring of affection, and of anxious tenderness, disturb you thus?—(*Turns to the* Grandees.) Here stand the vassals of my throne. Can any one of you

declare that sleep has ever closed my eyes till I have known the pulse of my remotest subjects? And shall I be more anxious for my throne than for the consort of my heart? My sword can protect me against rebellion, but my eye alone can insure to me my wife's affection. Am I not right, Duke Alba?—(Alba *bows.*)

Queen. If I have offended you, my lord—

King. I am esteemed the richest man in Christendom. The sun does not set in my dominions. But this my predecessor too possessed, and it will all devolve to my successor, or will not, as Fortune pleases, for to Fortune, in reality, belongs all that the monarch has, but to Philip, and to him alone, Elizabeth. In this point only am I vulnerable.

Queen. My lord—this suspicion—you alarm me.—Are you afraid—

King. Look at my hoary head. If ever I knew fear, the time is long elapsed.——I am counting the nobles of my court,—the chief of them is wanting. Where is Don Carlos?—(*No one replies.*)—This boy begins to excite apprehensions in my mind. Since his return from the college at Alkali, he avoids my presence. His temperament is warm—why is his look so cold? Why is his conduct so peculiarly discreet? Duke Alba, this is a comet which approaches my horizon. I like not such a neighbour. Be vigilant—I repeat it, be vigilant. The heir to so many realms, counts with impatience the pulse of his father. The ambition of being equal to the Almighty, was the origin of devils. Be vigilant, I command you.

Alba. I am and will continue to be so. While my heart shall beat beneath this armour, king Philip may repose in peace. Like the cherubim of God, before the gates of Paradise, Duke Alba stands before the throne.

Ler. May I humbly venture to contradict the wisest of all kings? Too much do I honour and revere your sacred

majesty, to judge so harshly of your son. From the ardour of Don Carlos I fear much, but nothing from his heart.

King. You are a proper man to sooth the father, Count—the duke shall be the monarch's prop. But more of this to-morrow.—(*Turns to his suite.*)—My royal office calls me to Madrid. Thither I instantly repair. The pest of heresy has spread among my subjects. Rebellion rages in the Netherlands. It is time that a terrible example should reclaim the wretches. To-morrow I fulfil the mighty oath, sworn by all the kings in Christendom. Terrible shall be my vengeance. The court is hereby solemnly invited to the executions.—(*Offering his arm to the* queen.)—You will accompany me.

Queen. Excuse me. I am a woman—a weak woman—

King. And a Christian too, I hope. Come with me to prove it.—(*Leads her away—the rest follow.*)

Enter CARLOS *with letters, and* POSA.

Car. Enough! I am resolved. Flanders shall be rescued. It is her will and therefore my law.

Posa. Nor must a moment be lost. Duke Alba, I am told, is already appointed governor.

Car. Appointed!—Well—but he is not gone. To-morrow, therefore, I will apply for an audience of my father. It is my first request, and he cannot refuse it. My presence in Madrid has long been disagreeable to him. What a happy opportunity to remove me from the capital! And—shall I confess it, Roderigo—I cherish hopes that, by this personal interview, I may regain his favour. He has never listened to the voice of nature. I will try what power it will have when it issues from my lips.

Posa. Now do I recognize my Carlos. Now you are again yourself.

Car. I feel celestial transport in each vein.—Such an effect has the sight of the dear queen produced!

Enter LERMA.

Ler. His Majesty has just left Aranjuez, and commanded me—

Car. 'Tis well, count Lerma. I shall follow.

Posa.—(*Bows with a degree of ceremony, as if going.*)—Has your Royal Highness no further commands?

Car. None, whatever, Chevalier. I congratulate you on your arrival at Madrid. I will hear more respecting Flanders at another time.—(*To* Lerma, *who still waits.*)—I shall follow immediately. [*Exit* Lerma. I understood you, and I thank you; but this ceremony can only be excused by the presence of a third. Are we not brothers? Let the parade of rank be henceforth banished from our intercourse. Fancy that we met each other at a masquerade; you in the habit of a slave, and I, for the whim's sake, clad in purple. While the company observed us, we should support our several characters with ridiculous solemnity, that their entertainment might not be destroyed; but Carlos, through his mask, might wink to you, and you, in passing, might shake hands with him.

Posa. This vision is delightful, but will it be of long duration? Does my Carlos feel positive that he can resist the charms of uncontrolled dominion? The day will come, when he will find the trial most severe.—King Philip dies. Carlos inherits the largest monarchy in Christendom. At once a boundless gulph divides him from the rest of men. He, who was yesterday but human, is to-day divine. He has now no weaknesses. Fate sits upon his brow. Crowds hasten to do homage to their idol, and to barter their honour for his favour. His sympathy is ended with his sufferings. His virtue falls a victim to voluptuousness. To support his folly, gold is sent from Peru. To encourage his vices, demons lurk at his court. Intoxicated with the pleasures pro-

vided by his slaves, he sinks to rest. His divinity exists as long as his dream, and woe be to the wretch who dares to wake him!—What would now be Roderigo's case? Friendship is bold and open. Enfeebled majesty would not be able to endure its beams! You would not endure the subject's pride, nor I the monarch's haughtiness.'

Car. Faithful and horrid is your picture of a king. But this excess of pleasure you have mentioned will not corrupt your Carlos. At three and twenty years of age, I can declare that I am pure. That better half of us, the vigour of the mind, which many thoughtless thousands have squandered in voluptuous embraces, I have reserved as a support upon the throne. Even before I knew Elizabeth, I had successfully opposed the strong allurements which surrounded me. Surely, then, I need not fear them now. Tell me—could any but a woman expel you from my heart?

Posa. Yes. I myself; for could I be as much your friend when I must fear you?

Car. That can never be. Will you want my assistance? No.—Will your passions allow you to crouch at the steps of the throne? No.—Will you wish for money? No, for you will be a richer subject than I shall be a king.—Will you covet honours?—No, for you have had abundance in your youth—nay, have refused them:—which of us will be the creditor, and which the debtor?—You are silent.—You tremble at the idea of making the attempt. Can you now then, rely upon yourself?

Posa. Enough! I yield.—There is my hand.

Car. You will be my friend?

Posa. For ever—and in the most unlimited sense of the term.

Car. As warmly, and as faithfully devoted to the king as you have ever been to the Infant?

Posa. That I swear.

Car. If the serpent Flattery should twine around my

heart—if this eye should forget that it could weep—if this ear should be deaf to the petitions of the wretched—will you, Roderigo, will you be the undaunted guardian of my virtue?—Will you rouse me, and compell me to be what I was?

Posa. I will.

Cor. Then are we friends for ever. Now to the king.—I have no longer any fears. Arm in arm with you, I bid defiance to temptation and to danger.— [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Royal Palace at Madrid. The* King *is seated on a throne beneath a canopy, and* Alba *is standing at a distance.* Lerma *opens the door, and ushers in* Carlos, *who kneels to the* King, *then rises, and retires a few steps. For some moments universal silence prevails.* Carlos *looks with mingled surprise and sensibility at the Duke, and then at the* King.

Car. I wait in expectation of being told at what more proper hour your majesty will hear my petition.

King. Has the Infant's petition any reference to my house —or to me only? I shall decide upon it now. You have leave to speak.—

Car. The kingdom is entitled to a preference, and I willingly give way to the minister. He speaks in behalf of the kingdom.—(*Bows and retires.*)

King. The Duke will stay. The Infant will proceed.

Car.—(*To* Alba.)—I must then, Duke Alba, request a favour of you. This is a private audience of the king's son, you know, may say many things to his father, which is hardly proper that a third should hear. I will not detain his majesty.—(Alba *looks towards the* King, *for orders.*)

King. This is my friend.

Car.—(*After a short pause.*)—Has my merit been such I may be certain he is also mine?

King. Or will your merit ever be such! I do not like a son who thinks his choice of friends superior to his fa-

Car. Can Duke Alba's spirit allow him to remain during this scene? By heaven! I would not earn a diadem by being that mean creature, who shackles the discourse of a father and his son; who blushes not to interfere with the sacred mysteries of nature.

King.—(Leaves his seat, darting a look of fury at the Prince.)—Retire Duke Alba.—(Alba *walks toward the door at which* Carlos *entered.)*—No. Into my cabinet, till you are called.—— [*Exit* Alba *into the cabinet.*

Car.—(Approaches the king, *falls at his feet, and addresses him in a tone of heartfelt sensibility.)*—Now you are again my father. Accept my warmest thanks for this favour.—Your hand, my father. Oh day of bliss! Long is it since I was allowed to kiss this hand. And why not—good heavens, why not? Oh, how the recollection racks my soul! Why have I been so long an alien to your heart? What have I done? Curse on suspicion, that destructive viper, which poisons and corrupts even sacred instinct. Is it possible that, for three and twenty years, the world has called me Philip's son, and that he alone has never known it?

King. Infant, your heart is not accustomed to deceptions of this kind. No more! I like them not.

Car.—(Rises.)—Ha! There spoke your courtiers.—Father, all is not good which a priest says, which a priest's creatures say. No, by heaven.—Believe me, father, I am not depraved. Warmth of temper is my vice, and youth my crime. Oh believe me, I am not depraved; and though impetuous passions storm my heart, yet still that heart is good.

King. I know your heart is pure, as is your prayer.

Car. May I never know the mercy of my Redeemer, if I be a hypocrite! This is an awful hour for me—yes, awful and decisive. We are alone—unfettered by the chains of rank—freed from that barrier etiquette, which separates

the father from his son. A beam of hope darts through my soul—sweet expectation animates my heart. The holy host of heaven looks down and smiles upon us.—My father! Be reconciled to me.—*(Falls at his feet.)*

King. Rise, and leave me.

Car. Be reconciled to me, my father.

King.—*(Tears himself from his son's embrace.)*—What means this bold hypocrisy?

Car. Is a son too bold, when he but avows his dutiful affection?

King. In tears, too!—Pshaw!—Out of my sight!

Car. The decisive moment is arrived. Be reconciled to me.

King. Begone, I say. I would as soon embrace thee, hadst thou come from my defeated army, loaded with the charge of cowardice. Thus I spurn thee.—*(Pushes him away.)*—Base guilt alone would thus attempt to wash away its stain. He who does not blush at being penitent, will fearlessly commit the crimes which ought to be repented.

Car.—*(Gazes long at the* King *with fearful astonishment.)*—Who is this? By what mistake has this unnatural man been sent into our world?—Tears have ever been the credentials of humanity. He never shed them. He was not born of woman. The sweet delight which inward satisfaction grants, even while we suffer, which even makes sorrow enviable, which unites mortality to immortality, which might induce even angels to accept our nature—this sweet delight, which tears afford, he never knew. Oh compel those eyes, which never yet were moistened, to shed tears, else, in some heavy hour, thy prayers for them will be in vain.

King. Dost thou imagine that thy specious words will shake my strong suspicions?

Car. Suspicions! I will remove—annihilate them. I will hang upon my father's heart till it has shaken them off. Who has robbed me of a parent's love! What rival has

the monk given my father for the loss of Carlos? How will Alba repay him for his resolution to be childless?—You want affection?—Here, in this bosom, springs a fountain of it, more pure, more uncorrupted than the muddy sources, which must be opened by the gold of Philip.

King. Rash boy, no more. The men whom thou dost slander are my well-tried servants, and the supporters of my throne. Yes, proud boy—and thou shalt learn to honour them.

Car. Never! I feel my powers. All the services which Alba can render, Carlos can exceed. What cares a hireling for the throne, which never will be his? What cares he if Philip's head grows grey? If Philip dies, why still his king remains, for Philip's coinage still is current.—Your Carlos would have loved you.——Oh what a dreadful thought it is to feel, when on a throne, "I am a solitary being."

King.—(Starts, is lost in meditation for some time, then exclaims, with a sigh.)—I am a solitary being.

Car.—(Approaches him with ardour.)—You have been so Hate me no longer. And no longer will you feel this horrible sensation. Oh, how delightful is it to know that other souls feel what we feel; that our delights delight another's heart; that our distresses cause another's sympathy,—another's tears! How sweet is it with an affectionate and much loved son to trace the early years of life, and dream again what was so like a dream! How sweet to be immortal, through the virtues of that son! How great through him to appear again, as the moon shews the glorious orb from which it gained its lustre! How gratifying must it be to sow what a dear son will reap; to hoard a treasure, which he will enjoy; to anticipate the gratitude which he will feel.—Oh my father, this earthly paradise is by your monks, for reasons which their policy directs, concealed from you.

King.—(Somewhat affected.)——My son, my son, you break the staff by which you would support yourself. You

paint in glowing colours that happiness which you never have bestowed on me.

Car. Be the Almighty my judge!—You, you yourself excluded me from your parental love, and from all interference with the state. Till now—yes, till this very day—(Oh, was it just?) the hereditary prince of Spain has been in Spain a stranger; a prisoner in the land which he was born to govern. How often have I blushed, and cast my eyes upon the earth, when the ambassadors of foreign powers, and newspapers, have first informed me what was passing at my father's court! Then, with a heavy heart, I oft have sportfully replied: "The king conceals his secrets from me, that, on the day of coronation, I may be more surprised."

King.—(*Earnestly fixing his eye on* Carlos.)—Carlos, you make frequent references to the time when I shall be no more.

Car. No, by Heaven. I refer but to the time when I shall be a man. Whose is the fault, if these be both the same?

King. You hold an honourable office at my court,—you are, it seems, the minute-hand of my mortality. In return for having given you life, you gratefully remind me I must die.

Car.—(*With ardour.*)—Employ me, and if my prayers could then avail, you should possess your crown for ever.

King. You must be patient. As yet your veins are swollen with the boiling blood of youth.

Car. That I own—my veins are swollen, for I am Philip's son—I am three and twenty years of age, and hitherto have been inactive. I have awoke, and now I feel my powers. My claim to the throne calls on me as a creditor, and all the hours which I have lost are debts of honour. The glorious moment is arrived when I can pay these debts with interest. My ancestors and fame demand I should exert myself. The lists of high renown are opened.—My liege, may I declare what brought me hither? The petition, which——

King. Another petition! Proceed.

Car. The rebellion in Brabant becomes more serious. The obstinacy of the insurgents demands a strong and politic resistance. To tame the fury of the enthusiasts, duke Alba, I am told, is going to Flanders, vested with sovereign power. How honourable is this office—how exactly suited to bring forward Philip's son and Charles's grandson, to the notice of the present age, and of posterity! To me, my liege, my father, to me entrust this great command. The inhabitants of Flanders love me, and I dare boldly answer for their firm fidelity.

King. You talk like one asleep. This situation must be filled by an experienced man—not by a boy.

Car. By a man, my father—that Alba never was.

King. Compassion, in a case like this, were madness. Your heart is weak, and soon affected. Terror alone can overpower rebellion. The duke is feared in Flanders. Desist from your request.

Car. Send me, my father, send me with the army, I beseech you. Make this first trial of the heart which you accuse of weakness. The name of Philip's son, while it precedes my banner, will gain over to him those whom Alba's executioners would murder. On my knees I beg, (and for the first time in my life) that you will give me the command in Flanders.

King.—(*After a long pause, during which he surveys the* Infant *with a penetrating look.*)—Over my choicest army? Entrust a dagger to my murderer!

Car.—(*Starts.*)—Gracious Heaven! Is this the fruit of an interview, which I so long have wished for?—(*After a pause, in a more humble tone.*)—Answer me more mildly.—Dismiss me not with such a harsh suspicion. Let me not go with such a heavy heart. Oh, answer me more mildly. Do something which will whet my filial duty, which will for ever make me your debtor. Treat me more graciously. It is

the last petition of your almost despairing son. Your affection can alone preserve my virtue.

King.—(*Suddenly turns to him with a menacing look.*)—Your virtue!

Car.—(*Alarmed.*)—Heavens! What have I said? I am almost frantic. I cannot bear with fortitude your constant opposition to my wishes. Now, let me depart. Unheard, deceived in all his sweet presages, Carlos goes, that Alva and Domingo may triumphantly enjoy their influence over his father. The assembled courtiers and grandees, as well as yonder squalid herd of monks, were witnesses that Philip granted me an audience. Do not confuse me thus. Do not so deeply wound my feelings as to shew this fawning crew that strangers revel on your bounty, but that your only son cannot obtain what he requests. As a proof that I am in your favour, send me to Flanders with the army.

King. Repeat not this, as thou dost fear thy monarch's anger.

Car. I will meet my monarch's anger. For the last time, send me to Flanders. I must leave Spain. A disorder rages in my frame, which no one is aware of. While I stay here I feel as if the arm of the executioner were raised against me. The air of Madrid oppresses me like the consciousness of murder. A change of climate can alone restore me. If you wish me to recover—send me, without delay, to Flanders.

King.—(*With assumed composure.*)—Such invalids as you, my son, require much care, and should be kept under the eye of the physician. You, therefore, shall remain at home—the duke shall go to Flanders.

Car.—(*Almost frantic.*)—Spirits of light surround me—

King.—(*Retreats a step.*)—How! What mean these gestures?

Car.—(*With tremulous utterance.*)—Is your decree irrevocable?

King. It was the king's decree.

Car. Then is my business ended.—(*Bows, and is going.*)

King.—(*Looks at him with wonder.*)—Infant, this silent departure is not respectful.

Car. No!

King. No.

Car. For I just thought I saw the will of the late Emperor, your father, smoaking on a pile.

King.—(*Alarmed.*)—Ha! What means this?

Car. He was a great man, and a perfect monarch. He gave—I shall receive. Wide will be the difference between such a son and such a father. [*Exit.*

King.—(*Hides his face and strikes his breast.*)—O God, too heavily thy hand lies on me.—My son! My son!—(*Stands for some time in gloomy meditation, then walks to and fro with rapid strides.* Alba *approaches, somewhat embarrassed.*)—Be ready to depart for Brussels at an hour's notice.

Alba. Every preparation is made according to your Majesty's orders.

King. Your full powers are already signed and sealed. Now go—take leave of the queen, and of the Infant.

Alba. I saw his highness hasten hence with frantic gestures. Your majesty seems also violently agitated. Perhaps the subject of your conversation—

King. The subject was duke Alba.—(*Rivets his eye on him.*)—Be not alarmed. I shall never alter my opinion of you.—(*The* duke *becomes thoughtful, and the* king *continues to observe him attentively.*)—The prince is not your friend.

Alba. I am proud of sharing my monarch's fate.

King.—(*With a gloomy mien.*)—I knew not that duke Alba shared any thing with me. I could hear, with pleasure, that Don Carlos hates my ministers, but am sorry to perceive that he despises them.—(Alba's *colour mounts into his cheeks, and he is about to speak.*)—No answer, now. You have my permission to appease the Prince.

Alba. My liege, I am a soldier and a knight.

King. The Infant is your monarch's son. I leave you to decide how far you are justified in demanding his concession. Tell me—who first apprised me of my son's designs? At that time I listened to you, and not to him. I will try an experiment. In future, Don Carlos shall be nearer to my throne. Now go. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE.—*The* queen's *Antichamber. Enter* CARLOS *and a* PAGE. *The* Attendants, *who were discovered in the Room, withdraw, at his approach, into the adjoining Apartments.*

Car. A letter to me!—A key sent with it too!—And both delivered so privately!—Come nearer. Who entrusted these to your care?

Page.—*(With an air of mystery.)*—As far as I can judge, the lady rather wishes that you should guess than I mention her name.

Car.—*(Starts.)*—The lady!—*(Observes the* Page *more attentively.)*—How!——Who are you?

Page. One of her majesty's pages.

Car.—*(Rushes towards him, and places his hand on his mouth.)*—Peace, or I'll murder thee. I know enough.—*(Hastily opens the letter, and withdraws to the end of the room. While he is reading it,* Alba *enters, and passes to the* queen's *apartments, without being observed by the* Prince. Carlos *trembles—his face alternately glows, and is pale. He fixes his eye for a long time on the letter, and at length turns to the* Page.*)*—She herself gave you this?

Page. With her own hands.

Car. She herself!—Oh do not mock me. Never have I yet beheld her writing, but if you swear, I must believe you. If what you said be false, confess,—but do not mock me.

Page. Mock Don Carlos!

Car.—(*Looks again at the letter, and then at the* Page, *with a penetrating eye.*)—Your parents are, I think, alive. Is not your father in the army?

Page. Alas, no. He fell at the battle of St. Quentin, while fighting, as a colonel of cavalry, under the duke of Savoy.

Car.—(*Takes his hand, and gazes significantly at him.*)—The king sent you with this letter.

Page. Gracious prince, how have I deserved this suspicion?

Car. In tears! Oh, then forgive me—(*Reads the letter.*)—"This key opens the door of a room in the back part of the queen's apartments, adjoining to which is a cabinet secure from prying curiosity. Here may that love be frankly owned, which hitherto has been confined to hints. The timid youth may here avow his flame, and reap the harvest of his hopes and patience. E."—I am awake—and in possession of my senses. This is my right arm—this is my sword—and these are written words.—True, true! It is reality. I am beloved. I am the happiest of all happy men. I am beloved. Oh, Almighty God, why am I not the lord of thy creation, that I might grant a portion of my ecstasy to every being?

Page. Follow me, then, prince.

Car. First let me compose myself. My every limb trembles with sweet alarm. Never have I been so bold as even to dream this! Where is the man who can so suddenly alter his nature, and at once become a God. Who was I, and who am I now?—This is another climate. This is not the world where tears should flow. No. That was but a dream of my distempered fancy. It is past, and I am now awake. She loves me. O let me proclaim to all Madrid, the court, the kingdom, my unbounded bliss.—(*Going.*)

Page. Whither is your highness going? You forget.

Car.—(*Assailed by sudden recollection.*)—The king, my father.—(*Endeavours to compose himself.*)—Horrible!—Yes, you are right, my friend. I thank you. I was not myself. That I must be silent, that I must bury in my bosom this excess of joy, is horrible. Subterraneous gold, I've heard, must be dug for, during a death-like silence; therefore I will not even breathe.—(*Takes the* Page's *hand, and leads him aside.*)—Be all that you have seen to-day, or even suspected, buried in your bosom. Now go. I shall find the way. Go. We must not be seen together.—(Page *is about to obey.*)—Yet hold!—(*He returns.* Carlos *lays his hand upon the* Page's *shoulder, and gazes earnestly at him.*)—You take away with you a dreadful secret. Like poison it may break the vessel which contains it.—Let it not approach too near the throne. Keep your words and gestures under strict control. Let not your reason attempt to dive into the secret which your bosom harbours. Resemble the trumpet which receives a sound, and forwards it, yet hears it not. You are still a boy—continue to appear so, and be happy. How politic she was to fix on such a messenger. Among the pages Philip will not look for vipers.

Page. And I, Don Carlos, shall feel pleasure in the idea that I know one secret which the king does not.

Car. Vain boy! That is the exact sensation, which you must avoid. If we should meet in public, approach me with formality and distance. Never let vanity induce you even to hint how gracious I am towards you. You cannot, in the eyes of courtiers, be guilty of a greater crime than pleasing me.—The messages to me, with which you may hereafter be entrusted, do not even utter. Confide not in your lips. Let not your thoughts be ready to escape when you espy me, but rather let them follow me through pathless deserts, where no one can discover them. When opportunity occurs, speak to me with your fingers—I will listen with my eyes. The light we see, the very air we breath, are Philip's crea-

tures. Even the deaf walls are in his pay.——I hear footsteps.—(*Enter* Alba *from the* Queen's *apartments.*)—Away! —Instantly away!

Page. Do not mistake the apartment, Prince.

Car. It is the duke.—No, no. I shall not. [*Exit* Page.

Alba.—(*To* Carlos, *who is going.*)—May I be allowed a moment's conversation with the Infant?

Car. Another time, duke Alba.

Alba. This is not, I must own, a proper place. Perhaps it may please your highness to grant me an audience in your own apartments.

Car. For what purpose? It may as well be done here—but be brief.

Alba. I come, in fact, most humbly to return my thanks.

Car. Thanks! For what? Thanks from duke Alba!

Alba. Yes—for scarcely had your highness left the king, ere I was ordered to depart for Brussels.

Car. Indeed!

Alba. To whom, therefore, can I be obliged for the dignity conferred upon me, but to your highness?

Car. No, on my soul. To me you are not in the least obliged for it. Go, and heaven be with you!

Alba. Is this all? Your highness much surprises me. Have you no other commands to Flanders?

Car. How should I?

Alba. Yet but a short time since it seemed as if that country required the actual presence of Don Carlos.

Car. How!—But true—I am glad it is not so.

Alba. You surprise me—

Car.—(*Not ironically.*)—You are a great general—every one knows it—envy must allow it. I am a young man. Such also was the king's opinion—and the king is right. I am convinced of my error. I am glad that you are going—

therefore enough of this. The rest may be discussed to-morrow, or when you return from Brussels.

Alba. How! In ten years!

Car. Till then farewell.—(*After a pause, perceiving that the* Duke *remains, he proceeds.*)—The season of the year is favourable. Your road is through Milan, Lorrain, Burgundy, and Germany.—Germany!—Ay, there it was. The Germans know you well. This is April—May—June—July—yes, in July, or, at the latest, early in August, you will be at Brussels. Doubtless we soon shall hear of your exploits. You will, of course, make yourself worthy of our gracious confidence.

Alba.—(*Significantly.*)—Is that possible?

Car. I understand you, duke, and much lament I have not time for a discussion of the subject you allude to.

Alba. Prince, we do not understand each other.

Car. Explain, then, what you mean.

Alba. I mean to state the value of this arm. Your father knows that it is easier to beget a monarch than to gain a monarchy—that it is easier to provide beings for the world, than a world for those beings.

Car. And what am I to infer from this?

Alba. That princes often ridicule their nurses, and sleep, with thoughtless ease, upon the cushion of a warrior's victories. In the diadem the jewels, and the jewels only, sparkle, —not the wounds by which that diadem was gained.—This sword prescribed the laws of Spain to foreign nations. It was exerted in religion's cause, and ploughed up bloody furrows for the seeds of faith. God judged in heaven, and I on earth.

Car. Whether it was God or the devil, was immaterial. You were his right arm. I know all this—and, at present, no more of it, I beg; for I wish to avoid a painful recollection. I revere my father's choice. He feels the want of Alba, but I do not envy this sensation. You are a great man

—that I allow—but I fear you were born some centuries before the proper period. Methinks an Alba should have appeared when the dissolution of all animated nature was at hand.—At such a time, when the gigantic power of guilt shall even dare to defy the Almighty, when the abundant harvest of iniquity shall demand an unexampled reaper—then would you have been in your proper place———Oh heavens! My Paradise! My Flanders! But I must not think of it. Let us quit the subject.

Alba. To sacrifice mankind when for the good of human nature is compassion. Heaven itself once gave us this example. To purify the world, the world itself perished.—Pestilence—

Car. Yes, Pestilence is your symbol. It marks the life of Alba, and the government of Philip. I have heard that you take with you sentences of death, already signed. The provision is, I own, most praiseworthy.—Oh my father, how have I mistaken you! I accused you of severity, when you but refused me the situation in which Alba can shine. This was the first mark of your regard.

Alba. Prince that expression merits———

Car.—(*Incensed.*)—What?

Alba. But your royal blood protects you.

Car.—(*Draws.*)—This calls for satisfaction. Draw.

Alba.—(*Coldly.*) —Against whom?

Car.—(*Rushing towards him.*)—Draw, or by heaven this moment is thy last.

Alba.—(*Draws.*)—Since it must be so.—(*They fight.*)

Enter QUEEN.

Queen.—(*Alarmed.*)—Swords!—(*To the* Prince, *in a commanding tone.*)—Carlos!

C...—(*Drops his sword on seeing the* Queen, *remains mo*

tionless awhile, then hastens towards Alba, *and presents his hand.*)—Be reconciled, Duke. Be all forgotten.—(*Falls at the* Queen's *feet; then rises, and instantly rushes out of the apartment.*)

Alba.—(*Who has been an attentive spectator of what passed.*)—By heaven—but this is strange.

Queen.—(*Is uneasy, and for a few moments, undecided how to act—she then slowly approaches her apartment, and turns at the door.*)—Duke Alba.—(*He follows her into the apartment.*)

SCENE.—*The* Princess EBOLI's *Cabinet. She is discovered on a sofa with her lute. Her dress is simple, yet beautiful.*

Ebo.—(*Plays and sings—in a few moments she hastily rises.*)—Ha! He comes.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Are you alone?

Ebo. He comes. I hear it in your very foot-steps; I hear it in your very breath. Instantly declare he comes.

Page. I am much surprised that he is not already here; but you may expect him every moment.

Ebo. You are sure of this?

Page. He must be close behind me. Oh Princess, you are loved as no one ever yet was loved. What a scene did I witness!

Ebo.—(*Draws him towards her.*)—What saw you? What said he? How did he look? Was he surprised—confused? Did he suspect that I had sent the key?—Quick!—Tell me.—Or did he suspect some other person?—Well! Why do you not reply? Speak, you never were before half so inanimate.

Page. Gracious princess, you command, yet will not allow me to speak. I delivered the note and key to him, in

the queen's antichamber. He started when I told him, that a lady sent them.

Ebo. Started! Excellent! Proceed.

Page. I wanted to say more, but he turned pale, snatched the letter from my hand, and told me he knew all. He read the letter—seemed astonished—and began to tremble.

Ebo. Knew all! Said he that?

Page. He did, and several times he asked me whether you yourself had actually entrusted the letter to my care?

Ebo. I myself! He mentioned my name, then?

Page. No—I don't remember that he did. He said there were spies not far off, who might repeat it to the king.

Ebo.—(*Embarrassed.*)—Said he that?

Page. He said it was of the utmost consequence that his majesty should have no information respecting the letter.

Ebo. His majesty! Are you sure of this?

Page. Yes. He called it a dangerous secret, and warned me against any signs or words which might excite suspicion in the king.

Ebo.—(*Much surprised.*)—Every thing corresponds—it must be so—he knows the whole affair—yet how can he have learnt it? How? Need I ask? What is so keen as the eagle-eye of love? But proceed. He read the note——

Page. Yes, and he said the tidings were so joyful that they made him tremble, and was proceeding to speak of the key when duke Alba entered, which compelled us——

Ebo. Tormenting! What had the duke to do there? But the key—what said he of the key? Be not so brief—I never knew you thus before. What said he?

Page. That it was the key of Paradise.

Ebo. But why does he not come? Where is he? Surely he might have enjoyed the moments, which you have occupied, in telling me how happy he will be.

Page. The duke, I fear—

Ebo. The duke again! What does he want? Why does a warrior interfere with my peaceful happiness? The prince might have left him, or dismissed him. Alas! Carlos, it seems, but little knows our sex, as little as he knows the force of love, else would the minutes——

Page. Princess, you rail against an angel.

Ebo.—(*Blushing.*)—Young deceiver! Who told you that?

Page.—(*With enthusiasm.*)—So great, so noble, yet so good. What a pity is it he must be my king. I wish he were my brother.

Ebo.—(*Turns away, wipes her eyes, and presses the* Page's *hand.*)—And you have never yet reminded me, how much I am a debtor for your services.—(*Takes a sword belt, covered with jewels, from the table, and presents it to the* Page.)—Let this token remind you of me, good youth, when first you wear a sword.

Page.—(*Retreating with downcast eyes.*)—Does the happy princess thus reward me? Has the intelligence I brought merited nothing better? Shall I, at such a moment, be content with diamonds? Shall I, who have seen those cheeks animated with the blush of love, and know who is destined to revel in those charms, be satisfied with such a recompence as this?

Ebo. Some one approaches. Away! It is the prince.

[*Exit* Page.

Where is my lute?—He shall surprise me. Music shall lead him hither.—(*Throws herself on the sofa, and plays.*)

CARLOS *rushes in.*

Car.—(*Espies* Eboli, *and stands rooted to the spot.*)—God of heaven! Where am I?

Ebo.—(*Lets the lute fall and rises.*)—Don Carlos! Yes, it is you.

Car.—(*In violent agitation.*)—Where am I? [illegible] error! I have mistaken the apartment.

Ebo.—(*With affected surprise.*)—How well Don Carlos knows to find the rooms where ladies are alone.

Car.—(*Stammering.*)—Princess—pardon me, princess—the door was open.

Ebo.—(*Jocosely.*)—Can that be possible! I thought that I myself had locked it.

Car. That you might fancy—but be assured you were mistaken. You might intend to lock it, and to bolt it—but it was not locked. The outward bolt——that is——I mean the inward bolt——yes, that was fastened, I allow.

Ebo. And yet you entered?—Well! you are mighty clever, truly. Instruct me thus to counteract the power of locks and bolts.

Car. Nothing is more natural—nothing more easy—for, fortunately—I would say unfortunately—I happened to possess a key, which exactly suited the lock. An accident led me hither——I heard some one play upon a lute——was it not a lute?—(*Looks doubtfully around.*)—Yes—there it lies—and the music of a lute, heaven knows, I love beyond description. I listened with attention, till I forgot myself, and rushed into this room, that I might see the charming minstrel, who had overpowered me.

Ebo.—(*After having, in vain, attempted to fix his wandering eye.*)—A most amiable curiosity, which you have, however, soon conquered, as I could prove.—(*After a pause, in a significant tone.*)—I admire the man, who involves himself in falsehoods, that he may spare a female's blushes.

Car. Princess, I feel that I make matters worse, by trying to improve them. Release me from a part which I am not fit to act. In this apartment you sought retirement from the world. Here, undisturbed by man, you wished to reflect upon the secrets of your heart. I, at a luckless moment, have appeared, and interrupted your sweet meditations. My instant departure shall, in some degree, atone —(*Going.*)

Ebo.—(*Is astonished and alarmed, but immediately recollects herself.*)—Prince!——Is this proper?

Car. I understand the meaning of that look in this apartment, and I revere your virtuous embarrassment. Cursed be the man who grows more bold because a woman blushes. I am a coward when I see a female tremble.

Ebo. Is it possible? Such consciences are rare among young men and princes. Now, Don Carlos, you must stay—even I myself request it; for so much virtue would remove all scruples even in the most timid of our sex. Not one in a thousand would have acted thus, when tempted by a key which so readily obeyed him. But why should we waste in idle words the happy moments, which *accident* has granted us? Do you know that your appearance interrupted me in my favourite air?—(*Leads him to the sofa, and takes her lute.*)—I must play it again, Don Carlos, and your punishment shall be to listen.

Car.—(*Seats himself at her side, not quite without constraint.*)—A punishment as desirable as my error—and, in truth, the words, as well as the music, were so charming, that I could hear them a third time with delight.

Ebo. How! Did you hear them, then? That was shameful, prince.—I believe love was the subject.

Car. Yes, you sung of happy love—the sweetest subject from the sweetest lips—although not quite so true as sweet.

Ebo. Not true? Have you doubts?

Car. When love is the subject, I much doubt whether Don Carlos and the princess Eboli will ever comprehend each other.—(Eboli *starts—he observes it, and proceeds, with an easy air of gallantry.*)—For who, when he beholds those rosy cheeks, will think that any passion ever raged within your bosom? Can Eboli sigh unregarded? No—and he alone can feel the power of love, whose love is hopeless.

Ebo.—(*Who has regained her former cheerfulness.*)—Oh, peace! Why this sounds terrible indeed. It seems to be

your destiny to feel what you describe.—(*Taking his hand with a captivating smile.*)—You are not in good spirits, prince. How happens this? How can you, surrounded by the pleasures of the world, and so highly gifted by the prodigal hand of nature, be thus depressed—you, who are a potent monarch's son—you, whose talents even eclipse your rank—you, whose worth and glory have gained the universal suffrage of those rigid judges, women—you, who conquer with a look, and have in your gift the joys of Paradise——can you be wretched?——Oh, heaven, why, when thou didst shower thy choicest gifts upon him, why didst thou make him blind to his own conquests?

Car.—(*Who has, throughout this speech, been lost in meditation, rouses himself as soon as* Eboli *ceases.*)—Excellent! inimitable, princess! Pray sing that stanza again.

Ebo.—(*Astonished.*)—Carlos! Of what were you thinking?

Car.—(*Springs up.*)—True. It was well you reminded me. I must leave you instantly.

Ebo.—(*Detains him.*)—Whither are you going?

Car.—(*In violent agitation.*)—You know whither—but no, no—you do not know.—I must go—I must hasten into the open air.—Release me princess, I feel as if the world were in flames.

Ebo.—(*Holds him back by force.*)—What means this? Whence this strange, unnatural conduct?—(Carlos *again becomes thoughtful—she avails herself of this opportunity to seat him on the sofa.*)—Compose yourself, dear Carlos. You are much agitated. Sit here—here, at my side.—Do you even know what thus disturbs you!—Nay, granting that you do, is there no knight, no lady at this court, who could remove—I mean could comprehend your illness?

Car.—(*With thoughtless indifference.*)—Perhaps the princess Eboli.

Ebo.—(*Joyfully.*)—Indeed!

Car. Give me a letter of recommendation to my father. You have great interest with him, I am told.

Ebo. Who told you so!—(*Aside.*)—Ha! It was this suspicion, then, which made him dumb.

Car. The story is, perhaps, already public. I have formed a sudden wish to visit Flanders—merely to earn the spurs of knighthood; but my considerate father thinks that if I command an army, it will spoil my singing.

Ebo. Carlos, you deceive me. Confess, now, that this is a mere subterfuge. Look at me, hypocrite. He who thinks of nothing but the exploits of chivalry, would hardly demean himself so far as to steal the ribbands which a lady loses, and—pardon me,—(*Nimbly draws from his bosom a ribband, which was there concealed.*)—To hide them in his breast.

Car.—(*Extremely embarrassed.*)—Princess—this is too much—I am betrayed.—You are combined with demons to undo me.

Ebo. Are you surprised at that? What will you bet, prince, that I do not remind you of transactions which are long since faded in your memory? If even every little motion, every half-articulated sound, every transient smile—if even your features, when your mind was not expressed in them, have not escaped my observation, judge whether I could fail to understand what you intended that I should.

Car. You have a good opinion of your powers.—I will make this wager. You promise to discover some sensations in my heart, of which I was myself unconscious.

Ebo. How, prince! Look round. This cabinet is not one of the queen's apartments, where, at a ball, Don Carlos has been known to praise a mask.—You start—the colour mounts into your cheeks.—Undoubtedly it is a daring and unpardonable act to observe the actions of Don Carlos! but it was remarked, at the late ball, that he forsook the queen, his partner, and hurried to another couple, in order to take

the hand of Eboli—a mistake which even caught the attention of his majesty, who had just arrived.

Car.—(*With an ironical smile.*)—It was rather unfortunate, I own, that he of all men should perceive.

Ebo. I could remind you, too, that once, when playing with the queen and me at cards, you dexterously contrived to steal this glove,—(Carlos *springs up in great agitation.*)—and were gallant enough to play it on the table, as if it were a card.

Car. God of heaven! What have I done?

Ebo. Nothing which you will recall, I hope. How agreeably was I surprised when I found the note, which you had contrived to hide in the glove. The lines were written in a style so moving—

Car.—(*Interrupting her.*)—A mere copy of verses. My brain delights in forming bubbles, which burst as soon as they are made. Let us drop the subject.

Ebo.—(*Walks away, and, with looks of astonishment, surveys him from a distance.*)—This is too much.—All my attempts are fruitless.—(*A pause.*)—But how if this were pride, which but assumes the mask of diffidence, that it may the more enjoy its conquest?—(*Approaches* Carlos *with a doubtful look.*)—Assist me, prince. I have now before me an enchanted chest, to which I cannot find a key.

Car. I am in the same situation.

Ebo.—(*Instantly leaves him, walks up and down the room, then turns to* Carlos, *with a solemn mien.*)—Be it so. At last I am obliged to speak. I make you my confidant. You are a worthy man, a knight, a prince. I place myself under your protection. You will rescue me—or if you cannot rescue—you will sympathise in my sad fate.—(Carlos *approaches with a look of anxious expectation.*)—An audacious favourite of the king has demanded my hand—Rui Gomez, Count of Silva. Your father has consented, and I am sold, like merchandize, to this vile creature.

Car.—(*Assailed by a dreadful recollection.*)—Sold! What! Sold again! No more of this, I beg. On this subject my nerves are most susceptible.

Ebo. You must hear all. It is not enough that I am doomed to be the victim of policy. Even my virtue is attacked. Long have I been persecuted by the shameful passion of the great voluptuary. This letter will unmask the saint.—(Carlos *takes it, and attends with such impatience to her narrative, that he forgets to read it.*)—Where shall I take refuge, prince? Till now, my virtue has been guarded by my pride but at last—

Car. At last you yielded. No, no, no—for heaven's sake, no.

Ebo. Yielded! To whom? How weak are man's ideas, when the subject of them is a woman's favours!—Love can only be purchased by itself. Throughout this spacious earth, love is the price of love. It is the invaluable jewel, which the owner must bestow as a gift, or bury it, that no one may enjoy it—like the great merchant, who in contempt of all the gold which kings could offer, restored his pearls to the rich ocean, rather than sell them for less than their value.

Car.—(*Aside.*)—By heaven she is most lovely.

Ebo. Call it a whim, or vanity, or—what you please. I shall not grant shares of my affection. To the only man, whom I think worthy of my choice, I shall give every thing. One, and one only, can Eboli make happy, but that one will be a god. The enchanting harmony of souls, the kiss of rapture, the voluptuous embrace, are each a leaf belonging to a beauteous flower. Shall I then madly strip this flower of its ornaments? Shall I degrade the majesty of woman, that I may sweeten the evening of a libertine.

Car.—(*Aside.*)—Incredible! Has such a woman existed in Madrid—and have I not discovered her till now?

Ebo. Long since should I have forsaken this court—nay, this world, and should have taken refuge in a convent, but a single tie remains which binds me to the world. Alas! I am, perhaps, misled by a phantom, but to me this phantom is invaluable. I love, and am—not beloved.

Car.—(*Flies towards her with ardour.*)—You are, you are. By my soul I swear you are beyond description loved.

Ebo. You swear! You? That was an angel's voice. Yes, if you swear that I am beloved,—then I believe it, Carlos.

Car.—(*Clasps her in his arms.*)—Sweet emblem of sensibility—adorable being! I am lost in ecstasy and wonder. Who on this earth can boast that he has seen you, and has never loved? But what can you do here—here at the court of Philip, among monks and sycophants. This is not the proper climate for a flower so lovely. Soon will they attempt to pluck it—but no, they shall not—as I live they shall not. In these arms I'll bear you through a host of demons. Yes—let me be your guardian angel.

Ebo.—(*With a look of the warmest affection.*)—Oh Carlos, how little have I known you, yet how boundless is the recompence your heart bestows for the trouble of diving into its recesses!—(*Attempts to kiss his hand.*)

Car.—(*Drawing it back.*)—What mean you, princess?

Ebo.—(*Gazing intently at his hand.*)—How beauteous is that hand, and oh, how rich!—Two precious gifts can it bestow—a diadem, and the heart of Carlos—both, perhaps, on one mortal. Great, heavenly gift! Almost too much for one. How if you divide them, prince. A queen seldom loves sincerely, and she, who loves sincerely seldom understands the duties of a queen. Better were it, therefore, to divide the gifts. And why not do it now?—Perhaps you have. Oh, if this be the case, name to me the happy fair one.

Car. I will. Sweet, lovely, unaffected girl, to you I will

discover all. You are the only one, at this court, who can entirely understand me.—Well then, I own—I love—

Ebo. Tormenting man! Was it so difficult to own this? Must I be an object of compassion because you love me?

Car.—*(Starts.)*—What means this?

Ebo. How could you thus torture me? How could you deny that you received my key?

Car. Key!—What do I hear?—But—true—oh God!—*(His knees totter—he sinks into a chair, and hides his face.)*

Ebo. What have I done?—*(Falls.)*

Car. Plunged thus low—into the unfathomable gulph of despair!—Oh, horrible!

Ebo.—*(Hiding her face.)*—What a discovery! Oh heavens!

Car.—*(Kneels at her side.)*—I am not guilty, princess. My passions—an unfortunate misunderstanding.

Ebo.—*(Pushes him back.)*—Away from my sight!

Car. I cannot leave you in this dreadful agitation.

Ebo.—*(Forcibly pushing him away.)*—If you have any compassion or generosity, begone. Would you murder me? The sight of you is death. Give me my letter, and my key—then go.—Where is the other letter?

Car. What other?

Ebo. The king's.

Car.—*(Starts.)*—Whose?

Ebo. That which I put into your hand.

Car. From the king! And to whom? To you?

Ebo. Oh heavens! In what a labyrinth have I involved myself. Return the letter. I must have it.

Car. That letter—which will unmask the saint—is it that you want?

Ebo. Oh, I shall die. Return it instantly.

Car.—*(Draws it forth.)*—No, princess. This is an invaluable treasure.—*(Holds it triumphantly.)*—which all

realms of Philip cannot purchase. This letter I shall keep. —*(Going.)*

Ebo.—*(Rushes between him and the door.)*—Merciful heavens! Should you act thus meanly, I am lost.

Car.—*(Takes her hand with dignified composure.)*—Princess Eboli, when I act meanly,—then, and not till then, I allow you to blush for what has happened. [*Exit.*

Ebo. Another word, Don Carlos—but a single word.—He is gone—he despises me.—Here am I left alone—rejected and despised.—*(Sinks on the sofa.)*—Rejected in favour of a rival!—There is now no doubt; he himself avowed his love. But who is the happy fair one? Thus much is plain—his attachment is improper, for he fears detection, and carefully conceals his passion from the King. Is it not the father, whom he fears in Philip? How transported was he, when I betrayed the secret of the King's advances!—How happened it that his rigid virtue was on this occasion silent?—What can he gain if the Queen were thus to be—*(Suddenly pauses—her looks indicate that some extraordinary idea has occurred to her. She draws forth the ribband which she took from* Carlos, *and instantly recognizes it.)*—Fool, fool that I have been!—Where were my senses? —The scales fall from my eyes. They had been attached to each other long before the King married her. The Prince never saw me but when *she* was also present.—She, therefore, was the object of that boundless love, which I was blind enough to think he felt for me. Oh unexampled deception! I have betrayed my weakness too.—*(A pause.)* —That his passion should be quite hopeless I can hardly think. Hopeless love cannot exist in such a case. He had liberty to revel in these charms, which even a monarch courted—he refused this—such a sacrifice could not have been offered by a hopeless lover. How tenderly he pressed me to his beating heart! Affection, if not returned, could not have resisted such temptation as I offered.—Let me

reflect. He accepts the key which he conceives was sent to him by the Queen—he relies on this gigantic stride of love, and comes. Of course, therefore, he supposes Philip's wife might have done this, and this supposition must be founded upon previous facts.—It is clear, it is clear. She loves him—this saint, this emblem of sanctity loves Carlos. —I have trembled in the presence of this virtuous Queen, have thought her supernatural, and have felt myself extinguished by the splendour of her virtues. And was the composure which I so often have beheld with wonder—was it a mask?—Yes. She wishes to enjoy two tables—she wishes to appear at the creditable board of virtue, and likewise revel at the secret feast of vice. And shall this bold attempt succeed? Shall it be unrevenged?—No, no. That shall it not, by heaven. The King shall be acquainted with this gross deception.—The King—*(After reflecting awhile.)*—Right!—That is the surest road to his ear.—*(Rings the bell.)*

Enter a PAGE.

There is a ball at court this evening—is there not?

Page. Yes, princess. The company has already begun to assemble.

Ebo. If you could draw the confessor aside—

Page. Father Domingo, do you mean?

Ebo. The same. Request him to step into the apartment on the left, till I can conveniently follow him. Say that an event of consequence has taken place, and we must meet.

Page. I shall obey your orders. [*Exit.*

Ebo.—(Paces the room with a dejected air, then stops.)—But why should I despond?—I am not totally forsaken.—One lover I retain, and that a monarch. How many thousands are there, who would be happy if they possessed the

shadow of my situation !—Why am I thus dissatisfied? Is it true that happiness depends on mutual love?—Nay, if it be, why should I think of love on this occasion? Is not my pride insulted—and can it be silenced by the accents of a hopeless passion? No. The king alone can execute the vengeance which my soul demands.—*(Is going, but loses herself in meditation.)*—Virtue !. He, for whom I have reserved it, has refused the gift. If the flowers of virtue be not gathered by the hand of love, what is their value? Nothing. I am not allowed to love. Adieu, therefore, to all the hopes which I had founded on affection. Be my present idol—vengeance. I will love no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace. It is evening, and the room is but feebly lighted.*

Enter ALBA *and* DOMINGO *from opposite sides.*

Dom. Is it you, Duke Alba?—Good evening to you.

Alba. Hold ! Who mentioned my name?

Dom. For whom are you looking?

Alba. It is Domingo.—Alone, too !—You vanished from the room, without a moment's notice, and I have been in search of you some time.

Dom. Does his majesty want me?

Alba. No. I myself wished to converse with you, but I am not in haste. Doubtless you expect some one.—Dare I know who it is?

Dom. What was your business with me?

Alba. I wished to ask an explanation of a strange circumstance which occurred to-day.

Dom. Pray proceed.

Alba. Don Carlos and I met each other at noon in the queen's ante-chamber. He insulted me—we became loud—and at last drew our swords. The queen heard the noise,

rushed from her room between us, and with a look of firm authority riveted her eye upon the prince. It was a momentary look, but instantly he dropped his sword, presented me his hand, and disappeared.

Dom.—(*After a pause.*)—This was strange. Duke, you remind me of suspicions, which have long had their place in my mind, though as yet I have not entrusted them to any one. There are double friends, which may be compared to two-edged scymitars—I like not these. It is difficult to pry into the heart of man, therefore I concealed my secret till a proper opportunity of stating it occurred. Besides, who knows but I may be deceived, for man is often erroneous in his conjectures. I am a priest—it is my vocation rather to promote peace than enmity. The latter I leave to those whom it better suits. Different servants have different employments. Duty may command Duke Alba to do that, which would in Domingo be most culpable. I must be silent, were the certainty still greater than it is.

Alba. Certainty!—I know not what you mean. All I have said is scarcely a foundation for a probability.

Dom. Of what avail is that conviction, which I dare not publish? To render certain services to kings is dangerous, duke. If the arrow which you shoot be not precisely aimed, it is certain to recoil upon yourself. What I say, I would confirm by oath and by the sacrament, but a witness, a single word, a scrap of paper, would weigh more than all my evidence. Pity it is we live in Spain.

Alba. Why so?

Dom. Because in other courts gallantry may be more open—here it is confined by rigid laws. The queens of Spain find it difficult to sin, especially in that respect, which best would answer the purpose of dejection.

Alba. True. We must, therefore——

Dom. On one scheme I must allow that I have founded hopes. Should this succeed—May I repeat to the princess Eboli what you have mentioned?

Alba. I wished to see you on this subject. The discovery is of great consequence to me—of greater than you, perhaps, suspect. Something happened to-day—I hope we understand each other, reverend father.

Dom. My opinion of Don Carlos you well know.

Alba. I have never thought him dangerous—nor do I yet, but if there be a mortal whom I could allow myself to fear, this boy is he.

Dom. Duke, you touch a string—

Alba. Hear me.—We are in danger. The king this morning mentioned——but a few words, and I trust you know that words are not apt to make me tremble, reverend father. —Yet in these words much might be comprehended. Already does he waver between us and the Infant—a reconciliation has almost taken place.

Dom. A reconciliation! Heaven forbid?

Alba. He declares that Carlos shall henceforth be nearer to his throne. Me he commanded—at least it sounded thus —to beg of his proud son that I might still continue in the father's favour.

Dom. You make me uneasy, duke.

Alba. The audience was long. Loudly (for I heard him when I was in the cabinet) he entreated that the king would send him as commander to the Netherlands. When I saw him I observed he had been weeping. At noon he met me with an air of joy, congratulated me, and expressed his satisfaction at the preference which the king had shewn to me. I am sure he never was a hypocrite. How, therefore, must I reconcile these contradictions? The prince rejoices in the denial of his wish, and his father confers on me the honour with every mark of anger.—What am I to think? The dignity, with which I am invested, rather resembles banishment than favour.

Dom. Heavens! Is this our situation? In a moment is

the building destroyed, to raise which we have employed whole years?—Yet you are so calm?—Do you know this youth? Do you suspect what will be our lot, should he attain any power? He hates you.

Alba. That I can forgive, for our sensations are so far mutual—but he despises me—that I will never pardon. Last year when the assembled states of Arragon did homage to him, and the turn reached me, I was not present, for my office as marshal had elsewhere detained me. Thrice had the herald summoned me ere I appeared before the throne ——but how was I received?—The Infant spurned me from him. In the presence of Arragon he refused to let me kiss his hand. All eyes were turned upon me, and for the first time in my life I was embarrassed. At that time I swore my vengeance should be horrible—and horrible it shall be.

Dom. I am not his enemy. Other cares oppress my mind—cares for the throne, for God, and for religion. I know the Infant—I have looked into his soul, and am convinced he has a mean opinion of our holy church.

Alba. I fear he has too high an opinion of it, for methinks he knows not yet how useful it may be made.

Dom. His heart glows with an independent novel virtue, which seeks no support in faith. Vice produces millions to the church. This support he holds in abhorrence and contempt. To be brief, he *thinks*—his mind is inflamed with strange chimeras—he respects what are called the rights of human nature———Is it fit that such a man should be our king?

Alba. These are mere phantoms—perhaps arising from a wish to be singular. Far different will be his sentiments when he is vested with despotic power.

Dom. That I doubt. He is proud of freedom, unaccustomed to constraint, and therefore not likely to purchase it. Is such a man fit for the Spanish throne? His gigantic

mind will instantly erase the laws of our state policy. In vain have I endeavoured to enervate his firm mind by the fascinations of voluptuousness. He has counteracted my attempts. The secret of relieving an overburdened conscience he despised. Such a mind, with such a constitution, is to be dreaded, and Philip is now sixty years of age.

Alba. You look far into futurity.

Dom. He and the queen agree in sentiment. The poison of innovation has crept into the breasts of both. If it gain ground, the throne will be in danger. I do not like this Valois.

Alba.—(*Dejected.*)—Why remind me of her? You have roused a recollection which I wished to have concealed even from myself for ever.

Dom. What may it be? You seem much agitated.

Alba. The queen of Spain once wounded me so deeply, that the blood which she drew forth will stain my reputation during whole centuries. She it was—for my spies have at last dived into the mystery—she alone it was who betrayed my project of drawing the prince of Bourbon from Navarre—a project which, to the Spanish monarch, was of no smaller consequence than a rich kingdom. She apprised France of my intention—the plan was defeated—and I was made the butt of ridicule.

Dom. I am acquainted with this circumstance. Should Philip relax in his authority, you may dread the vengeance of this secret foe. As yet, Fortune is in our favour. Let us avail ourselves of this, and at one blow destroy the queen and Infant. A hint must be immediately given to the king—whether at first supported by proof is immaterial. We have gained much if we but make him waver. As to ourselves, we have no doubts, and those, who are themselves convinced, find no great difficulty in convincing others. We are certain to discover more, if we have formed a resolu-

tion that we will. I have in view another source.——Was it not in January that the queen was brought to bed? Right—and it was only in April of the former year that the king recovered from his dangerous fever. Duke Alba, you understand me. This little seed shall produce a plenteous crop of jealousy—but we must be patient.

Alba. But now to the principal question. Who takes upon him the task of exciting the king to——

Dom. Neither you, nor I—but in digesting this plan, I have not failed to provide, with silent diligence, a proper person. The king loves the princess Eboli, and I encourage this passion, because it forwards my views. I am his ambassador at present, and will instruct the princess how to act. If I succeed, we shall, I hope, have in this lady a most powerful friend—perhaps a future queen. She herself has summoned me to meet her here.—My hopes are great. In one night a Spanish girl may perhaps destroy this lily of Valois.

Alba. May I believe this?—By heavens, you surprise me much. This promises a quick completion of our wishes. Domingo, I revere you highly. Our game is won.

Dom. Hold! Some one approaches.

Alba. That I, who have grown grey in the defence of Philip, should be obliged to use a woman's influence, is torture to me, but the blush which overspreads my face, this boy shall pay for—

Dom. Go, go. 'Tis she herself.

Alba. I shall be in the next room, if you——

Dom. Enough! I'll call you. [*Exit* Alba.

Enter EBOLI.

I am at your service, princess.

Ebo.—(*Looks round.*)—Are we alone?

Dom. Quite so.

Ebo. Who left you just now?

Dom. Duke Alba, who requests the honour of paying his respects to you, when you are at liberty.

Ebo. Duke Alba! What can he want with me? Do you know?

Dom. Can I confess that till I know what has procured me an interview which is so rare? Perhaps some circumstance has at length made you more inclined to the king's wishes. Perhaps, mature consideration has reconciled you to an offer, which momentary caprice induced you to refuse. I come full of expectation——

Ebo. Did you report my last answer to the king?

Dom. Hitherto, I have forborne to inflict a wound so severe. Perhaps, princess, you may now condescend to be more indulgent.

Ebo. Tell the king that I expect him.

Dom. May I believe this, princess?

Ebo. Do you suppose I mean not what I say?—Heavens! You alarm me. What have I done that even *you* must blush?

Dom. Princess, this surprise——scarcely can I comprehend what you avow——

Ebo. Good father, it is not my intention that you should. Enough is it for you that I accept the offer of king Philip. You may save yourself the trouble of trying to discover why I do so. For your consolation, I will allow that your eloquence had no effect on me, though you declared that there were cases in which the church thought proper to use the persons of its younger daughters for purposes beyond my comprehension. These pious arguments are, I must own, too high for me.

Dom. With pleasure, I retract them princess, as soon as I perceive they are not necessary.

Ebo. I wish you, in my name, to beg that his majesty

will not mistake me upon this occasion. I am still what I have been, though the situation of affairs is changed. When I refused his offer with disdain, I thought him happy in possessing a most amiable consort, and believed this faithful partner was worthy of the sacrifice I made. Such was then my opinion, but now I know better than to found any renunciation upon such fallacious principles.

Dom. Proceed, princess, proceed. We understand each other.

Ebo. I have detected the sly pilferer, and will be no longer silent. She has imposed upon the king, me, and all Spain. She loves, and is beloved. I can produce proofs of this—proofs which will make her tremble. The king is grossly imposed upon, but he shall be revenged. I will tear away the mask of virtue, which this pretended saint has worn, and exhibit to the world her guilty countenance. This triumph I must purchase at a dreadful price, but I glory in the thought that it will cost her more.

Dom. Our plan is ripe. Allow me to call the Duke.

[*Goes*

Ebo.—*(Astonished.)*—What means this?

Re-enter ALBA, *preceded by* DOMINGO.

Dom. Our intelligence arrives too late, Duke Alba. The princess Eboli has disclosed to me the secret, which we intended she should learn from us.

Alba. My visit will be less surprising then. I dared not credit my own eyes; for such discoveries require the piercing penetration of a female.

Ebo. To what discoveries do you refer?

Dom. Princess, we wish to know what time and place will better suit you——

Ebo. Right! I shall expect you to-morrow noon at my apartments. I have reasons for no longer concealing this secret from the king.

Alba. This it was, which brought me hither. The king must be acquainted with it instantly. He must learn it, too, from you, for upon whose testimony will he be so willing to rely? You are the vigilant companion of the queen——

Dom. And, when you please, may be the uncontrolled companion of the king.

Alba. I am declared to be the foe of Carlos.

Dom. The same is said of me—but not of princess Eboli. We are obliged to be silent, while the duties of your situation compel you to speak. Be you our leader, and believe me we shall soon attain our end.

Alba. But we must be decisive. Every moment is precious. In another hour I may be ordered to depart.

Dom.—(*After a pause, turns to* Eboli.—)Might not letters be found—letters from the prince? These would assist us greatly. Let me consider——ay——true. You sleep, I think, in the same apartment with the queen.

Ebo. In the one next to it. But what of this?

Dom. Have you ever observed where she keeps the key of her cabinet?

Ebo.—(*After a pause.*)—That might be of use.—Yes. I think the key might be found.

Dom. Letters must be conveyed by messengers. The queen's establishment is great—but is there no one who has excited your suspicion?—Gold can do much—

Alba. Perhaps the Infant has some friend.

Dom. Not one in all Madrid.

Alba. That is strange.

Dom. It is so, but you may rely upon it; he despises the whole court. I have proofs of this.

Alba. But hold!—It just occurs to me that as I left the apartments of the queen, I saw the prince in private conversation with a page.

Ebo. That—that was on another subject.

Dom. Another subject! How can this be known. The circumstance is really suspicious.—(*To* Alba.)—Did you know the page.

Ebo. Pshaw!—I know this conversation was of no importance.——We shall see each other again, then, before I speak to the king. In the mean time, much may be discovered.

Dom.—(*Leads her apart.*)—And may I announce to his majesty that he may hope? Will you deign to add the happy hour at which his wishes will be gratified?

Ebo. In a few days I shall feign indisposition. On such occasions the sick attendant is always removed from the person of her majesty. I shall, then, be at my own apartments.

Dom. Oh glorious day! Our game is won. I bid defiance to all queens on earth.—(*A bell is heard.*)

Ebo. Hark! The queen rings for me.—Farewel. [*Exit.*

Dom.—(*Follows her with his eyes for some time.*)—Duke Alba, those charms, combined with your services——

Alba. And supported by your religion.—What can resist such a confederacy? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Room in a Carthusian Convent.*

Enter CARLOS *and* PRIOR.

Car. He has already been here. I am sorry for it.

Pri. In the course of this morning he has thrice been here—the last time but an hour ago.

Car. Did he not say he would return?

Pri. Yes. He said I might expect him before noon.

Car.—(*Walks to the window.*)—Your convent is in a retired situation. To the right I perceive the steeples of

Madrid, and here flows the Mansanares. I like your situation. All is as here silent and secret——

Pri. As the entrance to the next world.

Car. To you, worthy man, I have entrusted a secret of the greatest importance. No one living must know or even suspect with whom I here have held a private conference. I have many reasons for concealing my acquaintance with the man whom I expect. Therefore, I fixed upon your convent. We are, I trust, secure against surprise and treachery. You remember your vow.

Pri. Rely upon me, prince. Even the suspicion of kings will not pry into these living tombs. The ear of curiosity is stationed at the door of Fortune and of Pleasure. When you entered our portals, you left the world.

Car. If you think this timidity and caution are caused by a bad conscience, you are much mistaken, holy father.

Pri. I do not think at all upon the subject.

Car. I tremble that my secret should be known to man, but not to God.

Pri. That is to us of little consequence, my son. This asylum is open to the guilty as well as to the guiltless. Whether your intentions be good or bad, upright, or criminal, you must settle with your own conscience.

Car.—(*With ardour.*)—Heaven cannot be displeased with our intentions. The fairest, loveliest work of all creation.—In you I may confide.

Pri. To what end. Pardon me, prince, if I decline your confidence. The world and all its vanities I have long renounced. I employ my time in preparations for the journey, which I soon must undertake. The bell calls me to prayers. Heaven be with you, prince! [*Exit.*

Enter Posa.

Car. Ha!—At last, at last we meet.

Posa. How have you tried the patience of a friend!—Twice has the sun risen and set, since your fate, my Carlos, was decided, and as yet I am in total ignorance respecting it. Can this be forgiven?

Car This reproach from Roderigo! What have I not felt during the interval!

Posa. Enough. Be all forgotten. Now accept my best congratulations. You and your father are reconciled.

Car. How!

Posa. And your departure for Flanders is resolved upon.

Car. That duke Alba shall depart to-morrow is resolved upon.

Posa. Impossible!—Is all Madrid deceived? It is said that you had a private audience, and the king—

Car. Was deaf to my petition. We are for ever separated—further from each other than we were before.

Posa. You do not go to Flanders, then?

Car. No, no, no.

Posa. Oh my hopes!

Car. Roderigo, what torments have I suffered since I last conversed with you!—What wonderous tidings have I to communicate! But at present, let me claim your aid in obtaining me an interview. I must see her.

Posa. Your mother!—No.—To what end?

Car. I have hopes——you turn pale. Be at ease. I shall and will be happy.—Tell me, tell me, how can I obtain an interview.

Posa. What means this feverish dream?

Car. It is not a dream. No, by the Almighty it is reality—it is reality.—(*Draws forth* Philip's *letter to* Eboli.)—This paper contains the important truth. The queen is free—released from her vow in the eyes of God and man. There! Read that, and cease to be astonished.

Posa.—(*Opens it.*)—What do I see?—The king's own

hand!—*(After having perused it.)*—To whom was this written?

Car. To the princess Eboli. Two days ago, a letter and a key were brought to me by one of the queen's pages. I was invited to the left wing of the palace, in which are her majesty's apartments, and was informed that a lady whom I long had loved would there receive me. Instantly I obeyed the signal.

Posa. Madman!

Car. I did not know the writing, but knew there was only one person to whom the description could be applied. Who but she could think herself beloved by Carlos? I flew to the place, anticipating bliss unutterable. Celestial music, which stole upon my ear from the appointed chamber, was my guide. I opened the door—but judge what were my sensations when I beheld——

Posa. Oh, I see through the whole.

Car. I was irrecoverably lost, had I not fallen into an angel's hands. But what a luckless accident! Deceived by the incautious language of my eyes, she thought herself the object of my passion, and her gentle heart, pitying my silent sorrows, determined to reward me. Respect appeared to seal my lips—she, therefore, summoned resolution to address me—and her soul lay open to my view.

Posa. Is it possible that you can relate this so calmly?—The princess Eboli penetrated to the inmost recesses of your mind. Oh, there is no doubt but she discovered your attachment. You have mortified a woman's pride—and that woman's influence over Philip is boundless.

Car. She is virtuous.

Posa. To a certain degree. I know her virtue, and I fear it. How little does it resemble that, which, with luxuriant grace, springs from the mind's parental soil, and without a cultivator's aid expands its voluntary blossoms! Her

virtue is a foreign plant, reared by artificial means, in a climate which suits it not.—Judge, whether such a woman can forgive that a man, who refused the offer of her charms, should waste his life in hopeless wishes to possess king Philip's wife.

Car. Are you so thoroughly acquainted with the principles of Eboli?

Posa. I cannot say I am, for I have not seen her more than twice; but allow me to remark that I fancied she was skilful in the management of her passions, and valued herself not a little on her virtue. Then I beheld the queen—Oh Carlos, what a different being! Unacquainted with the affected form of etiquette; equally a stranger to timidity or boldness, she walks with silent inborn dignity on the small path of strict propriety, ignorant that she is adored by all, because not conscious of her own superiority. Does Carlos recognize his Eboli in this description? The princess was firm, because she loved. You did not reward her passion—therefore she will fall.

Car. No, no.—*(Walks up and down with a disordered air.)*—No, I say.—Does it become you, Roderigo, thus to deprive me of my greatest comfort—a confidence in human nature?

Posa. Do I deserve this accusation?—No, dearest friend. I would not rob you of such a comfort. Eboli would have been an angel, and with reverence would I have prostrated myself at her feet, had she not——learnt your secret.

Car. How vain are your fears! Has she any other proofs than such as would expose herself, were they revealed? Will she purchase the sad pleasure of revenge with her own honour?

Posa. Many have acted thus.

Car. No. You are too rigid, too severe. She is proud, and has a noble mind. I know her, and am not afraid.

In vain do you endeavour to alarm my hopes. I must see my mother.

Posa. Now!—Of what use——

Car. I have nothing more to fear. I must know my fate.—Procure me an interview.

Posa. And you mean to shew her that letter?

Car. Ask me no more questions, but procure me an interview.

Posa.—*(Significantly.)*—Did you not tell me that you loved your mother?—Yet, you would shew her that.—(Carlos *fixes his eyes on the earth.*)—Carlos, there is something unusual in your conduct. You turn away. Why turn away from me?—But did I understand the letter? Let me look at it again.—(Carlos *presents the letter, and* Posa *tears it.*)

Car. How! Are you mad?—*(Suppressing his anger.)*—I must own—Roderigo—the letter was of essential consequence to me.

Posa. I thought so, therefore I tore it.—*(Surveys him long with a penetrating eye.)*—Tell me—what has a pollution of the royal bed to do with your—attachment? Was Philip dangerous to you? What connexion exists between the infidelity of Philip, and your bold hopes? Will the pangs of her you love be any gratification to you?—Yes. Now I begin to know you. How little did I understand the nature of your passion!

Car. How, Roderigo! Can you think thus meanly of me?

Posa. It was once otherwise. I can recollect the time, when your heart could find room for a whole world. This is now at an end. One selfish solitary passion has corrupted you. Not a tear do you shed for the unfortunate devoted Netherlands. Oh Carlos, how poor, how little is the man, who loves no one but himself!

Car.—(Falls into a chair, and can scarcely check his tears.)—I feel that I have lost your regard.

Posa. That is not the case, for I know the meaning of your conduct. It was an error into which you were led by praiseworthy sensations. The queen was betrothed to you, and king Philip seized the prize; but till now you doubted whether you had any solid claim. Philip, you thought, was perhaps worthy of her.—It was only at intervals that you decided in your own favour. This letter at once convinced you that you were more worthy, and with proud delight you anticipated the consequences. You gloried in being injured, for exalted souls are pleased when persecuted. But here imagination has misled you. Your pride felt satisfied, and you gave way to hope. On this occasion you misunderstood yourself.

Car.—(Much affected.)—No, Roderigo, my sentiments were not so noble as you think them.

Posa. No more. I can always discover virtue even at the bottom of your faults. But now that we better understand each other, mark me. You shall see the queen—you must see her. I pledge to you my word that I will procure you an interview.

Car.—(Falls on his neck.)—Friend of my soul, scarcely can I look at thee.

Posa. Are you sure that my motive for acting thus is proper. May I not be influenced by secret wishes, or by interest, or even by fear? But more of this another time. I have promised. Leave the rest to me. A bold and happy thought just darts across my mind. You shall hear it from lovelier lips, Carlos. I shall find my way into the presence of the queen. Perhaps your wishes may be accomplished to-morrow. Till then, Carlos, forget not that a project dictated by heaven, for the relief of human nature, though ten thousand times defeated, still calls for perseverance.—Remember Flanders.

Car. I will do any thing which you and virtue can enjoin.

Posa.—(*Goes to the window.*)—We must part. I hear your attendants.—(*They embrace.* —Now we must be again the prince and vassal.

Car. You go to Madrid immediately, I hope?

Posa. Immediately.

Car. Hold! Another word! I must mention one important circumstance, which had almost escaped my memory. All letters for Brabant are opened by the king. Be on your guard. Private orders have been sent to the post-office——

Posa. How did you learn this?

Car. Don Raimond de Taxis is my friend.

Posa.—(*After a pause.*)—Be it so. We can send our dispatches through Germany. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The* King's *Bedchamber. On one side is a niche, before which curtains are drawn—on the other a table, upon which two candles are burning. At the back part of the chamber several* Pages *are seen asleep upon their knees. The* King, *half undressed, is seated at the table in an attitude of meditation. Before him lie a miniature, and several papers.*

King.—(*In a reverie.*)—That she has always been romantic, who can deny?—Never could I feel any regard for her, yet did she ever seem to feel the want of this regard?—It is evident, then, she is false.—(*An involuntary motion rouses him—he looks round with surprise.*)—Where am I?—Is no one awake but the king?—How!—The candles are almost entirely burnt; yet surely it cannot be day.—(*Presses the spring of his repeater, which strikes four.*)—I cannot sleep. Be satisfied with this, oh nature, and do not claim thy due. Kings have no time to make amends for sleepless nights. I am awake—and now it shall be day.—(*Extinguishes the candles, draws up a window-curtain, and as he paces the apartment perceives the boys who are asleep. He gazes at them for some time, then rings.*)—Perhaps my attendants in the antichamber are asleep too.

Enter LERMA.

Ler.—(*Starts.*)—Is your majesty not well?

King. The left wing of the palace has been on fire. Did you hear no alarm?

Ler. None whatever.

King. How! Was it but a dream, then?—Such a dream cannot be the effect of chance. Does not the queen sleep in that wing?

Ler. She does, my liege.

King. This dream has quite alarmed me. Let the centinels be doubled there at the approach of evening—but mark me, this must be done privately, for I wish not—Why do you gaze at me thus?

Ler. Your eyes are much inflamed, and call for rest. Dare I entreat your majesty to recollect the value of your life. Dare I remind you of your subjects, who with fearful anxiety would read in your disordered looks that their monarch had not slept? Would not even two short hours of repose—

King. Tear the scorpion from my pillow—I will not close my eyes. While asleep, the king may lose his diadem—the husband his wife's affections!—I will not sleep.

Ler. Is it your majesty's pleasure that I should wake the pages?

King. No. I can trust them better when asleep. While in a torpid state, this boy forgets his father's blood flowed to appease king Philip's just resentment. Is this proper? Could no attendant be selected in my wide domains, except the culprit's son, whom I condemned to die?

Ler. My liege, they are children—

King. No, no. It is false. Was not a woman my authority?—Woman, thy name is calumny. No crime is certain till a man confirms the truth of it.—*(To the* Pages, *who are now awake.)*—Send for duke Alba.—

[*Exeunt* Pages.

Come nearer, count. Is it true?—*(Rivets his eyes upon* Lerma.)—Oh! that I could be certain, were it only for a moment.—Swear! Is it true? Am I deceived? Am I imposed upon?

Ler. Most gracious monarch—

King. Monarch! King! Liege!—Is this all you can say—this empty unavailing echo! I have struck against a rock, because I thirst, and must have water. My fever will destroy me.

Ler. To what do you refer, my liege?

King. To nothing. Go—leave me.—But hold. You are, methinks, a husband and a father.

Ler. I am.

King. What! Are you married, and dare you venture to leave your bed, that you may guard your king? Your head is silvered over, yet you place confidence in woman!—Go home, go home. You will find your incestuous wife clasped in your son's arms. Believe me, and go home.—You seem surprised—and look significantly at your king.—Is it because my head is silvered too? Wretch, remember queens are inviolable. Your suspicion is treason.

Ler.—(With ardour.)—Treason of which I never shall be guilty. Throughout king Philip's realms, where is the man who dares, with poisonous breath, to say one word reflecting on the best of queens?

King. The best! You too call her the best! I find her zealous friends are nearest to my person. She must have paid well for this—more than I conceived she could pay.—You have leave to depart. Let the duke come.

Ler. I already hear him in the antichamber.—*(Going.)*

King.—(In a milder tone.)—Count, I believe that your first remark was just. Want of sleep has scorched my brain. Forget what I have said throughout my waking dream. Do you hear? Forget it. I am your gracious king.—*(Presents his hand, which* Lerma *kisses, then bows, opens the door for* Alba, *and exit.)*

Enter Alba.

Alba.—(Approaches with a doubtful mien.)—An order so

unexpected, at so extraordinary an hour—*(Starts on examining the* king *more minutely.)*—and this look—

King.—*(Has seated himself, and taken up the miniature. For a long time he silently surveys the* duke.)—It is true, then? I have no longer any faithful servant?

Alba.—*(Astonished, turns aside.)*—How!

King. I am wounded in my tenderest part. Every one knew what danger threatened me, and no one warned me of it.

Alba.—*(With a look of astonishment.)*—Could any thing escape my eye, which threatened to disturb my monarch's peace?

King.—*(Shews him letters.)*—Do you know this hand?

Alba. It is the Infant's.

King.—*(Looks stedfastly at* Alba.)—Have you no suspicions? You told me to be upon my guard against his ambition? Was his ambition all I had to fear?

Alba. Ambition is a word of most extensive meaning.

King. Have you, then, nothing to impart?

Alba.—*(With an air of reserve.)*—Your majesty has entrusted your crown to my vigilance, and when I had sufficient grounds for fancying that its interest was endangered, I have ever spoken freely. What, in other respects, I fancy, or know, belongs to myself. This is a sacred property which even a purchased slave has a right to withhold from the kings of earth.—Every thing which is clear to me may not be ripe for the ear of majesty; but if you wish to be satisfied, I must beg you will not call upon me as my king.

King.—*(Gives him the letters.)*—Read those.

Alba.—*(Reads, and turns with a look of alarm to the* king.)—Who was mad enough to place these fatal papers in my monarch's hand?

King. What!—You know then who is meant in the contents?—I observed the name was purposely omitted.

Alba.—*(Starts.)*—I have been too hasty.

King. You know the person?

Alba.—(*After a pause.*)—I have divulged it. My king commands, and I no longer hesitate. Yes. I do know the person.

King.—(*Rises in dreadful agitation.*)—Assist me, God of vengeance, assist me in the invention of new torments.—So clear, so public is the circumstance, that it was understood almost without a hint.—This is too much. I, then, am the last acquainted with it—the last in my dominions.

Alba.—(*Falls at the* king's *feet.*)—Most gracious monarch, I acknowledge my transgression. I am ashamed of that base policy, which hitherto has bound my tongue, while the honour of my sovereign, justice, and truth, commanded me to speak. Yes—as all are silent, as the enchantments of beauty have bound every tongue, I will speak, though well I know that the insinuating asseverations of a son, the charms and overpowering tears of a wife—

King. Rise!—You have my royal promise it shall not be so. Rise, and speak without alarm.

Alba.—(*Rises.*)—Your majesty may perhaps recollect what happened in the gardens at Aranjuez. You found the queen *alone*, in a retired place, and with disordered looks.

King. Ha! What shall I hear? Proceed.

Alba. The marchioness of Mondecar was banished from the court, because she possessed sufficient generosity to sacrifice herself for the queen. We are now acquainted with particulars. The marchioness had done no more than was commanded. Don Carlos had been there.

King. Ha!—How know you this?

Alba. The footsteps of a man were printed in the sand, near to the queen's pavilion—nay, near the grotto which is close to it, lay a handkerchief known to be the Infant's. A gardener met him too, and at the very time your majesty arrived. He was retreating—

King. And she was in tears. Yet—when I seemed sur-

prised, she wept, and made me blush in presence of the court. By heaven her virtue awed me.—(*Seats himself, and hides his face.*)—Yes, duke—you are right—this discovery may lead to something horrible.

Alba. My liege, this does not absolutely prove———

King.—(*Holding forth the papers.*)—Nor this—nor this—nor this.—Do all these damning proofs mean nothing?—Oh, it is clearer than the light of day. Their incestuous intercourse began even from the very time that you delivered her to me.

Alba. Don Carlos, when he gained a mother, lost a bride. Already had she indulged the warm wishes which her new rank forbad. Fear, which usually accompanies the first confession, was removed; and recollection fanned the flame, which raged in both their bosoms. Allied to each other by equality of years, and similarity of thinking; mutually incensed at the loss of each other's hand; they boldly gave way to those sensations which policy had opposed. Is it credible, my liege, that she should patiently submit to the decision of a cabinet; that, after expecting the object of her love, she should be satisfied with a—diadem?

King.—(*Offended.*)—You make very sage distinctions, duke. I admire your rhetoric, and thank you.—(*Rises, with a cold and haughty mien.*)—You are right. The queen has erred in concealing from me letters of such a nature, as well as in suppressing her unjustifiable interview with the prince. Her false generosity has misled her. I shall know what punishment is necessary.—(*Rings.*)—Who else is in the antichamber? You are no longer wanted, duke. Withdraw.

Alba. Can my zeal have a second time displeased my king?

King.—(*To a Page, who enters.*)—Send Domingo hither.

[*Exit Page.*

I forgive you for having made me fear a crime, which may as easily be committed against yourself.—Go. [*Exit* Alba. (King *walks up and down the chamber several times, in order to collect himself.*)

Enter DOMINGO.

Dom.—(*After having long surveyed him.*)—How agreeably am I surprised in finding your majesty so calm—

King. Surprised!

Dom. Heaven be praised, that my fears were groundless!

King. Fears! What had you to fear!

Dom. I dare not conceal from your majesty that I am acquainted with a secret—

King. Did I express my wish to share it with you? You are forward enough, by my soul.

Dom. My liege, the place where I have learnt it, and the seal under which it was communicated, free me from your reproach. It was entrusted to me at the confessional—entrusted as a crime which is a load upon the conscience of the princess Eboli. Too late she mourns her rashness, and dreads the consequences it will produce to her majesty.

King. Indeed!—Good creature!—I sent for you on this account. You must extricate me from the labyrinth into which my blind zeal has hurried me. From you I expect the truth. Speak openly. What am I to think—what to resolve?

Dom. My liege, even if the station which I fill did not enjoin me to recommend gentleness and mercy, I should, nevertheless, conjure your majesty, for the sake of your own peace, to be satisfied with what you have discovered, and not dive further into a mystery, which will only make you more unhappy. What is yet known may be forgiven. Let the king say one word, and the queen has never deviated from her duty. Our monarch's will can bestow virtue as

well as honours. His repose alone can silence the reports of calumny.

King. Reports!—Already reports among my subjects!

Dom. Lies—infernal lies, I dare be sworn. But I grant there are cases in which the opinion of the people, though without foundation, is of as much consequence as truth.

King. By heaven—and this particularly—

Dom. Unblemished reputation is the valuable property which a queen must be eager to share with her inferiors.

King. We need not trifle thus.—(*Looks doubtfully at* Domingo.)—Father, you have something worse to mention. Withhold it not. I have almost read it in your ill-boding looks. Be it what it may let me not linger on the rack. What say my subjects?

Dom. I repeat that your subjects may be mistaken—nay that they are so. The king need not fear their bold assertions, but when they proceed to such extremities—

King. To the point, I say. Must I pray so long for poison?

Dom. Your subjects recollect the month in which your majesty was attacked so dangerously as to be thought at the point of death. Thirty weeks after this, the birth of a princess was announced —(King *rises, and rings the bell.)*

Enter ALBA.

Dom.—*(Starts.)*—I am astonished.

King. Alba, you are a man. Protect me against this priest.

Alba. Compose yourself, my liege.

King.—*(Looks at* Alba, *and leaves him.)*—What am I doing? Into whose arms do I throw myself? To escape a crocodile I place myself under the protection of a viper!—Have I, then, no other choice?

Dom.—(*Who has exchanged looks of confusion with* Alba) —Had we known that this intelligence would have drawn down resentment on the reporter of it—

King. A bastard, did you say? I had scarcely left the bed of sickness, when she became a mother! If my memory be correct, it was then that you directed thanksgivings to be offered up in every church for my miraculous recovery. Is this less miraculous? One might be as unexpected as the other; but it does not suit your purpose equally to call them miracles. Oh, I see through your devices. The plot will not succeed.

Alba. Plot!

Dom. What a degrading suspicion!

King. Is it probable that your opinions should so exactly correspond, if you did not understand each other? Will you attempt to convince me of this? You think, perhaps, that I have not observed your mutual eagerness to fall upon your prey—your triumph in having roused my anger? You think, perhaps, I have not noticed the duke's attempts to keep my son far from my royal favour, and yours, Domingo, to strengthen his weak enmity with the gigantic power of Philip. I am the bow, you think, which may be bent according to your will. But, let me tell you that my will is yet my own, as you, perhaps, may soon discover.

Alba. Our fidelity little expected such an interpretation.

King. What! Fidelity warns us against threatening dangers—*malice* alone speaks of the past. What have I gained by all your vaunted zeal? If all you say be true, my lot can only be a painful separation, and the sad triumph of revenge. But no. You are not sure—you waver—you conjecture—you lead me to the brink of an abyss—and fly.

Dom. Can any other proofs be adduced unless we had ocular demonstration?

King.—(*After a long pause, turns, with a solemn air, to*

Domingo.)—I will convene all the grandees of Spain, and, in person, sit as judge of the tribunal. You shall appear—if you have courage to do it—you shall appear, and accuse the queen of infidelity. If you convict her, she shall die—she and the Infant—but, mark me, should your charge be false, you yourself shall be the victim. Now, dare you proceed thus far in the defence of truth?—Answer. You are silent—you refuse! Such is a liar's zeal.

Alba.—(*Who has been standing at a distance, in a cold, but decisive tone.*)—I will do this.

King.—(*Turns suddenly round, and gazes earnestly at the* duke.)—That is bold—but I remember that, in battles, you have often risked your life for less than this—that, with a gamester's levity, you have risked it for that bubble, fame. What, then, is life to you? What charms can it have to one born, as it were, in fetters? I shall not sacrifice royal blood to a madman, who has no further hope than gloriously to lose his mean existence. I reject your offer.—Go, and in the hall of audience wait my further orders.

[*Exeunt* Alba *and* Domingo.

Now, favouring Providence, send me a man. Thou hast given me much—send me a man, worthy to be my friend. Thou canst reign alone, for thou canst dive into futurity; but I implore thee to bestow a friend, for I am not like thee, omniscient. Thou knowest what those are, whom thou hast stationed near me. I want truth. Send me a man with uncorrupted principles, whose enlightened mind can aid me in the search of it. Among the thousands who bask in the sunshine of my dignity, let me at least find one deserving of my firm regard.—(*Takes a large book from a cabinet, and turns over the leaves of it.*)—Nothing is written here but names—merely names. Even the service is not mentioned which entitled them to a place in this list, and what is more forgetful than gratitude? But, in the other list, I find each

crime is noted. This is not well. Does memory require this aid, lest revenge should be forgotten!—(*Reads.*)—Count Egmont! Why is his name here? The victory at Saint Quentin his other actions banish from my mind. I consign him to the dead.—(*Erases his name, and adds it to the other list—then again reads.*)—Marquis Posa. Posa! I scarcely recollect this man—and yet his name is doubly marked, a proof that I designed to employ him upon some important matter. How happens it that such a man should have avoided the presence of his royal debtor? By heavens, it would seem he is the only man in my dominions who needs not my assistance. If he were swayed by avarice, or ambition, he would long ago have found his way to the steps of my throne. I will enquire after this singular character. He, who makes no application for favours, will be the more ready to avow the truth. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The Hall of Audience.* CARLOS *is discovered in conversation with the* Prince *of* PARMA. ALBA, FERIA, MEDINA, LERMA, *and other* GRANDEES, *with papers in their hands, are awaiting the arrival of the* King.

Med.—(*Evidently avoided by all the* Grandees, *turns to* Alba, *who is lost in meditation.*)—You, duke, have seen his majesty. How was he disposed?

Alba. Very ill disposed towards you and your intelligence.

Med. I was more composed, more happy, when assailed by the slaughtering cannon of the English, than at present.—(Carlos, *who has gazed at him with silent sympathy, approaches and takes his hand.*)—Generous prince, accept my warmest thanks. You see how all avoid me. You see that my destruction is inevitable.

Car. Hope the best, my worthy friend. Rely upon my father's mercy and your innocence.

Med. I have lost a fleet such as had never yet appeared upon the ocean. Compared to this what is my head?—But, prince—I have five sons—hopeful as yourself.—When I think of them, my heartstrings almost crack.

Enter KING, *dressed. All instantly bow, make way, and form a semicircle round him.*

King.—(*Casting a hasty glance through the assembly.*) Be covered.—(Carlos *and* Parma *approach and kiss the* King's *hand. He turns with rather a friendly air to the latter, without appearing to observe his son.*)—Nephew, your mother wishes to know how you are liked at Madrid.

Par. Let her not ask that till I have served my first campaign.

King. Be patient. Your turn will come when these firm props of my throne grow weak.—(*To* Ferdinand.)—What tidings do you bring?

Fer.—(*Kneels.*)—The grand master of the Calatravian order died this morning. I render to your majesty his cross.

King.—(*Takes it, and looks round.*)—Who after him is most worthy to wear it?—(*Beckons to* Alba, *who approaches, and kneels.*)—Duke, I bestow this honour upon you, my first general. Never attempt to be *more*, and you will never lose my royal favour.—(*Espies* Medina.)—Ha!—My admiral!

Med.—(*Approaches, and kneels with downcast head.*)—*This*, mighty monarch, is all that I bring back of the Armada and the Spanish youth.

King.—(*After a pause.*)—God's will be done. I sent you to contend against man, not against the elements. You are welcome to Madrid,—(*Presents his hand to* Medina)—and I thank you for having in yourself preserved one of my worthy

servants. I acknowledge him as such, grandees, and expect that you will do the same.—(*Beckons to him that he may arise and be covered—then turns to* Carlos *and* Parma.)—I thank you for your presence, princes.

[*Exeunt* Carlos *and* Parma.

(*The other* Grandees *approach, kneel, and present their papers, which the* King *carelessly looks at, and gives to* Alba.)—Lay these before me in my cabinet. Any thing more?—(*No one answers.*)—How happens it that, among my grandees, the marquis Posa never shews himself? I know he has served me with great honour to himself. Is he alive?

Ler. Yes, my liege. He lately returned from the tour of Europe, is in Madrid at present, and only waits for a court day to throw himself at the feet of your majesty.

Alba. The marquis Posa! True. That is the knight of Malta, whom Fame, as your majesty has heard, reports to be a prodigy of valour. When, by the command of the grand master, the knights were summoned to defend the island from Solyman's attack, this youth, then eighteen years of age, quitted the royal college, and appeared unexpectedly before La Valette. "The cross which I wear," said he, "was bought—I will prove that I deserve it." He was one of those forty knights, who, at noon day, defended the castle of Saint Elmo against Piali, Ulucciali, Mustapha, and Hassem, though they attacked it thrice; and, when they at last prevailed, when all the other knights had fallen round him, he plunged into the sea, and found his way to La Valette. Two months after this, the enemy forsook the island, and the knight returned to finish his studies.

Fer. This marquis Posa, too, was he, who afterwards discovered the conspiracy in Catalonia, and, by skill alone, preserved that valuable province.

Ler. The self-same man, soon after this, became, by his

father's death, a grandee, and the possessor of a million; yet, with unexampled diffidence, even in the spring of life and fame, he has not courted power, but lives retired, even in Madrid, and has escaped his monarch's favour, only because his modest merits have made him a stranger to our court.

King. I am astonished. What man's actions were ever thus described by three, and by all without envy? This man possesses a most uncommon character, or none.—I must see him.—(*To* Alba.)—After I have been at mass, bring him to my cabinet. [*Exit* Alba. Duke Feria, take my place in the privy council. [*Exit.*

Fer. His majesty is very gracious to-day.

Med. Say rather he is a God. To me he has been one.

Fer. How well do you deserve his favour! I congratulate you most sincerely, admiral.

A Grandee. And I.

Another. And I most cordially.

A third. My heart beats with delight.

First Grandee. The king was not gracious—he was merely just.

Ler.—(*Apart to* Medina, *as they go.*)—How great two or three royal words have made you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* KING'S *cabinet.* *Enter* POSA *and* ALBA.

Posa. Me!—Surely you are mistaken. What can he want with me.

Alba. All I can tell you is, that he wishes to be better acquainted with you.

Posa. I can be of no service to him—am beneath his notice. You are to blame—you should have mentioned this.

Alba. I to blame! How could I know why he thus summoned you?

Posa. If it be merely to satisfy curiosity, the time is lost when thus employed, and, alas, life is but short.

Alba. You know not how to use a propitious moment. Thousands would envy your present situation.

Posa. I am sorry for it. I see nothing very particular in this room—I see no good end in my ever having entered it. Of what consequence can I be to the king?

Alba. This is, I must own, the language of a philosopher. —(*Going.*)

Posa. Whither so fast?

Alba. I go to announce you.

Posa. You need not be in such haste. Tell me, how long will the audience be?

Alba. That depends upon his majesty's pleasure.

Posa. I must submit—but I shall not please his majesty.

Alba. If you do not wish it you will not. I leave you to your destiny. The king is in your hands. Avail yourself of this auspicious moment; but if it be lost, ascribe the failure to yourself. [*Exit.*

Posa. The remark is good, duke Alba. Of the moment which is only once offered I should avail myself. This courtier teaches me an useful lesson—useful as I apply the term, though not as he would.—(*Walks to and fro.*)—But what brought me hither?—The mere caprice of accident. My name, the most unlikely name on earth, has awakened in the memory of the king.—Accident, therefore—yet perhaps more—for what is accident but the rough stone, which acquires life by the statuary's chisel?—Providence bestows the accidental moment, which man must use to his purpose. What the king's business is with me I know not, but what mine is with the king, I know full well.—Could I but even throw one spark of truth into the despot's soul, how fruitful might it be if Providence assisted it! In this light, what first appeared the effect of chance, may be the act of heaven. Whether such is the case or not, I will con-

ceive myself the instrument of a higher power, and act accordingly.—*(Walks across the apartment, and at length calmly looks at a picture. The King appears in an adjoining room, where he delivers some orders, then steps forward, and surveys* Posa *for some moments unperceived. The marquis at length espies him, instantly kneels, then rises, and stands before him without the smallest sign of embarrassment.)*

King.—*(Gazes at him with astonishment.)*—Did you speak to me?

Posa. No.

King.—*(After another pause.)*—Your services have been most essential to me. Why have you avoided my thanks? Many men force themselves upon my recollection, and I cannot think of every one. You ought to have appeared. Why did you not?

Posa. My liege, no more than two days have elapsed since I returned to Spain.

King. I am not disposed to be in debt to a subject. Demand some boon.

Posa. I enjoy the laws.

King. That does a murderer also.

Posa. But how much more, an honest citizen. My liege I am quite satisfied.

King.—*(Aside.)*—Bold and spirited by heaven, but that might be expected, for what but this could have availed against the Turks? I like my Spaniards to be proud; nay, I would sometimes have the goblet overflow.—*(Aloud.)*—I am told you left my service.

Posa. I withdrew to make room for men who were more capable.

King. I am sorry to hear it. When men like you retire, my state must suffer much. Perhaps you are afraid you may not gain a post equal to your merits?

Posa. Oh, no. I am sure that an experienced statesman

will at once distinguish those who will suit his purpose. With humble gratitude I feel the favour which your majesty confers upon me by your good opinion, but—

King. Why do you pause?

Posa. I own that I am not prepared to clothe, in the language of a subject, the ideas I had formed as a citizen of the world; for when I renounced all hopes of any favour from the crown, I thought myself released from the necessity of preparing for the explanation which your majesty requires.

King. Is your explanation founded upon arguments so weak that you dare not produce them?

Posa. Not so. If your majesty will allow me to complete my explanation, I will pledge my life for its validity and force; but if you refuse me this, the only choice I have left is between your displeasure and contempt, in which case I will rather appear to you a criminal than a fool.

King. Proceed.

Posa. I can serve no prince.

King. Because you fear thereby to be a slave?

Posa. No, my liege—that I shall never fear; but I do not wish to make the monarch, whom I serve, my equal —(*The* King *gazes at him with astonishment.*)—I will not deceive my employer. Were you to claim my services, you would merely think you used my arm in the field, my talents in the cabinet. You would think that all my services appertained to the throne. The glory of my deeds, the beauty of my works, the inward rapture arising from the merit of invention, would flow into the royal treasure, which, in return, would pay me, and support me like a mere machine. My deeds themselves must be no object to me, except as they are sanctioned by the king. But to me virtue has its own intrinsic value. Of the happiness which my sovereign might dispense through my hands, I should conceive myself the dispenser. That would be choice and pleasure to me which should only be duty. I should revel in the transporting

thought of diffusing happiness, till satiated with the delightful idea, I should even disregard my monarch's favour. Is this your opinion? Can you in your creation brook a new creator? No.—Can I demean myself to be the pencil when I may be the artist? No.—I love human nature, and, under regal government, every one must love himself alone.

King. Your warmth is praiseworthy. You wish to do good. To the patriot and the philosopher it is immaterial how this is done. Chuse that office in my kingdom which you think best adapted to gratify your propensity.

Posa. I know no office which would suit me.

King. How!

Posa. Is the happiness which your majesty would dispense through my hand the same happiness which my own pure philanthropy would bestow? No. The policy of courts has excited its own desires in the mind of man, to gratify which it must dispense its own happiness. It allows no truth but such as suits its purpose—all else is rejected. Can then a king, with such restrictions, make man happy? Can I prevail upon myself to love my fellow-creatures no longer, to enslave my brother, to deny that he shall think, and then convince myself that I am dispensing happiness? Oh never, never! Fix not on me, my liege, to act in such a way. I cannot serve a prince.

King.—(*Steps back with astonishment.*)—Whence comes this man?—(*Looks doubtfully at him for some time.*)—And with this play of words, this artful sophistry, you think you can evade the duty which you owe the state?

Posa. The state to which I was indebted, is no more. Formerly there was a king, because the laws appointed him—now there are laws appointed by the king. What I then gave to my equal, I am not now compelled to give my monarch—and as for native land, I have none. A Spaniard has no longer any concern with Spain, since it is become merely the

body of a single mind. In this vast body *you* wish, alone, to think, to act, and to enjoy the luxuries of life. Man is of use to you like your ears and eyes. You survey him in no other light than as he answers your purposes. His life, his will, are no longer his own. Genius and virtue blossom for the throne, as the crops grow yellow for the reaper's sickle. I no longer know the human race. A crowned mortal has devised a wondrous plan, by which the passions and the thoughts of all are governed. Policy prompted him to invent *one* scale, by which the opinions of all mankind are measured.

King.—(*Somewhat hastily.*)—Are you a protestant?

Posa. Your faith, my liege, is mine.—(*After a pause.*)—Your majesty does not understand me. I feared it would be so. You see the veil drawn by my hand from the mysteries of royalty. You think that nothing can be sacred to me which I do not fear, and suppose me dangerous because I have raised my thoughts above my condition. But this is not the case. Never can *my* blood be heated with the turbulent love of innovation, which only increases the weight of those fetters it is unable to break. The times adapted to my ideas are not yet arrived. I live a citizen of those which are to come.

King. Am I the first person to whom you have avowed these sentiments?

Posa. These sentiments!—You are.

King. Then should you have well considered whether it was not dangerous to avow them?—Are you sufficiently acquainted with me?

Posa. Whether it was dangerous or not I am now to learn, my liege; but it was my duty to suppose that you at least possessed the smaller merit when I boldly aimed at a greater —the merit of listening to those truths which I dare utter.

King.—(*Rises, and walks aside.*)—This language is new to me. The incense of servility and adulation must, at last,

exhaust itself. Imitation debases a man of talents.—I will try this independent counsellor.—(*Aloud.*)—If such be your sentiments, I am resolved to employ your services. The strength of mind——

Posa. How mean, my liege, must be your opinion of human nature, that you so little expected to hear any one step forth in defence of its dignity,—nay, that even in the language of an independent man you fancy you perceive the arts of a dissembling flatterer!—But you are justified in this, for you have been compelled by mankind to adopt such sentiments. They have voluntarily forfeited their rights, and descended to their present abject state. Alarmed at the shadow of your greatness, they have fled from their posts, sunk into poverty, adorned their chains with the sophistry of cowards, and deem it a virtue to wear them with submission. Thus did you overcome the world—thus did it yield its rights to your imperial father. Thus mournfully is human nature degraded—how, then, could you respect it?

King. I perceive some truth in your remarks.

Posa. But, unfortunately, when you transformed the work of the Creator into the work of your own hands, and made yourself this new-formed being's God—then you omitted something—you yourself remained no more than a created man; you continued to feel all the passions and desires of human nature. What could your subjects do? You wanted sympathy; but to a Deity we can only sacrifice and pray—to sympathize with him who dares attempt!—At the pinnacle of greatness, therefore, you were not happy, for real happiness can only be felt when it beams in the eye of a friend, not of a slave. Slaves can never be faithful mirrors, but rather resemble thirsty plants, which, by their varied foliage, shew what their roots imbibed. Unhappy exchange. Sad degradation of human nature. Since man became your instrument, what harmony have you produced?

King.—*(Aside.)*—By heaven his words pierce to my very soul.

Posa. Thus have you purchased divinity, and well is it for you that you have obtained this; for how dreadful were it, if, after trampling on the happiness of millions, and destroying all the joys of your own existence, you had gained nothing—how dreadful if you had gained less than the freedom of these millions would have produced, these millions, whom you have reduced to poverty, in order to make yourself still poorer than they—how dreadful if you had found that the liberty which you have annihilated, was the only foundation on which you could have established what you wish!— — —I beg your permission to retire, my liege.—This subject hurries me away. My heart is full— —

LERMA *enters, and whispers a few words in the* KING's *ear, who gives him a signal to retire, which he obeys.*

King. Finish your observations.

Posa. The generous lion suffers the insect to play about its mane. With gratitude I acknowledge—

King. You have more to say. Proceed.

Posa. My liege, I lately arrived from Brabant. "What rich and blooming provinces are these," thought I. "What a great and powerful nation—and a good nation too! How glorious to be its father!" While these reflections occupied my mind, I stumbled against—human bones.—*(Pauses, and rivets his eye on the* King, *who endeavours to look at him in return, but cannot.)*—When surrounded by flames, or branded with the glowing iron, the martyr cannot be expected to sing the praises of his executioner. It is said you must act thus; but I have been astonished that you can. The reign of Philip will be recorded in history. A milder age will succeed it, and produce milder opinions. The happiness of the subject will then be compatible with the

greatness of the prince, and humanity will be a substitute for what is now called necessity.

King. Had I feared the curses of the present age, when would that milder one described by you have appeared?—Examine Spain. Uninterrupted happiness pervades it, and the same tranquillity will I bestow on Flanders.

Posa. The tranquillity of the tomb! Can you hope to succeed in your attempt? Can you expect to overpower the convictions of reason and reflection? Will you alone oppose yourself to destiny, and, with a mortal's hand, try to detain her constantly-revolving wheel? Surely, surely, no. With enthusiasm irresistible will the gigantic power of oppression be subdued. Already have thousands fled from your kingdom; and, though poor, have rejoiced in their escape.—Those whom religion has induced to emigrate, were the most valuable of your subjects. With the open arms of a mother Elizabeth receives the fugitives, and Britain flourishes by Spanish arts. Grenada mourns the deprivation of her industrious Christians, and triumphant Europe sees her enemy's blood flow from the wounds inflicted by himself.—(Posa *perceives that the* King *is somewhat moved, and approaches nearer.*)—It is your wish to plant for eternity, and you are sowing death. It is in vain that you have wasted a valuable life, and sacrificed so many royal virtues, to chimerical pursuits, founded upon cruelty. You have erred in your opinion of man—he is far more than you esteem him to be.—With a smile of proud contempt, he will one day walk over the ruins of that building which you had destined to be his sepulchre,—with the names of Nero and Busiris he will join yours, and ——this hurts me—for you once were good.

King. Who made you so sure of that?

Posa. Yes, by the Almighty, I know it well. Restore to us what you have taken away. Make us happy as we were. Become the monarch of a million monarchs.—(*Boldly approaches, seizes the* King's *hand, and gazes at him with*

firmness and ardour.)—Oh that the eloquence of all whose happiness depends on this important hour were granted to me, that I might raise into a flame the spark which glistens in your eye. Renounce the unatural idolatry which degrades us, and become a representative of the all-just and all-merciful. Never, never had man so much power to dispense happiness. All the potentates of Europe do homage to the name of Spain. Shew yourself worthy, then, of being their head. By writing one word, you can make the earth wear another appearance. Grant to all your subjects—*(Falls at his feet.)*—the liberty of thought.

King.—*(Turns away with astonishment.)*—Unaccountable enthusiast!—But—rise—I—

Posa.—*(Still kneeling.)*—Behold the beauties of nature which surround you. Those beauties are the effects of freedom. Compared to this creation, how wretched and confined is yours. When a leaf moves, the lord of Christendom is alarmed,—every virtue makes him tremble. But our Almighty Ruler, that he may not rob us of the sweet delights which liberty imparts, suffers even vice to revel in his world, conceals himself from our view, but leaves his mild benignant laws, by which it is his will that we should regulate our conduct.

King. And would you undertake to establish such a system in my dominions?

Posa. This may be done by you. Devote that power which has been, alas, too long otherwise employed, to the promotion of your people's happiness. Restore to mankind the dignity they have lost. Let every citizen enjoy his former privileges. Let the peasant eat the produce of his labour at his unmolested home. Let every one's thoughts be free as the air which he breathes. When you have established this, my liege, when man again begins to feel his consequence, when each citizen again assumes his national importance, then will your majesty feel that your kingdom is the

happiest on earth, and, in order to complete the godlike plan, it will then be your duty to conquer the whole world,

King.—(*After a long pause.*)—I have allowed you to conclude. Your opinions are, I perceive, not like those of any other person, and I do not choose that they shall be restrained by authority. To me, of all mankind, you have opened the inmost recesses of your mind. I feel it, and, in consequence of your having, till to-day, buried in your own breast opinions so warmly adopted—in consequence of this praiseworthy discretion, I will forget, young man, that you avowed such sentiments. Rise. As an experienced friend, not as a monarch, I will judge of your unguarded conduct. Even into well-disposed minds, I perceive, the infection of heresy can enter, though it appears with less odious symptoms—but avoid my inquisition, for I should be sorry——

Posa.—(*Interrupts him with ardour.*)—Should you indeed?

King.—(*Lost in the contemplation of his mien and words.*)—Never, in my life, did I see such a man!——No, Marquis, your accusation is too strong. I will not be a Nero—especially towards you. Every one's happiness shall not be destroyed by me.—To convince you that your charges are not just, you yourself shall, under my own protection, be allowed to act like a man.

Posa.—(*With ardour.*)—And what is to be the lot of my fellow-subjects? Oh, I did not mean to plead my cause, but theirs. Direct your favours towards Brabrant. In Flanders there are thousands more worthy of them than I am.

King.—(*In a milder, but solemn tone.*)—No more, young man. When you have reached my age, your opinion of mankind will more resemble mine. But I would not willingly remove you from me. Tell me how I can bind you to my interest. For the first time I perceive that my dignity is of no avail.

Posa. My Liege, your intentions are to me of greater value than any thing which royalty can grant. Allow me to

remain in my present situation, for how should I justify my character if I would accept a bribe?

King. I will not submit to this pride. From to-day you are in my service. Make no reply. It is my will.—(*After a pause.*)—It seems you have discovered my situation as a king—has not your penetration dived into my domestic concerns?—(*Perceiving that* Posa *appears to be meditating.*)—I understand you—but—though I may be the most unfortunate of fathers, may I not be happy as a husband?

Posa. If a most hopeful son, and the possession of a most amiable consort, can give a mortal any right to the epithet of happy, your majesty is so in both respects.

King.—(*With a gloomy mien.*)—No,—I am not, and never felt that I was not, so keenly as at present.—(*Dwelling with a look of sorrow on* Posa.)—How happy had your father been if he could have left his son a kingdom!—(Posa *turns away and wipes his eyes.*)—For so many crowns—no thanks—no gratitude.

Posa. The prince's ideas are noble. I never found them otherwise.

King. But I have.——You are acquainted with him then?

Posa. Yes.—We were at college together.

King. He was never dutiful; but, on the contrary, has made me the object of his ridicule. He has a bad heart.

Posa. May I be allowed to say in his behalf——

King.—(*In a commanding tone.*)—No—you may not, unless you mean to forfeit my regard for ever. No diadem can be a recompence for that of which he has deprived me—a virtuous queen.

Posa. Who can have dared, my liege—

King. The world—fame—scandal—I myself. Here lie proofs of her guilt—more are at hand, which makes me dread the worst. But, Marquis, one thing staggers me. Who is her accuser?—Eboli. Is it not more probable that the one is guilty of slander, than the other of—incest? Does

not Domingo hate my son and her? Is not duke Alba brooding vengeance?—My wife is worth more than all of them.

Posa. Right, my liege. There is something in that woman's soul, which is above appearances and scandal—its name is virtue.

King. You are right. Oh Marquis, you have studied the nature of mankind. Long have I wished for such a friend. Yes. To sink so low as I am told the queen is fallen, costs too much. The ties of honour are not rent asunder so easily as it is wished. I should believe. The blood that flows through royal veins despises that seducing poison which burns within the hearts of slaves. You are the man whom I so long have wanted. You know the frailties and imperfections of human nature. I have therefore fixed on you——

Posa.—(*Surprised and alarmed.*)—On me, my liege!

King. You have stood thus long in my presence without making a request. This is new to me. You will be just. Passion will not lead you astray. Force yourself into the confidence of the prince. Dive into the queen's sentiments. I myself will send you full powers to be admitted into her presence. Meanwhile, you are one of my chamberlains—and now leave me.—(*Rings a bell.*)

Posa. May I leave you with the conviction that any of my wishes are gratified?—Then is this day the most glorious of my life.

King.—(*Presents his hand.*)—It is not lost in mine.—Farewel. Let it not be long before I again see you.

As the Marquis *is going, Enter* Lerma.

King.—(*To* Lerma.)—In future admit the knight of Malta unannounced. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*One of the* Queen's *Apartments.*

QUEEN, OLIVAREZ, EBOLI, FUENTES, *and other* Ladies *are discovered.*

Queen.—(*Rising from her seat.*)—The key has not been found, you say. Let the lock be forced, then—and immediately.—(*Espies* Eboli, *who approaches and kisses her hand.*)—Welcome, dear princess. I am glad to see you so much recovered, though you still look pale.

Fue.—(*Somewhat maliciously.*)—The consequences of a nervous fever.—Am I not right, princess?

Queen. I much wished to have visited you, dear Eboli, but it is not allowed.

Oli. The princess has not been in want of society.

Queen. That I can easily believe.—What means this? You tremble—

Ebo. Nothing—nothing whatever. I beg your majesty's permission to withdraw.

Queen. You conceal your indisposition, and are not so well as you wish us to suppose. Countess, draw the sofa nearer.

Ebo. The open air will be of more service to me. [*Exit.*

Queen. Follow her, Countess. What a sudden change! [*Exit* Fuentes.

Enter a PAGE, *who whispers in the ear of* Olivarez.

Oli. The Marquis Posa begs permission to wait upon your majesty.—(Queen *starts.*)—He comes from the king.

Queen. Admit him. [*Page opens the door, and exit.*

Enter Posa.

Queen.—(*Gives* Posa, *who kneels, a signal to rise.*)—What are his majesty's commands? May I thus openly—

Posa. My message is for your private ear.

[*Exeunt* Olivarez *and* Ladies.

Queen. May I believe my eyes! Marquis? You deputed by the king—

Posa. Does that seem so strange to your majesty? To me it is quite otherwise.

Queen. The world is quite altered, then, I must confess.

Posa. True, and the present period teems with new wonders.

Queen. Scarcely with greater.

Posa. Suppose that I am converted—that I am weary of acting a singular part at Philip's court——for of what use is singularity? To be useful, I must endeavour to appear the equal of others, and banish the ostentatious appearance of enthusiasm. Suppose—for every one wishes to extend, as far as he can, principles which he is convinced to be right—suppose I aimed at placing mine upon the throne.

Queen. No, Marquis. Even in jest I would not fancy you capable of adopting an idea in every respect so premature. You are not so romantic as to begin a project which can never be completed.

Posa. There rests the doubt, methinks.

Queen. The utmost which I can suspect—and much it would surprise me in you—the utmost I can suspect is—

Posa. Dissimulation. That is possible.

Queen. The king cannot intend that you should say to me what you will.

Posa. True.

Queen. And can the goodness of your cause justify the

culpable means you have employed? Can your noble pride descend to such an office? Scarcely can I believe it.

Posa. Nor I, if the object were merely to deceive the king. But that is not the case. I intend to serve him more honestly, and to better effect, than if I had exactly followed his instructions.

Queen. Now I recognise the Marquis Posa. Proceed.

Posa. It is his majesty's wish that you would not give an audience to the French ambassador to-day. This was the commission with which I was entrusted.

Queen. And is this all you have to say from him?

Posa. It is nearly all which justifies my presence here.

Queen. I did not mean to dive into secrets which it is thought proper to conceal from me.

Posa. Some there are which answer this description. I could warn you against dangers—against certain persons—but I will rather leave you in ignorance: for all I know is not of consequence enough to banish golden sleep from the eyes of an angel. It was, indeed, not this which brought me hither. Don Carlos—

Queen. How did you leave him?

Posa. Like a philosopher, ready to die for the object of his affections.—I have not much to say—but there is himself.—(*Delivers a letter.*)

Queen.—(*After having perused it.*)—He says he must see me.

Posa. That say I too.

Queen. Can it make him happy to be a witness of my sorrows?

Posa. No, but it can make him more active and more resolute.

Queen. How?

Posa. Duke Alba is about to depart for Flanders.

Queen. I heard he was appointed, but—

Posa. The king never revokes his appointments. He

is immoveable as Nature's laws. But the prince must, nevertheless, remain here no longer, and Flanders must not be sacrificed.

Queen. Can you prevent that?

Posa. Perhaps I can; though the remedy is almost as bad as the danger which is to be counteracted. It is the rashness of despair; but I know no other means.

Queen. Name it.

Posa. To you, and you alone, I dare disclose it: and from your lips alone can Carlos hear it without shuddering. The name it bears is harsh, I own——

Queen. Rebellion!

Posa. He shall, in contradiction to his father's will, privately go to Flanders, where he will be received with open arms. Justice will be strong, when supported by a monarch's son. Let his arms make the Spanish throne totter, and his father will grant him in Brussels what he denied in Madrid.

Queen. Will he indeed? Are you so sure of that?

Posa. Why not? What is Philip's force, when opposed to that of the united Netherlands? Carlos will offer submission; and humility, at the head of an army, can do wonders. The king will be left to decide between a generous pardon or a doubtful contest; and the very man, who to-day refused his petition, will then forgive his crime.

Queen. Can you, who have seen him to-day, expect this?

Posa. That is my very reason for expecting it.

Queen.—(*After a pause.*)—Your plan alarms, yet at the same time pleases me. I believe you are right. The idea is a bold one, and on that account charms me. Is the prince acquainted with it?

Posa. I wished him to hear it from your lips rather than from mine.

Queen. Doubtless the idea is an exalted one, if the Prince's youth—

Posa. Name not that. He will there find the intrepid warriors of the imperial Charles—Egmont and Orange, wise in the cabinet as dreadful in the field.

Queen. You are right, you are right. The prince must be active. The part which he acts in Madrid oppresses me more than himself. The aid of France and Savoy I can promise. Marquis, I am of your opinion, but this plan requires the aid of money.

Posa. That is at hand.

Queen. And I too have resources.

Posa. I may give him hopes of seeing you, then?

Queen. But how can this be effected?

Posa. If natural means fail, we must have recourse to extraordinary aid.

Queen. I know of none.

Posa. What think you of the subterraneous passages?

Queen. Impossible! The king is in possession of the keys.

Posa. Even if that be the case, may we not—

Queen. I will give it some consideration.

Posa. Carlos anxiously awaits your majesty's reply, and I promised I would not return without it.—*(Presents his tablets to the* Queen.)—Two lines will, at present, be sufficient to rouse his expectations,

Queen.—(After having written.)—Shall I see you again soon?

Posa. As often as you command me to attend.

Queen. As often as I command you to attend! Marquis, how am I to interpret this liberty?

Posa. In the most innocent way you can. Be assured I have a glorious end in view.

Queen. Glorious indeed! Oh Marquis, how should I rejoice if Europe were to regain her freedom—and through *him!* You may rely upon my secret sympathy.

Posa. Thanks, thanks! I was sure I should be understood

OLIVAREZ *appears at the door.*

Queen.—*(With distance to* Posa.*)*—The king's wishes are my law. Present my most respectful duty to his majesty.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE.—*A Gallery.* *Enter* CARLOS *and* LERMA.

Car. Here we shall not be interrupted. What have you to tell me?

Ler. Your highness had a friend at this court.

Car.—*(Starts.)*—It is more than I knew.

Ler. I must beg pardon, then, for having learnt more than I ought; but, that your highness may be at ease, I can assure you I had it from authority on which you may rely, for I myself discovered it.

Car. To whom do you allude?

Ler. To the Marquis Posa.

Car. Well?

Ler. If he be acquainted with more of your affairs than every one may know, which I almost fear——

Car. Fear!

Ler. He has had an audience of the king.

Car. Indeed!

Ler. Which was of a most secret nature, and of two hours duration. It was, I am sure, of material importance.

Car. That I believe.

Ler. I heard your name mentioned several times.

Car. That is no bad sign, I hope.

Ler. Some very strange allusions were also made to the queen, in his majesty's room, this morning.

Car.—*(Steps back, alarmed.)*—Count Lerma!

Ler. When the Marquis departed, I received orders to admit him in future unannounced.

Car. That is extraordinary indeed.

Ler. It is without a precedent since I have served his majesty.

Car. Extraordinary indeed! And what were the allusions to the queen which were made?

Ler.—*(Draws back.)*—Your highness must excuse me. It is against my duty to repeat them.

Car. How strange, to mention one part and conceal another!

Ler. The former was my duty to you—the latter to his majesty.

Car. You are right.

Ler. I own I have always thought the Marquis a man of strict integrity and honour.

Car. You have formed a very just opinion of him.

Ler. Every virtue is spotless till put to the test.

Car. And some even after that.

Ler. A monarch's favour is a tempting bait, which has caught many a man of rigid principle.

Car. Undoubtedly.

Ler. It is indeed often politic to discover what can no longer be concealed.

Car. Politic it is, but you mentioned that you had known the Marquis only as a man of honour.

Ler. If he be still so, my doubts cannot have made him worse, and your highness is a double gainer.—*(Going.)*

Car.—*(Follows him, and with emotion takes his hand.)* I am a treble gainer, worthy, upright man. I feel that I possess another friend, without having lost the one I before possessed. [*Exit* Lerma.

Enter Posa.

Posa. Carlos! Carlos!

Car. Who calls? Ha! You! Just as I wished. I hasten to the convent. Follow me as soon as possible.

Posa. Stay—if but for two minutes.

Car. Should we be seen together——

Posa. We shall not. I can say every thing in a moment, The queen——

Car. You have had an audience of my father.

Posa. I have. He sent for me.

Car.—(*Full of expectation.*)—Well?

Posa. I have adjusted every thing. You will see her.

Car. And the king—what does he want?

Posa. He was merely curious to know who I was. I suppose some officious friend had mentioned me. He offered me employment——

Car. Which you refused.

Posa. Of course.

Car. And how did you part?

Posa. On tolerable terms.

Car. I was not the subject of your conversation, I suppose?

Posa. You! Yes. You were mentioned in general terms.—(*Draws forth his tablets.*)—There are a few words from the queen. I shall learn the how, when, and where to-morrow.

Car.—(*Reads in great confusion, puts the tablets into his pocket, and is going.*)—We shall meet at the convent then?

Posa. Hold! Why in such haste? No one is coming.

Car.—(*With an assumed smile.*)—We seem to have changed situations. You feel vastly secure to-day.

Posa. To-day! Why not to-day?

Car. And what has the queen written.

Posa. Have you not this moment read——

Car. I!——True, true.

Posa. What means this!

Car.—(*Again looks at the tablets, and is in ecstasy.*)—Thou sweet angel! Yes. I will become worthy of thee. Love makes noble souls still nobler. Be what it may, I am

ready to attempt it. She writes that I must prepare myself for an enterprize of great importance. What can she mean? Do you not know?

Posa. Even if I do, Carlos, are you composed enough to hear it?

Car. Have I offended you? Forgive me, Roderigo. I was agitated.

Posa. Agitated! By what?

Car. By—I know not what. These tablets I may keep then?

Posa. Not exactly. I, on the contrary, am come to beg that you will give me yours—

Car. Mine! Why?

Posa. As well as any other trifle, which might fall into the hands of a third—any letters—memorandums—in short, your whole pocket-book.

Car. But why?

Posa. That we may be prepared against all events. Who can be sure that you may not be surprised? On the contrary, no one will think that I am in possession of your papers. Give me them.

Car.—(*Much agitated.*)—This is very strange. Why all at once this—

Posa. Be at ease. I meant not to imply that there is any present danger, but merely wish to guard against what may occur. It was not my intention to alarm you thus. There is no cause for alarm.

Car.—(*Presents his pocket-book.*)—Take good care of it.

Posa. That I will.

Car.—(*With a significant look.*)—Roderigo, I commit much to your charge.

Posa. Not so much as I before possessed. At the convent then we meet. Till then farewell.—(*Going.*)

Car.—(*Contends with his own feelings, and at last detains him.*)—Return the papers to me. There is one among them

which was written to me when I was so ill at Alkala. I have constantly treasured it near to my heart, and cannot part with it. Return that, and keep all the rest.—(*Takes it out, and returns the pocket-book.*)

Posa. Carlos, I do not part with that letter willingly. It is the very one I most wished to have.

Car. Farewel.—(*Goes slowly towards the door—stops—and suddenly returns.*)—There take it.—(*With a trembling hand he presents the letter—tears gush from his eyes—he falls on* Posa's *neck.*)—This my father could not have done. No, Roderigo. This he could not have done. [*Exit instantly.*

Posa.—(*Looks after him with astonishment.*)—Is it possible that I did not know him thoroughly—that this fault lurked in his heart, and had escaped my notice? Suspicion of his friend's honour! How came a stain so foul upon this polished mirror? No. I am wrong. What has he done that I should accuse him of so great a weakness? Have I not often been obliged to hurt and to distress him? This was the cause—and oh I must continue to distress him. The king believed, when he entrusted his secret to my keeping, that he confided in an upright man; and such confidence demands gratitude. Why should I declare all I know when the avowal would but make my Carlos completely wretched? Why should I wake the slumberer, to shew the storm which threatens him? Better is it that I let the storm pass by, that when he wakes, he may behold a bright, unclouded sky. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The* King's *Cabinet. He is discovered on a sofa, and the* Infanta Clara *seated at his side.*

King.—(*After a long pause.*)—No. She is my daughter. How can nature have given her, by accident, my full blue eye. In every feature I behold myself reflected. Yes,

darling of my heart—I clasp thee in my arms. Thou art my blood.—*(Starts.)*—My blood! What can I dread more? My features! Are they not also *his*?—*(Takes up the miniature, and looks alternately at it and in the mirror, which hangs opposite to him. At length he dashes it on the floor, pushes the* Infanta *from him, and starts up.)*—Away! Away! In this abyss I am lost.

Enter LERMA.

Ler. Her majesty is just arrived in the antichamber.

King. Arrived just now!

Ler. And requests an audience.

King. At this unusual hour!—I cannot see her.

Ler. She herself approaches. [*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN.

(Infanta *runs to her.*)

Queen.—*(Falls at the* King's *feet.)*—My lord and husband, I am under the necessity of appealing to you for justice.

King. Justice!

Queen. I am treated with indignity at your court. My cabinet has been opened by force—

King. What?

Queen. And several articles of the greatest importance to me are gone.

King. Of the greatest importance to you!

Queen. On account of the misconstruction which malicious persons, not acquainted with the circumstances—

King. Misconstruction!—Malicious persons!—But rise.

Queen. Not till you have given me your royal promise to discover and punish the offender, or have granted me per-

mission to retire from a court, which harbours a villain and a thief.

King. Rise, I say——in this attitude——rise.

Queen.—*(Obeys.)*—That he must be of rank I am certain; for in the same cabinet were pearls and diamonds worth more than a million; but he was satisfied with letters——

King. What letters?

Queen. They were from different persons—among the rest, some from the Infant, and with them was a miniature of him.

King. From——

Queen. The Infant your son.

King. To you?

Queen. Yes.

King. From the Infant! And that you say to me!

Queen. Why not, my lord?

King. With this composure?

Queen. What thus surprises you? Surely you recollect the letters which, by permission of both monarchs, were sent by Don Carlos to me at Saint Germain. Whether the miniature which accompanied them was included in this permission, or whether he, of his own accord, ventured on the step, I take not upon me to determine; but if the latter were the case, surely his conduct was not culpable, for then he little thought he sent it to one who would ever be his mother.

King.—*(Almost unable to contain himself, turns aside and is going.)*—The viper! I knew this would be her excuse.

Queen.—*(Takes his hand.)*—What agitates you thus?

Inf.—*(Who has, mean while, found the miniature, brings it to the* Queen.)—Look, dear mother! What a pretty picture!

Queen.—*(Recognizes it, and stands in speechless astonishment. Both, for some time, look full at each other.)*—I must

own, my lord, this mode of conduct is most noble, most royal—but one question more I beg leave to ask—

King. It is my place to ask questions, madam.

Queen. The innocent shall, at all events, not suffer by my suspicions. If, therefore, this theft was committed by your order—

King. It was.

Queen. Then I have no longer any one to accuse or pity but yourself. The conduct of your wife will never justify you in acting thus.

King. I am accustomed to this language, madam; but, be assured I shall not be imposed upon by it as I was at Aranjuez. I am now better acquainted with the pure, innocent lady, who could defend her conduct with so much dignified majesty———

Queen. What means this?

King. Who only sent her attendants away that she might amuse herself with her child.

Queen. How am I to understand this?

King. In short, madam, is it true or false that you there conversed with some one?

Queen. True. I conversed with the Infant.

King. The Infant! It is evident, then! You confess it! Had you no more regard for my honour?

Queen. Honour, my lord! Before I was king Philip's wife, I was Henry's daughter. If any honour were concerned, a greater was at stake than Castile bestowed upon me.

King. Why did you deny what you now confess?

Queen. Because, my lord, I am not in the habit of being accused as a delinquent in the presence of a whole court. I never shall conceal the truth when it is asked with respect and propriety. But was the tone proper, which was used by your majesty at Aranjuez? Are the assembled grandees to be considered a tribunal at which queens are to ren-

der account of their private actions? I granted the prince an interview, because he so earnestly requested it, and because I will not allow custom to sway me in actions which I think innocent.—I concealed it from you, because I was not disposed to contend for this liberty in the presence of your majesty's attendants and my own.

King. You use very bold language, madam.

Queen. Nay, I will own another reason. I acted thus because the Infant does not possess that paternal regard which he wishes for and deserves.

King. Deserves!

Queen. Yes, deserves, my lord. I esteem and love him as my nearest relative, who was once thought worthy of possessing my hand. I have not yet been able to discover that I ought to keep him at a greater distance than any other person, because he once was dearer to me than any other. If your state-policy can form connexions as they suit your purposes, I will prove that it cannot so easily dissolve them.—No one shall dictate to me whom I must hate or love; and, since you have compelled me to speak, I assure you that my will shall no longer be controlled. All attempts at prohibition and compulsion shall only increase my good opinion of my friends, and make me proceed even to extremities.

King. Elizabeth, you have seen me in the hours of weakness, and this recollection makes you bold. The mirror, before which we stand, makes you bold. You rely on the powers by which you have so often subdued my firmness—But dread me the more on that account. What hitherto made me weak, may now drive me to madness.

Queen. What have I done, then, to offend you?

King.—(*Takes her hand.*)—If my suspicions be just—if the measure of your guilt be full—(*Drops her hand.*)—I can subdue this remnant of my weakness, and will.

Queen. What have I done to offend you?

King. If I be thus wronged, blood shall atone—

Queen. Heavens! Is it come to this?

King. All christendom shall tremble at my vengeance. I will no longer pay regard to the laws of nations, or the voice of nature—

Queen. How much I pity your majesty—

King.—(*Transported beyond all bounds.*)—Pity!—The compassion of a harlot!

Inf.—(*Clings affrighted to her mother.*)—The king is angry—and you are crying, dear mother.

King.—(*Pushes the child with violence from the* Queen.)—Go, and make your complaint to your father.

Queen.—(*With dignified composure, but with tremulous utterance.*)—This child I must, at all events, protect from injury. Come with me my daughter.—(*Takes the* Infanta *in her arms.*)—If the king will no longer recognize you, I must send for friends beyond the Pyrenees, who will defend us.—(*Going.*)

King.—(*Astonished.*)—Queen!

Queen. I can no more—this is too much.—(*Attempts to reach the door, with the child, but falls.*)

King.—(*Hastens to her, much alarmed.*)—Heavens! Elizabeth!

Inf. Oh, my mother bleeds.—(*Runs out.*)

Queen. Will no one come to help me from this room?

King.—(*Anxiously employed in assisting her.*)—What a dreadful accident! Blood!—Have I deserved that you should so severely punish me?—Rise—compose yourself—rise—I hear footsteps.—Is it your wish that the whole court should be spectators of this scene?—Must I even use supplications.—(*She raises herself, supported by the* King.)

Enter Alba, Feria, Lerma, *and* Domingo.

King. The queen is indisposed. Let her be conducted to her apartments. [*Exit* Queen, *supported by* Feria *and* Lerma

Alba.—(*Who approaches with* Domingo.)—The queen in tears, and blood upon her face!

King. That must, of course, surprise the demons who deceived me.

Alba and *Dom.* We deceive your majesty!

King. Yes, *you*, who have said enough to drive me mad, though not a word towards conviction.

Alba. We only repeated what we had heard.

King. Hell reward you for it! I have done what I am sorry for. She guilty? Was that the language of a guilty conscience?

Posa.—(*Without.*)—Is the king at liberty?

Enter Posa.

King.—(*Hears his voice, and hastens to meet him.*)—Ha! there comes my faithful friend. Welcome Marquis!—(*To* Alba *and* Domingo.)—You are no longer wanted. Leave us.—(Alba *and* Domingo *look at each other with silent astonishment.*)

Posa.—(*Much embarrassed.*)—This defeats my hopes entirely; for I must confess that, in the business which brings me to your majesty, I needed much duke Alba's kind support.—(*Bows to the* Duke.)

King.—(*In a stern tone, to* Alba *and* Domingo.)—You know my will. Leave us. [*Exeunt* Alba *and* Domingo. Marquis, you wanted to make amends for my error. I thank you for your good intention.

Posa. My liege, it must hurt an old man, who has faced death in twenty battles for your majesty, to see himself thus sent away, that a youth—

King. It becomes you to think thus, and me to act as I did. He had spent more than half his life before he became as valuable to me as you already are. I do not choose to

make a secret of my feelings. The marks of my royal favour conferred on you shall meet every eye. The man whom I have made my friend shall be an object of envy. What brings you hither?

Posa. Pardon me, my liege. As I passed through the antichamber, I heard a dreadful rumour, which to me appears incredible. A violent dispute—blood—the queen.——Heaven forbid that the report be true, and that your majesty should have acted incautiously! Most important discoveries, which I have made, entirely alter the nature of the circumstances.

King. Proceed.

Posa. I have found an opportunity of obtaining the prince's pocket-book, which will, I hope, throw some light upon—(*Presents it.*)

King.—(*Eagerly examines the contents.*)—A letter from the emperor, my father—of which I never heard.—(*Reads it, lays it aside, and hastens to the other papers.*)—Plan of a garrison—extracts from Tacitus——and what is this?—This hand I have surely seen before. It is a lady's hand.—(*Reads with great attention, partly aloud, partly to himself.*)—"This key—back part of the queen's pavillion."——Ha! What means this?—"Here may that love be frankly owned—flame—harvest of his hopes"——Infernal treachery! 'Tis she. It is her hand.

Posa. The queen's! Impossible!

King. No. It is the princess Eboli's—

Posa. Then all was true, which was reported to me by the Page who delivered the letter and the key.

King.—(*Grasps* Posa's *hand, in violent agitation.*)—Marquis, I perceive that I am dreadfully imposed upon. This woman—to you I will confess it, Marquis—this woman broke open the cabinet of the queen, and her accusation was the first which I received. Who knows how far the

Monk may be an accomplice? Marquis, I begin to fear I have acted hastily towards my wife.

Posa. If any secret understanding has subsisted between her majesty and the prince, it was certainly of a nature very different to that of which she is accused. I have certain information that the Infant's wish to go to Flanders originated with the queen.

King. I always thought so.

Posa. The queen is ambitious. Need I say more? She is hurt to find herself disappointed in the proud hope of sharing the prerogatives which attach to royalty. The prince's youthful ardour encouraged her projects; but, with respect to her heart, I doubt whether it can love.

King. I am not afraid of her mighty projects.

Posa. Whether she is beloved, or whether, indeed, nothing worse is to be expected from the Infant—this, I own, deserves investigation. In this respect I think the greatest vigilance is necessary.

King. I employ you to exercise it.

Posa.—(*After some reflection.*)—If your majesty thinks me capable of this undertaking, I must beg that my authority may be unlimited.

King. It shall be so.

Posa. At least that I may not, by any person whatever be disturbed in such investigations as I think necessary.

King. You have my promise. You are my guardian angel. How much am I indebted to you for the discoveries you have made.

Enter Lerma.

How did you leave the queen?

Ler. Still very weak, my liege.—(*Looks doubtfully at* Posa.)

King. Let her be informed that I shall come to her immediately.

Posa.—(*Follows him with a look of uneasiness, then turns to the* King.)—One precaution more appears to me necessary. I fear the Infant may have notice of our intentions. He has many friends, nay, perhaps, is connected with the rebels in Ghent. Fear may lead him to desperate resolutions. I therefore advise your majesty to provide against this case by instant means.

King. You are right. But how—

Posa. By a secret warrant of arrest, which your majesty may confide to my care, that I may use it at the moment of danger, and—

King.—(*Thoughtfully.*)—This is a bold step. I doubt whether—

Posa. Let it remain a secret of state till—

King.—(*Goes to his desk, and signs the warrant.*)—A kingdom is at stake. Imminent danger justifies extraordinary measures.—There, Marquis! To you I need not recommend the necessary caution.

Posa.—(*Takes the warrant.*)—The case is desperate.

King. Go, dear Marquis—hasten to restore my peace of mind, and end my restless nights. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE.—*The Gallery. Enter* CARLOS, *in great agitation, met by* LERMA.

Car. You are the man I sought.

Ler. I too sought your highness.

Car. Is it true? For Heaven's sake, is it true?

Ler. What mean you?

Car. That he drew his dagger—that she was covered with blood when carried from his apartments. For Heaven's sake speak. How much of this is true?

Ler. She fainted, and was hurt by the fall—nothing more.

Car. Was she in no further danger—on your honour, Count?

Ler. The queen was not—therefore are you in greater.

Car. The queen was not! Then Heaven be praised! A dreadful rumour reached my ears, that the king was exasperated against my mother and myself, and that a secret had been discovered.

Ler. The latter may be true.

Car. True!

Ler. Prince, I gave you, to-day, one warning, which you despised. Make better use of the second.

Car. How!

Ler. If I be not mistaken, some days ago I saw in your hand a pocket-book, made of blue silk and embroidered with gold.

Car.—*(Alarmed.)*—Such a one I had. Well?

Ler. On the cover was a row of pearls, I think.

Car. Right.

Ler. But a short time since, as I unexpectedly walked into the king's cabinet, I fancied that I saw this very pocket-book in his hand, and the marquis Posa was with him.

Car.—*(After a pause, in a violent tone.)*—That is not true.

Ler.—*(Hurt and indignant.)*—Then I am a deceiver.

Car.—*(Looks at him for some time.)*—You are.

Ler. Alas! I can forgive you.

Car.—*(Walks to and fro in most violent agitation, and at length stops directly opposite to him.)*—Thine is a dreadful occupation, man. In what has he injured thee? In what has our innocent attachment injured thee, that thus thy hellish labour is employed to rend the ties of amity asunder.

Ler. Prince, I revere the pain which makes you thus unjust.

Car. Oh God, let me not be suspicious.

Ler. I remember, too, the king's own words: "How

much am I indebted to you, for the discoveries you have made." This he said as I entered.

Car. Oh, no more, no more.

Ler. Duke Alba is, I understand, disgraced, and Ruy Gomez is deprived of the great seal, which has been presented to the Marquis.

Car.—(*Lost in meditation.*)—And this he concealed from me. For what reason could he conceal it?

Ler. The whole court already looks up to him as the uncontrolled minister and favourite.

Car. He loved me—loved me much. I was dear to him as his own soul. This I am sure of, for a thousand proofs have fully shewn it. But must not millions, must not his native land be dearer to him than a single friend? Yes—for a single friend his bosom was too large—my happiness too small for such a patriot's friendship. He has sacrificed me to his virtue. Can I blame him for this deed? Oh! it is certain, it is certain.—I have lost him.—(*Walks apart, and hides his face.*)

Ler.—(*After a pause.*)—Dearest prince, what can I do for you?

Car.—(*Without looking at him.*)—Go to the king, and also betray me. I have nothing to bestow on you.

Ler. Will you wait the consequences of—

Car.—(*Supports himself against a pillar.*)—Yes. I have lost him. Now I am completely poor.

Ler.—(*Approaches, with sympathizing emotion.*)—Prince, will you not think of providing for your safety?

Car. Safety!—Good man!

Ler. And is there no one but yourself for whom you tremble?

Car.—(*Starts.*)—Gracious God! of what do you remind me? My mother?—The letter which I returned to him—which I at first denied—yet at last gave him——(*Walks up and down in extreme agitation.*)—How has *she* deserved

this treatment? Her he might at least have spared. Might he not, Lerma?—(*In a sudden and determined tone.*)—I must go to her—I must warn her of the danger.—Lerma, dear Lerma!—whom can I employ? Is there no resource?—Send the Marquis to me—immediately.

Ler. The Marquis!

Car.—(*In dreadful agony.*)—Oh Heavens!

Ler. The king, too, is with her majesty at present.

Car.—(*Lost in thought.*)—Have I, then, not a friend in all the world——Yes, one I have.—It is impossible that my situation can be worse. [*Rushes out.*

Ler. Prince, whither go you? [*Follows him.*

SCENE, *one of the* Queen's *apartments.* *Enter* EBOLI *and* DOMINGO, *from opposite sides.*

Dom. Princess, have you heard the news?

Ebo. What news? You seem disordered, chaplain.

Dom. Of our new minister.

Ebo. Is this strange report, then, true, which engrosses the conversation of the whole court?

Dom. You have an interest in it. I congratulate you, queen of a single night.

Enter ALBA.

Alba.—(*To* Eboli.)—Plunge my sword into my heart.—'Twas I myself who brought him to the king.

Dom. Who could then have suspected—

Alba. So much the worse. He who could so well dissemble, who could so easily lull you and me to repose, can do still more.

Dom. "You are no longer wanted!" You remember the king's words?

Ebo. Whence has this sudden change its origin? I do not comprehend it.

Alba.—(*In deep meditation.*)—What would I now give for such a foe as the Infant has been to me.

Dom. Very true, Alba. If I understand your meaning, I could almost fancy you had dived into my mind.

Alba. In reality he is a noble prince.

Dom. So think I.

Alba. And worthy of a better fate.

Dom. That was always my opinion.

Alba.—(*After a pause.*)—Chaplain, will you join me?

Dom. In what? Do you intend—

Alba. I intend to destroy my own work, that I may again begin it on another plan. [*Exit.*

Dom. You are silent, princess.

Ebo. Act as you think proper. I shall never be his friend.

[*Exit* Domingo.

Enter CARLOS *on the opposite side.*

Car.—(*To* Eboli, *who starts at sight of him.*)—Be not alarmed, princess. I will be gentle as a child.

Ebo. Prince, this unexpected—

Car. Are you still offended?

Ebo. Prince!

Car. Are you still offended? Tell me, I beseech you.

Ebo. What means this? You appear to have forgotten yourself, prince. What is your business with me?

Car.—(*Seizes her hand.*)—Is your hatred eternal? Can offended love never forgive?

Ebo.—(*Endeavours to extricate herself.*)—Of what do you remind me, prince?

Car. Of your goodness and my own ingratitude. Alas! Full well I know that I have deeply hurt you; that I have

wounded your gentle heart; that I have caused tears to flow from those angelic eyes.

Ebo. Prince, leave me, I—

Car. I am come hither, because I can rely upon your mild forgiving soul.—Eboli, I have not one friend in the world except yourself. You once esteemed me. You cannot be inexorable.

Ebo.—(*Turns away.*)—No more, for Heaven's sake—

Car. Let me remind you of your kind affection, which I so basely treated. Look upon me but once in the same light as I then appeared to you, and listen to me.

Ebo. Oh Carlos, how do you torment me!

Car. Be greater than your sex. Forget my offences. Do what no woman ever did before you, or will ever do again. I request of you a favour greater than you can fancy. Let me—on my knees I conjure you, let me, for a moment, see my mother.

Enter POSA, *in breathless haste, with two Officers of the body guard.*

Posa.—(*Rushes between them.*)—What has he confessed? Believe him not.

Car.—(*Still on his knees, raising his voice.*)—By all that is sacred—

Posa.—(*Interrupts him in a violent tone.*)—He is mad. Do not attend to him.

Car.—(*In a louder and more earnest tone.*)—My life or death depends upon it. Conduct me to her.

Posa.—(*Draws* Eboli *from him by force.*)—You die if you listen to him.—(*Turns to one of the* Officers.)—Count Cordua, in his majesty's name I command you to seize the Prince.—(*Produces the warrant of arrest.* Carlos *stands rooted to the spot*—Eboli *shrieks*—*the* Officers *are astonished. long and solemn pause ensues.* Posa *is in a violent tremor,*

and scarcely able to suppress his feelings.)—Prince, I request your sword.—(*To* Eboli, *who is going.*)—Princess Eboli, you will stay here.—(*To the* Officers.)—On your life allow not his highness to say one word to any one—he must not utter a syllable even to yourself.—(*Whispers a few more words in the* Officer's *ear, then turns to the rest.*)—I shall immediately give account of my proceedings to the king.—You, prince, may expect me in an hour.—(Carlos *allows himself to be led away, without appearing conscious of his situation; except that, as he passes, he casts a feeble dying look towards* Posa, *who conceals his face. No sooner is he gone, than* Eboli *again attempts to escape, but is seized by the* Marquis.)

Ebo. For Heaven's sake, let me quit this place—

Posa.—(*Draws her forward with terrible sternness.*)—Unfortunate creature, what has he said to thee?

Ebo. Nothing—release me—nothing.

Posa.—(*Still more sternly.*)—Thou shalt not go. What hast thou learnt?—Escape is impossible. Confess, for in this world thou wilt have no other opportunity.

Ebo.—(*Extremely alarmed.*)—Gracious God! What means this? You will not murder me?

Posa.—(*Shews a dagger.*)—That is my intention. Be brief.

Ebo. Oh, mercy, mercy! What have I done?

Posa.—(*Looks towards Heaven, and points the dagger to her breast.*)—As yet all is secure. As yet the poison has not dropped from the vessel which contains it. If I destroy the vessel, its contagion cannot spread. The fate of Spain depends upon a woman's life. Great Judge of all, at thy tribunal I can justify this murder.—(*Again raises his arm, and stands in terrible suspense.*)

Ebo.—(*Falls at his feet, and looks boldly at him.*)—Now—why do you delay the blow?—I sue not for mercy. I have deserved to die—and ask for death.

Posa.—(*After reflecting for a short time, during which his*

hand gradually sinks.)—Mean, dastardly, and barbarous! No, no, no. Thank Heaven there still are other means. —(*Casts the dagger from him, and hastens away.* Eboli *rushes from the room through the opposite door.*)

SCENE, *another of the* Queen's *Apartments.—The* QUEEN *and* FUENTES *are discovered.*

Queen. What a commotion there is in the palace! Every noise I hear to-day alarms me, countess.—Pray enquire what it means. [*Exit* Fuentes.

EBOLI *rushes into the room pale and breathless.*

Ebo.—(Falls at the Queen's *feet.)*—Help, help! He is imprisoned.

Queen. Who?

Ebo. The Marquis Posa arrested him by the king's order.

Queen. Whom, whom?

Ebo. The prince.

Queen. Have you lost your senses?

Ebo. Alas! I saw him led away.

Queen. And who arrested him?

Ebo. The Marquis Posa.

Queen. Well, Heaven be thanked that it was the Marquis!

Ebo. Can you say that so calmly? Oh Heavens, my gracious lady, you know not—

Queen. Why he was arrested? For some error, I suppose, natural in a youth of violent passions.

Ebo. No, no, no!—Oh Heavens! Cursed diabolical deed! Nothing can save him. He must die.

Queen. Die!

Ebo. And I am his murderer.

Queen. Die! You rave. Reflect on what you say.

Ebo. Oh, had I known this would have been the consequence—

Queen.—(*Takes her hand with a friendly mien.*)—Princess, compose yourself. Collect your scattered spirits, and calmly—not in tones which make me shudder—tell me what you know, and what has happened.

Ebo. Oh, do not overwhelm me thus with kindness. It seizes on my conscience like the flames of hell. I am not worthy to raise my eyes and view the glory which surrounds your virtues. Trample, I beseech you, trample on the wretch, who, with all the sensations of repentance, shame, and self-abhorrence, writhes at your feet.

Queen. Unfortunate woman, what have you to confess?

Ebo. Angel of light, as yet you are ignorant that you have kindly smiled upon a demon.—I was the wretch who robbed you.

Queen. You!

Ebo. And who delivered your papers to the king.

Queen. You!

Ebo. I was the wretch who accused you—

Queen. You!—Could *you*—

Ebo. Love, vengeance, and madness were my guides. I hated you, and loved the Infant.

Queen. If you loved him—

Ebo. I avowed my passion, and it was rejected.

Queen.—(*After a pause.*)—Alas! Now, all is clear.—Rise. You loved him. I forgive you. It is forgotten.—Rise.—(*Assists her.*)

Ebo. No, no. There yet remains a horrible confession. Not till then great queen—

Queen. What am I still doomed to hear? Proceed.

Ebo. The king——Seduction——Oh you avert your countenance. I read your dreadful sentence in your looks. ——The crime with which I charged you—I myself committed.—(*Falls to the earth, and hides her burning blushes.*

The Queen *retires, and a long pause ensues. In a few minutes* Olivarez *comes from the room into which the* Queen *went, and finds* Eboli *in her former situation. She approaches, upon which* Eboli *starts up with a frantic look, and perceives the* Queen *is gone.)*

Ebo. Heavens! She has left me. Then all is over.

Oli. Princess Eboli—

Ebo. I know why you are come. The queen has sent you to announce her will. Quick—let me hear it.

Oli. I am commanded by her majesty to claim your cross and keys.

Ebo.—*(Takes the cross from her neck, and delivers it to* Olivarez.)—Yet may I not be allowed once more to kiss her hand? Surely, oh surely, the best of queens will not—

Oli. In the convent of St. Mary you will be told what is determined respecting you.

Ebo.—*(Whose tears gush from her eyes.)*—I shall never see the queen again, then?

Oli.—*(Embraces her with averted face.)*—Farewel.

[*Exit instantly.*

(Eboli *follows her to the door, which is shut upon her. She sinks on her knees, and remains in this attitude for some minutes, then rises, hides her face, and rushes out.)*

Enter Queen *and* Olivarez.

Queen. Is she gone?

Oli. Yes; and in despair. How dreadful is her lot!

Queen.—*(Goes to a window, with looks of uneasiness.)*—Where can the countess Fuentes be? I told her to obtain information—

Enter a Page, *who whispers to* Olivarez.

Oli. Duke Alba and Domingo beg permission—

Queen. Duke Alba and Domingo! Domingo and duke Alba!

Oli. They only request a short audience.

Queen.—(*After some consideration.*)—Conduct them hither. [*Exeunt* Olivarez *and* Page.

Enter ALBA *and* DOMINGO.

Alba. Gracious queen, if we may be allowed—

Queen. What is the motive for this visit?

Dom. An honest anxiety for your majesty's safety.

Alba. We have hastened hither, by timely information, to defeat a plot which is formed against you—

Dom. And to lay at your majesty's feet this testimony of our zeal and services.

Queen.—(*Looks at them with astonishment.*)—Reverend father—and you, noble duke—you really surprise me. I did not expect such zeal from Domingo, or from duke Alba, and know how to value it properly. You mention a plot formed against me. May I ask by whom?

Alba. We entreat you to be on your guard against a Marquis Posa, who is secretly employed by his majesty.

Queen. I am rejoiced to hear his majesty has made so good a choice, I have long since been told of the Marquis Posa's talents and integrity. Never was favour more properly bestowed.

Dom. More properly bestowed! We know it otherwise.

Alba. We have long been acquainted with this man's employments and utility.

Queen. What means this? You excite my curiosity.

Dom. Is it long since your majesty looked into your cabinet?

Queen. How?

Dom. And when you looked into it, did you miss nothing?

Queen. I do not understand you. That I have missed several articles the whole court knows. But how is the Marquis Posa concerned in this?

Alba. Very essentially; for the prince, too, has lost papers of the utmost importance, which were this morning seen in the king's hands, during the Marquis Posa's private audience, since which his highness has been arrested, and the Marquis declared prime-minister.

Queen. Strange! Unaccountable! I find a foe where I suspected none, and two friends whom I never dreamt that I possessed. For, to confess the truth,—(*Rivetting her eyes upon them,*)—I was on the point of pardoning your unkind offices towards me with respect to his majesty.

Alba. Our unkind offices!

Queen. Yours.

Dom. Duke Alba! Ours!

Queen.—(*Still attentively observing them.*)—How happy am I, therefore, to be so soon aware of my error. I had, indeed, previously resolved to request, to-day, that his majesty would produce my accusers. Your visit, therefore, gratifies me, for now I can call for duke Alba's testimony.

Alba. Mine! Are you serious?

Queen. Why not?

Dom. Would you thus defeat all the private services, which—

Queen. Private!—(*With dignified solemnity.*)—Duke Alba, I wish to know what your monarch's consort can have to discuss with you, or with this priest, which her lord may not know.—Am I innocent or guilty?

Dom. What a question!

Alba. But if the king were not just—I mean for the present moment—

Queen. Then I must wait till he becomes so. Happy are they who feel sure of success, when justice predominates. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Alba *and* Domingo.

Enter Posa.

At length I again see you, Marquis. You are welcome.

Posa.—(*Whose looks are disordered, whose voice faulters, and who, throughout this scene, conveys every idea of a mind in the most dreadful state of agitation.*)—Is your majesty alone? Can no one in the adjoining rooms hear our discourse?

Queen. We are secure. What tidings bring you?—(*Looks at him more minutely, and starts.*)—Heavens! What mean these altered features?

Posa. You, perhaps, already know—

Queen. That Carlos is a prisoner, and through you, I have been told. It is true, then! None but yourself would I have believed.

Posa. It is true.

Queen. Through you?

Posa. Through me.

Queen.—(*With a doubtful look.*)—I revere your actions even when I do not comprehend them; but, on this occasion, pardon a female's terrors. I fear you play a desperate game.

Posa. I have lost it.

Queen. God of Heaven!

Posa. Be at ease. You are provided for. The loss falls on myself.

Queen. Oh! What must I hear?

Posa. For who urged me to set my all upon a doubtful die? Who urged me thus to sport with the decrees of Heaven? I, though a mortal, have dared to seize the helm of fate, and, feeling that I cannot guide it, I allow my punishment is just. But why do I dwell on this? Every moment is precious. Who knows but that my judge has already sent the executioner to seize me?

Queen. Your judge!—This solemn tone! Oh! explain the dreadful meaning of your words.

Posa. He is saved—it matters not at what price——yet only for to-day. Few moments are his own.—Let him make good use of them, for I have not bought them at a very moderate price. He must quit Madrid this very night.

Queen. This very night!

Posa. Every preparation is made for his escape. At the convent which has long been the resort of our friendship, he will find a conveyance, and attendants in whom he may confide. Here is, in bills of exchange, all that fortune has bestowed upon me. What is wanting you will supply. I must own I have much upon my mind which Carlos should have known—much which he must know; but I probably may not be enabled to mention every thing in person; therefore, as you will see him this evening, I have recourse to you—

Queen. As you value my repose, speak more intelligibly. What has happened?

Posa. I have still a confession of importance to make, and to you I make it. Mine has been a fortune which but few enjoy. I loved a monarch's son. My heart, devoted but to one, made him its world. In the soul of Carlos I could see the paradise of millions.—Oh how delightful were these visions! But it has pleased eternal Providence to nip my great idea in its bud, and Roderigo soon will be no more. Here—here, on this holy altar—here, in the heart of his queen, the object of his love and adoration, I deposit my last sacred legacy. Here may he find it, when I shall be no more!—*(Turns away, and tears choke his utterance.)*

Queen. This is the language of a dying man. Still I hope that is but the warmth of fancy—or am I to conceive that there is serious meaning in your words?

Posa.—*(Has endeavoured to compose himself, and proceeds in a firmer tone.)*—Tell him to be mindful of the oath which, in the days of enthusiasm, we confirmed by the sacrament.

Mine I have adhered to. Faithful to him I have remained to death—

Queen. To death!

Posa. Tell him to remember his. Remind him of his vow to model a new government. Whether he succeeds or fails ought not to be of importance. Sufficient is it for him that he has attempted the noble project we agreed upon.—When centuries have passed, Providence may send another prince, who, fired with the same enthusiasm, may complete what he began. Tell him, that when he mounts the throne, he must bear in mind the Infant's vows; must not expose the blossom of his great ideas to that destructive insect policy; and must not be led astray by that base wisdom which would defeat the heavenly projects of enthusiasm. I have already discoursed with him upon this head—

Queen. But wherefore, Marquis—

Posa.—*(With great solemnity.)*—And tell him that on his mind I rest the happiness of nations: that I required this at my dying hour, and felt myself justified in the demand. It was in my power to have spread a new morning through this land. The king granted me his confidence—called me his son. I bear his seal, and Alba is no more.—*(Pauses, and surveys the* Queen.)—In tears!—Sweet soul! I know those tears—they are the effect of joy. Right!—Carlos or I!—The choice was sudden, and was dreadful. One *must* be lost—I chose to be the one. Ask no more.

Queen. Now—now at last I begin to understand you. Unhappy man, what have you done?

Posa. I have sacrificed two evenings to enjoy one cheerful, glorious day.—The king I resign; for what can I be to him? In this parched soil none of my roses bloom. My projects of present alteration were childish and absurd. What, then could I do? The fate of Europe rests in the hands of Carlos. To him I resign it, and, till he gains possession, it must bleed beneath the sway of Philip. But

woe be to Carlos and to me, should I repent the choice which I have made—should I have mistaken the will of Heaven,—should I have acted thus for one, who—

Queen. Do not proceed, Marquis. What you fear will never happen. I know your friend, and can answer for his noble mind.

Posa. That alone lay heavy on my mind. Never, never will it happen, for I have *your* promise.—(*After a pause.*)—I saw this unfortunate passion take root in his heart. At that time it was in my power to have checked it; but I did not. On the contrary, I encouraged it. The world may be of another opinion, but I do not repent my conduct—my conscience does not accuse me. I saw life where others would have seen destruction. In this hopeless passion I beheld the golden beams of hope. I wished to teach him what was excellent, and I perceived that wonder-working love would aid my project.

Queen. And could you, Marquis, could you seriously think me so divested of all female weakness, when you employed love as one of his defences? You reflected not what dangers the heart encounters when love is dignified with the title of virtue.

Posa. You speak of your sex in general. My plans were founded on the principles of *one*. Can you be ashamed of exciting a passion, which is founded upon virtue? Is king Philip injured when a painter admires the wonders of the Escurial? Does the sweet music of the lute belong to him, who, though devoid of harmony, purchases the instrument? He has bought the privilege of breaking it, but not the art of calling forth its melting tones. A contemplative mind searches for truth—a feeling heart submits to beauty's power. You and Carlos belong to each other. No paltry prejudices shall make me alter this opinion. Promise that you

will love him—promise, and vow to me that you will love him for ever.

Queen. I promise that my heart alone shall ever be my guide.

Posa. Now I die willingly. My work is done. [*Going.*

Queen. Marquis, are you going—without telling me when—how soon—we shall again see each other!

Posa.—(*With averted face.*)—Rest assured we shall again see each other.

Queen.—(*Gazes at him.*)—I understand you well. Oh Posa, why have you done this?

Posa. He or I—

Queen. No, no. You have been hurried away by the idea of an exalted action. I know you have long wished for such an opportunity of falling. Should it break a thousand hearts, what cares your pride for that? Oh, now I know you well. All you have aimed at has been admiration.

Posa.—(*Astonished, and aside.*)—I was not prepared for this.

Queen.—(*After a pause.*)—Marquis, is escape impossible?

Posa. It is.

Queen. Recollect yourself. Can I do nothing?

Posa. Nothing.

Queen. Not even by a crime? You do not know me. I have courage.

Posa. That I do know.

Queen. Escape is impossible?

Posa. Quite impossible.

Queen.—(*Hides her face.*)—Go. I no longer value any man on earth.

Posa.—(*Falls at her feet, in most violent agitation.*)—Queen!—Oh God! I own that life is sweet.

[*Springs up, and exit.*

SCENE, *the* King's *antichamber.* ALBA *and* DOMINGO *are seen walking up and down, separated and silent.* LERMA *comes from the* King's *cabinet, and, at the same time,* TAXIS *enters the antichamber.*

Ler. Has not the Marquis yet appeared?

Alba. No.—(Lerma *is about to return.*)

Tax. Count Lerma, be pleased to announce me.

Ler. The king will see nobody.

Tax. Tell him he *must* see me. Much, very much depends upon an instant audience. [*Exit* Lerma.

Alba.—(*Approaches* Taxis.)—Dear Taxis accustom yourself to patience. You will not be admitted.

Tax. Why not?

Alba. Because you have not used the precaution of soliciting permission from the Marquis Posa, who can make the king a prisoner as well as his son.

Tax. Posa! True! That is the very man from whom I received this letter.

Alba. What letter?

Tax. Which I was to forward for him to Brussels.

Alba. Brussels!

Tax. And which I now bring to his majesty.

Alba. Brussels! Chaplain, did you hear that? Brussels!

Dom.—(*Approaching.*)—It is very suspicious.

Tax. It was confided to me with evident anxiety and embarrassment.

Dom. Anxiety and embarrassment! Indeed?

Alba. And to whom is it addressed?

Tax. To the prince of Orange.

Alba. To William! Chaplain, treason lurks here.

Dom. How can it be otherwise? This letter must be delivered to the king without delay. How meritorious is it, worthy man, to be thus zealous in your monarch's service!

Tax. Reverend father, I do no more than my duty.

Alba. You have acted wisely and properly.

Re-enter LERMA.

Ler. Don Raimond de Taxis is wanted. [*Exit* Taxis. Is the Marquis not yet come?

Dom. He has been sought for in every place.

Ler. This is very singular.

Alba. Singular indeed. The prince is imprisoned, and the king knows not yet for what reason. How did his majesty receive the news?

Ler. He said not a word.—(*A noise is heard in the cabinet.*)

Alba. What was that?

Tax.—(*Appears at the door.*)—Count Lerma.—(*Both go in.*)

Alba. Domingo, what means this?

Dom. Taxis spoke as if he was alarmed. Should this intercepted letter—duke, I dread some misfortune.

Alba. He sent for Lerma, yet he knows that you and I are here.

Dom. Our day is past.

Alba. True. I am not the man, at whose approach every door opened. Every thing around me wears a different appearance.

Dom.—(*Has approached the door.*)—Hark!

Alba.—(*After a pause.*)—All is silent as death. I can even hear them breathe.

Dom. The double tapestry intercepts the sound.

Alba. Away! Some one comes.

Dom.—(*Leaves the door.*)—I feel as if my life depended on this moment.

Enter PARMA, FERIA, MEDINA, *and other* Grandees.

Par. Can the king be seen?

Alba. No.

Par. No! Who is with him?

Fer. The Marquis Posa, I presume.

Alba. He is every moment expected.

Par. We are this moment arrived from Saragossa. The alarming news is spread through all Madrid. It is, then, true?

Dom. Alas, yes.

Fer. It is true that he is imprisoned by the Marquis?

Alba. Exactly.

Par. But why has this happened?

Alba. Why? That no one knows but the Marquis.

Par. Without assembling the Cortes!

Fer. Cursed be the man, who proposed this innovation on our rights!

Alba. Cursed be he! That say I also.

Med. And I.

The other Grandees. And all.

Par. Who will follow me into the cabinet? I will throw myself at the king's feet—

Lerma *rushes from the cabinet.*

Ler. Duke Alba!

Dom. At last! Heaven be praised!—(Alba *goes in.*)

Ler.—(*Breathless and in great agitation.*)—Should the Marquis Posa come, his majesty is not alone, and will summon him when at liberty.

Dom.—(*To* Lerma, *around whom all crowd.*)—Count, what has happened? You are pale as death.

Ler.—(*Is hastening away.*)—Diabolical!

Par. and Fer. What do you mean?

Med. How is the king disposed?

Ler. He has shed tears.

Dom. Shed tears!

All.—(*Struck with astonishment.*)—The king shed tears!

—(*A bell is rung.* Lerma *hastens into the cabinet.*)

Dom. Count, another word—pardon me.—He is gone. In what a dreadful state of doubt he leaves us!

Enter EBOLI, *with distracted looks.*

Ebo. Where is he? I must see him.—(*To* Feria.)—Duke, lead me to him instantly.

Fer. The king is engaged on matters of the utmost importance. No one can be admitted.

Ebo. Is he then already signing the bloody sentence? He is imposed upon. I can prove he is imposed upon.

Dom.—(*From a distance casts a significant look towards her.*)—Princess Eboli!

Ebo.—(*Approaches him.*)—Are you here too, priest? You are the man I want. You shall confirm what I have to say. —(*Seizes his hand, and draws him to the cabinet.*)

Dom. I! Are you in your senses, princess?

Fer. Stay where you are. The king will not attend to you at present.

Ebo. He must. Truth he must attend to.

Dom. Hold, I beseech you, hold!

Ebo. Wretch! Thou may'st tremble at thy idol's anger. I have nothing to fear.—(*As she rushes into the cabinet,* Alba *appears.*)

Alba.—(*Whose eyes sparkle, and whose mien conveys the idea of complete triumph, hastens towards* Domingo *and embraces him.*)—Order a *Te Deum* in every church. The victory is ours.

Dom. Ours!

Alba.—(*To the* Grandees.)—Now go in to his majesty. You shall all hear further from me. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Palace, separated by iron bars from a large court, in which centinels walk to and fro.* CARLOS *is discovered sitting at a table, with his head lying on his arms, as if he was asleep. In the back ground are* Officers. POSA *enters, and whispers to the* Officers, *who immediately retire. He approaches* CARLOS, *unperceived, and surveys him awhile. At length* CARLOS *raises his head, sees* POSA, *and starts.*

Posa. 'Tis I, Carlos.

Car.—(*Presents his hand.*)—You even come once more to me. That is kind.

Posa. I fancied you might want a friend.

Car. Did you indeed? I am glad to hear it. Oh, I knew you would remain faithful.

Posa. I have deserved that you should think so.

Car. Oh, we understand each other well. This mercy, this mildness becomes such souls as ours.—I grant that one of my requests may have been rash and unreasonable; yet, on that account, you would not deny me those which are the reverse. Virtue may be rigid, but never can be cruel and inhuman. It is not my fault that my joys must be the victims of your duty. You may, at all events, pity me.

Posa. You mistake me, Carlos. I have never been unworthy of your friendship.

Car. But I have been unworthy of yours.

Posa. Hear me, Carlos, I have much to say, and every moment is of value.

Car. Say not one word. I believe it cost you much—I believe that your gentle heart bled when you decorated the victim for the altar.

Posa. Carlos, what mean you?

Car. You will now complete what I should have done, but could not. You will bestow on Spain those golden days which they from me in vain expected. With me all is at an end. That you foresaw. Oh, this dreadful passion has blighted all the early blossoms of my mind. All the hopes you centred in me were dead—you saw it. Providence or Chance led you to the king.—By disclosing my secret he was yours—and you may be his angel. I am irrecoverably lost—perhaps Spain is so too. Alas! In nothing have I been so much to blame as in not having discovered till to-day that your ideas are as exalted as your friendship was sincere.

Posa.—(*Rousing himself from extreme astonishment*)—No.—This I did not foresee—I did not expect that the generosity of a friend would be more inventive than my cautious policy. My plan is ruined—I forgot your heart.

Car. Had you been able to have spared *her* this load of sorrow, I should have been most grateful. Why might not I suffer alone? But no more of this. I will not load you with reproach. What is the queen to you? Do you love her? Can I expect that your rigid virtue will regard the petty cares of my attachment? Pardon me. I was unjust.

Posa. You are unjust, but not on this account. If I deserved one reproach I should deserve all—and, in that case, I should not be here.—(*Draws forth his pocket-book.*)—Here are some of the papers which you entrusted to my care. Take them again.

Car.—(*Looks with astonishment alternately at* Posa *and the papers.*)—How!

Posa. I return them, because they will now be safer in your hands than in mine.

Car. How am I to understand this? The king has not read them, then?

Posa. These papers!

Car. You did not shew them all to him?

Posa. Who told you that I shewed one to him?

Car.—*(Overpowered with astonishment.)*—Is it possible?—Count Lerma.

Posa. Lerma!—I understand this—but who could foresee it?—Lerma!—That man never yet deceived. His information was right. The remaining papers are in the king's possession.

Car. But why am I here?

Posa. To prevent the folly of making Eboli your confidante a second time.

Car.—*(As if awaking from a dream.)*—Ha! now all is clear—

Posa. Who comes?

Enter ALBA.

Alba.—*(Approaches* Carlos *respectfully, and, throughout this scene, turns his back to* Posa.)—Prince, you are free.—His majesty has sent me to announce it.—(Carlos *looks with surprise at* Posa.)

Posa. His majesty can punish or can pardon as he pleases, but I must own I think it strange the prince should be released before I have been heard.

Alba.—*(To* Carlos, *without looking at* Posa.)—At the same time I am happy in being the person appointed to convey—

Car.—*(Gazes at them both with complete astonishment.)*—I have been imprisoned and released, then, without knowing a reason for either.

Alba. By a mistake, I understand, to which his majesty was led by some—deception.

Car. But it is by his majesty's command that I am here?

Alba. Yes, by a mistake of his majesty.

Car. I am sorry to hear it; yet, if the king has made a mistake, it becomes him to atone for this in person. Am I not king Philip's son? Am I a proper object for curiosity and scandal? I will not appear obliged to you for that which the king feels to be his duty. I am ready to appear before the assembly of the Cortes, and from your hands I will not take my sword.

Alba. The king will have no objection to make this reasonable acknowledgment, if your highness will accompany me into his presence.

Car. That will I not. Here I remain till he or all Madrid conducts me from my prison. Bear this answer to him.—(Alba *goes, and, for some time, is seen to deliver orders in the court.*)

Car. Explain all this, I beseech you. Are you not the minister, then?

Posa. I have been, as you see.—(*Walks towards him with great emotion.*)—Oh Carlos, my project has succeeded. Heaven be thanked! It has succeeded.

Car. Succeeded! I do not understand you.

Posa.—(*Grasps his hand.*)—Carlos, thou art rescued—thou art free—and I—(*Pauses.*)

Car. And you?

Posa. And I— — — I press thee for the first time to my breast, fully and completely justified. I have bought this privilege with every thing dear to me.—Oh Carlos, what a moment is this! I am satisfied with myself.——

Car. What a sudden alteration in your features! I never saw you thus before. Your breast seems to heave with secret satisfaction, and your eyes beam with almost supernatural lustre.

Posa. I rejoice that I have reached the goal of my career. Yours now begins. Carlos, we must take leave of each other. Start not. Be a man, and whatever you may hear,

promise that you will not, by grief unworthy of an exalted soul, make our separation more distressing. You will lose me, Carlos—for many years—fools would say for ever. —(Carlos *draws back his hand, and looks earnestly at* Posa.) —Be a man. I have placed great reliance on you; and have not hesitated to pass with you that awful hour which is called the *last*. Yes. I own I anticipated our interview with pleasure. Come. Let us be seated—I feel faint and exhausted.—(*Approaches* Carlos, *who is lost in terror and astonishment, and who involuntarily allows himself to be drawn to a seat.*)—Why thus silent and amazed? I will be brief. The day after I last met you at the Carthusian convent, I was summoned by the king. The result of my audience is known to you and all Madrid; but you are ignorant that your secret passion had been betrayed; that your letters had been stolen from the queen; that I learnt this from the king's own lips; and that I was entrusted with his entire confidence.—(*Pauses, as if expecting a reply from* Carlos, *who remains silent.*)—Yes, Carlos. I myself regulated the plot for your destruction. Your crime was manifest; your acquittal impossible. To draw his vengeance towards myself was all that I could do, and thus I became your enemy, that I might the better serve you.— —Do you hear me?

Car. I do, I do. Proceed.

Posa. Thus far I was right. But soon I was betrayed by the resplendent beams of royal favour. Fame conveyed reports to you, as I might have foreseen; but I, prompted by false tenderness for your peace of mind, and dazzled by the proud idea of completing what I had begun without assistance, concealed the dangerous secret from my friend. This was a great error. I feel it was. My confidence was madness—yet forgive me, Carlos, it was founded on the certainty that our friendship was indissoluble.—(*Again pauses*

Carlos *awakes from his stupefaction, and begins to be much agitated.*)—What I feared, happened.—You were made to tremble at imaginary dangers. The queen bleeding—the alarm which pervaded the palace—Lerma's unfortunate officiousness—and my unaccountable silence — — — all these circumstances assailed your heart.—You hesitated—and at last concluded you had lost your friend. But, too noble yourself to doubt his integrity, you ascribed his fall to noble motives, and ventured not to think him false, till you had convinced yourself his breach of faith deserved your praise. Forsaken by the only person you had trusted, you threw yourself into the arms of Eboli,—unfortunate Carlos—into the arms of a fiend, for she it was who betrayed you. —(Carlos *rises.*)—I saw you hasten to her. Fearful presages took possession of my soul. I followed you, but came too late. You were at her feet, and the confession already had escaped your lips. You were lost.

Car. No, no. My distress affected her. You are mistaken.

Posa. My mind was filled with the most gloomy apprehensions. I saw no possibility of escape for you.—None in universal nature. Despair made me a monster. I held my dagger to a woman's breast—but suddenly a beam of hope shone in my soul,—an idea, Carlos, bold and exalted—sent by a miracle to rescue thee.—"How," thought I, "if I succeed in deceiving the king, and convincing him that I am the criminal? Whether it be probable or not, is of little consequence. To Philip possibility will be conviction. Be it so. I will hazard the attempt. Perhaps a blow so sudden will make the tyrant hesitate; and what more do I want? While he deliberates, Carlos gains time, and can escape to Brabant."

Car. And you have done this?

Posa. I wrote to the prince of Orange, that I loved the queen; that, by the king's mistaken jealousy of you, I

had eluded his suspicions, and had even induced him to provide me with opportunities of seeing her majesty. I added, that I feared discovery; that you, being acquainted with my passion, had hastened to the princess Eboli, probably through her to caution the queen; that I had immediately arrested you, and, as my plans must now fail, I wished to find a retreat at Brussels.—This letter——

Car.—(*Hastily interrupts him.*)—You surely did not entrust it to the post! You know that all letters for Brabant and Flanders——

Posa. Will be delivered to the king. According to persent appearances, I conceive that Taxis has already done his duty.

Car. Heavens! Then I am lost.

Posa. You! Why you?

Car. Unfortunate man! You too are lost. My father never will forgive so monstrous a deception.

Posa. Deception!—Recollect yourself. Who will tell him that it is a deception?

Car. Who! I myself.—(*Going.*)

Posa. Hold! You have lost your senses.

Car. For Heaven's sake, let me go. While I stay here, he is, perhaps, instructing the executioner.

Posa. Of so much greater value is our time. We have still much to say.

Car. What! Before he has been told.—(*Again attempts to go.*)

Posa.—(*Seizes his arm.*)—Carlos, was I so hasty, was I so conscientious when, in our boyish days, you bled for me?

Car.—(*Deeply affected.*)—Oh gracious Providence!

Posa. Away to Flanders! Your destiny is to govern—mine to die for you.

Car.—(*Takes his hand with extreme emotion.*)—No. He will not—cannot resist such noble and exalted conduct. I will lead you to him. Arm in arm we will appear before

him. "Father," I will say, "thus has a friend acted for his friend."—Oh, believe me, Roderigo, my father is not devoid of humanity. He will be moved. Tears will gush from his eyes, and he will pardon us.—*(A musket is discharged from the court.)*—Ha!—At whom was that aimed?

Posa.—*(Falls.)*—I believe at me.

Car.—*(Sinks at his side.)*—Merciful heavens!

Posa.—*(In a faultering voice.)*—The king is quick—I had hoped—longer——think of your escape—do you hear me—of your escape—your mother knows all—I can no more.—*(Dies.)*

CARLOS *falls at his side. In a short time the* King *enters, accompanied by* ALBA, FERIA, MEDINA, PARMA, LERMA, DOMINGO, *and many other* Grandees. *He starts back alarmed at the sight. A solemn and universal pause ensues. The* Grandees *form a semicircle, and look alternately at the* King *and his son, who still lies without any sign of life.*

King.—*(Mildly.)*—Infant, I have accorded with your petition, and am come, with the Grandees of Spain, to announce you are at liberty.—(Carlos *looks up, as if waking from a dream. His eyes are alternately fixed on the* King, *and on the dead body, but he returns no answer.)*—Receive your sword again. You have been treated too rashly and severely.—*(Approaches and presents his hand to raise him.)*—My son is not in his place. Rise, and come into your father's arms.

Car.—*(Receives his embrace without being conscious of it, but suddenly recollects himself, and gazes more intently at him.)*—Thou art a murderer. I cannot embrace thee.—*(Pushes him back, upon which a commotion arises among the* Grandees.)—Why this alarm? What have I done? Dared to touch the Lord's anointed! Fear not that I will lay my

hand upon him. Look at the mark stamped on his forehead. That is God's mark.

King. Follow me, my lords.

Car. Whither so fast? You shall not leave this place.—(*Forcibly detains him with both hands, one of which accident* conducts to *the sword brought by the* King, *and it is drawn by* Carlos *from the scabbard.*)

King. Your sword drawn against your father!

Gran.—(*Draw.*)—Regicide!

Car.—(*Holding the* King *fast by one hand, and his sword in the other.*)—Return your swords. What do you mean? Do you suppose that I am mad? If I were, you do ill to remind me that this sword can rob him of existence.—(*Makes a suspicious motion with it towards the* King.)—I beg you will stand back. In my situation I should be soothed—therefore stand back. What I have to settle with this monarch has no connexion with your oath of allegiance.—Look at his bloody hands—look here, too. This is his work.

King.—(*To the* Grandees, *who anxiously crowd round him.*) Stand back, all of you. Why are you alarmed?—Is he not my son?—I will see to what shameful excess nature—

Car. Nature!—Her reign is past, and murder has succeeded her. The bonds of sweet humanity are rent asunder—rent asunder by thee. Shall I respect what is despised by thee? Look here, look here. Never before was such an act of barbarity perpetrated. Is there no superintending Providence, that kings dare make such ravages?—Since man was born of woman, one, and only one, died as undeservedly as this man. Dost thou know what thou hast done?—No. Thou knowest not that the life which thou hast taken, was of far greater importance to mankind than thine, and that of all thy counsellors. Thou art a common beggar, and hast broken into a sanctuary to steal a pearl, merely that thou mightest earn two paltry reals.—Oh, it is horrible!

King.—(*In a mild tone.*)—If I have been too rash, does it become my son, for whom I have been so, to call me to account?

Car. How! Is it possible thou dost not suspect of what value he was to me? He was—tell him, my Roderigo—assist this omniscient monarch to solve the enigma.—He was my *friend.*—(*Universal astonishment pervades the assembly.*)—And would you know why he died? He died for me.

King. Ha! 'Tis as I suspected.

Car. Much loved martyr, pardon me if I recount thy virtues to a being so incapable of feeling their value. But let this great politician blush that his grey wisdom was defeated by the penetration of a youth. Yes. We were brothers—brothers by a nobler tie than consanguinity. His life was love. His love for me robbed him of life. He was *my* friend when he exalted you by his regard, when his eloquence sported with your haughty spirit. You fancied that you governed him, and were but the humble instrument of his exalted projects.—My imprisonment was caused by the well digested ideas of friendship. That he might rescue me, he wrote a letter to the Prince of Orange—Oh heavens! That he might rescue me, he voluntarily threw himself into the arms of death.—You bestowed your royal favour on him—but he died for me. You forced upon him your friendship and your confidence.—Your sceptre was a toy he played with, then cast it away, and—died for me.—(*The* King's *eyes are fixed on the earth, and all the* Grandees *observe him with astonishment and fear.*)—And was it possible you could give credit to so gross an artifice? How mean must his opinion of you have been when he attempted to impose upon you thus? You dared to hope for his esteem, yet failed in the first trial which he made of you. Oh no! That man was not formed to be your friend. You could only murder him.

Alba.—(*Who has never withdrawn his eyes from the* King,

approaches fearfully.)—My liege, be not thus silent, I beseech you. Look round. Speak to your friends.

Car. He was not your enemy—nay, for some time he felt a regard for you. Perhaps he might have made you happy, for his heart was so rich that even its overflowings might have satisfied a Philip. The fragments of his mind would have deified you. By murdering him you have robbed yourself. Oh royal fool! What would you give to restore a soul like this?—Could you even recal your younger days—could you even counteract the law of mortality—could you even wear your crown till the general resurrection—you would not be able to form one idea equal to the worst which this creative brain produced. Nature never produced but one such man, and here—here— (Saviour of mankind!) here he lies weltering in his blood.—(*A solemn pause. Many of the* Grandees *turn away, and others hide their faces.*)—Oh you, who are assembled here, you, whose astonishment and horror are so palpable, blame not the youth, who thus addresses his father and his king. Look here! This man died for me.—Can you weep? Are you human beings? Look here—and then condemn me if you can—(*Turns to the* King *with more composure.*)—You, perhaps, are waiting to know the issue of this unnatural conduct.—There is my sword—you are my king again. Think you that I dread your vengeance?—Murder me too, as you have murdered the noblest of your subjects. I know that I have forfeited my life, and of what value is it to me? Here I renounce all my expectations in this world. Seek a son among strangers. Here lies my only kingdom.——(*Falls on the dead body, and attends to nothing which afterwards passes. In the mean time, a distant tumult is heard, mixed with the sound of bells.* All the Grandees *preserve a solemn silence.* The King's *eyes wander through the assembly, but are not met by those of any other person.*)

King. What means this? Every eye fixed on the ground.

Will no one answer me?—Every face concealed!—I read your meaning in your silence. My subjects have passed sentence on me.—(*The same silence prevails through the assembly, and the tumult approaches.*)

Ler.—(*To* Alba.)—Surely there is a disturbance——

Alba.—(*Whispers.*)—I fear there is.

Other Gran.—(*Who have hastened to the windows.*)—All the churches proclaim there is a riot.

Ler. They come.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Rebellion! Where is the king?—(*Espies him and forces his way.*)—My liege, the whole city is in arms. The soldiers have united with the people, and a multitude surrounds the palace. It is reported that prince Carlos is in danger. The populace insist on seeing him alive, or threaten to destroy Madrid.

All the Gran. Save the king, save the king.

Alba. Conceal yourself, my liege. You are in danger. We know not yet at whose instigation——

Ler. By the subterraneous passage to Aranjuez.——

Alba.—(*To the* King, *who seems quite unconcerned.*)—You return no answer. Rebellion—my liege—rebellion! Can you be silent?

King.—(*Rouses himself, and turns with dignity to the assembly.*)—Am I still the king of Spain?—No. These cowards weep at the raving exclamations of a boy. They only wait to receive the signal of revolt. I am betrayed.

Alba. What a dreadful suspicion!

King. There pay your homage—there, to your young sovereign. I am a weak old man—I am nothing.

Alba. Can you suspect our loyalty?—(*With a commanding look.*)—Spaniards!—(*All crowd round the* King, *and kneel*

with drawn swords. Carlos *remains close to the dead body, forsaken by every one.)*

King.—(*Tears his robes away, and casts them from him.*)—Clothe your new monarch with these royal robes. Make me his footstool—(*Falls into the arms of* Alba *and* Lerma.)

Ler. Help! Heavens!

Fer. Gracious God! What an alarming circumstance.

Alba. It is but a temporary indisposition. Not a word of it abroad, as you value your lives.

Ler. Rebellion in the capital! Spain without a head.

Alba.—(*Proudly raises himself.*)—Who says that?—(*Leaves the* King *in the arms of* Lerma *and* Feria.)—Convey him to bed. I will, in the mean time, restore tranquillity.

[*Exit.*

(*The* King *is carried away, followed by all the* Grandees, Carlos *alone still remains close to the dead body. After a few moments* Mercado *appears, looks fearfully around, and surveys the* Prince *awhile unperceived, till at length the latter raises himself.)*

Mer. I come from her majesty.—(Carlos *turns away and is silent.)*—My name is Mercado. I am her majesty's surgeon, and here are my credentials.—(*Delivers a ring to* Carlos, *who still returns no answer.*)—The queen wishes much to see you to-day. Matters of importance——

Car. Nothing is now of importance to me in this world.

Mer. A commission, left by the Marquis Posa——

Car.—(*Starts up.*)—What!—I go instantly.

Mer. No. Not now, prince. You must wait till night. Every avenue is doubly guarded, and to approach the queen's apartments unperceived is quite impossible.

Car. But—

Mer. One plan, and one only is practicable. The queen herself devised it, and has employed me to communicate it; but it is bold, singular, and romantic—

Car. Name it.

Mer. A report has long prevailed, that in the vaulted galleries of the palace, our late Emperor's ghost wanders, in the habit of a monk. This rumour is credited among the centinels, who are struck with terror when they enter on that duty. If you be resolved to make use of this disguise, you may easily escape the notice of every one, and find your way to her majesty's apartment, which this key opens. Your sacred habit protects you from every assault. But you must form your resolution on the spot, and your highness will find the necessary disguise in your chamber. I must hasten with your answer to the queen.

Car. And the hour?

Mer. Midnight.

Car.—(*After a pause.*)—Tell her she may expect me.

[*Exit* Mercado.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Save yourself, prince. The king is enraged against you, and a plot is laid against your liberty, if not your life. Ask me no further questions. I have stolen away to apprise you of your danger. Fly without delay. As yet you may find opportunity to escape, but soon it will be too late.

Car. I am under the guidance of the Almighty.

Ler. The queen has told me that you must leave Madrid immediately—even to-day, and fly to Brussels.—Delay not your flight, I most earnestly beseech you. The riot favours it, and for this reason only did her majesty excite it. Just at this moment no one will dare to use force against you. At the Carthusian convent you will find horses, and here are arms, if you should be compelled—(*Delivers a dagger and pistols.*)

Car. Count Lerma, I am your grateful debtor.

Ler. Heaven protect you on your way! Your conduct to day has pierced my very soul. No friend was ever more

attached. All patriots mourn your fate. I dare not at present say more.

Car. Count Lerma, my departed friend called you an honest man.

Ler. Once more farewel, and heaven preserve you! Happier times will come, but I shall then be no more. Accept my homage now.—*(Kneels.)*

Car.—*(Endeavours to prevent it, and is deeply affected.)* —No, count, no——you unman me—

Ler.—*(Kisses his hand with great emotion.)*—Farewel, king of my offspring, farewel. Perhaps my children may die in your defence, though such is not my destiny. In them remember me. May you return in peace to Spain, and be rewarded for your sufferings by the power of dispensing happiness to your subjects! But accept, my prince, the counsel of a well-wisher. Undertake no project by which the blood of your father may be shed. Philip compelled your grandfather to abdicate his crown, and that same Philip now trembles at his son. Remember this, good prince, and heaven protect you! *[Exit.*

(Carlos *is about to depart on the other side, but suddenly turns, falls on the dead body, and clasps it in his arms; then draws a ring from* Posa's *finger, rises, and hastily quits the place.)*

SCENE.—*The* King's *Antichamber, lighted. Enter* ALBA *and* FERIA.

Alba. The commotion is at an end. How did you leave the king?

Fer. In a most dreadful state. He has locked the door of his apartment, and will allow no one to enter. The treachery of the Marquis has at once altered his nature. We no longer know him.

Alba. I must see him. A discovery of the utmost consequence has just been made.

Fer. Another discovery?

Alba. A Carthusian friar, who had secretly stolen into the prince's room, and with eagerness listened to a recital of Posa's death, raised suspicion in my spies, who seized and examined him. Fear forced from him a confession that he was the bearer of important papers, which the deceased had strictly charged him to deliver to the prince.

Fer. Well?

Alba. The letters indicate that Carlos purposes to leave Madrid between midnight and morning.

Fer. What?

Alba. That a ship awaits him at Cadiz, and will bring him to Flushing; and that the Netherlands, on his arrival, will at once throw off the Spanish yoke.

Fer. Ha! What means this?

Alba. Other letters state that the Turkish fleet has already sailed from Rhodes, to attack the king of Spain in the Mediterranean, according to agreement.

Fer. Is it possible?

Alba. These very letters prove the object of Posa's extensive travels, which was no other than to arm all the northern powers in behalf of Flanders.

Fer. Amazing!

Alba. To one of the letters is attached a plan of the whole campaign, which was, at once and for ever, to make Flanders independent. Nothing is omitted. Instructions relative to the attack are accompanied by provisions against a repulse.—All the resources of the country are minutely described, and all the rules laid down, which the allied powers agree to obey. The project is diabolical—but really deserves admiration.

Fer. What well-conducted treason!

Alba. Mention is also made of a private interview, which is to take place between Don Carlos and her majesty, on the evening previous to his flight.

Fer. How! that implies it will take place to-night.

Alba. At twelve o'clock. I have already used the necessary precautions, for not a moment must be lost.

Enter DOMINGO.

Dom. Where is the prince? Have no orders been given to secure him.

Alba. No.

Dom. And can you think his majesty safe, while this madman is at liberty and possessed of arms?

Alba. I must see the king.

Fer. You cannot. His door is locked.

Alba. I'll break it open then. The increasing danger justifies me. The king must be saved.—(*As he goes to the door, it is opened, and the* King *appears. All are alarmed at his looks, which bear evident traces of his late attack. He passes the* Grandees *with long and solemn strides, and gazes at each of them. At length he stops, and casts his eyes on the floor.)*

King. Restore this man to life. I must have him again.

Dom.—(*Apart to* Alba.)—Speak to him.

King. He had a mean opinion of me when he died. I must have him again.

Alba.—(*Approaches.*)—My liege——

King. Who speaks?—(*Turns and for a long time gazes at the whole assembly.*)—Have you forgotten who I am? Why are you not upon your knees? I am a king, and still demand obedience. Do you all think yourselves justified in rebellion, because one despised me?

Alba. Forget the worthless wretch, my liege.

King. Worthless! What maniac brands him with that epithet?—Worthless! By my soul it were much easier for thee to die guiltless, than to become the equal of the man whom thou callest worthless.

Alba. We beseech your majesty for leave to speak. Another foe of more importance than the Marquis still exists in Spain.

Fer. Don Carlos——

King. He had a friend, who died for him, when he might have shared my kingdom. Oh shame, shame, can thy ignominious blush mount even to the cheeks of kings?—Sacrificed for a boy—hated by my advisers, and banished from my confidence—banished from this circle——Yes. *These* are the proper counsellors for Philip.

Alba. Do you no longer recognize your faithful friends, my liege?

King. How did he look down on me—with far more pride than monarchs, when seated on the throne, can look down upon their subjects! Heavens! What a loss is mine.

Dom.—(*To* Alba.)—Duke, we must not longer—

King. Oh that he were still alive! I would give the Indies to recover him. How impotent are kings, though termed almighty! Can regal power atone for a rash act, by restoring animation? Alas! No. Who, then, can say that I am happy? Step forth, ye sycophants; fill my ears with flattery; exhibit all the machinery of admiration; praise me; deify me; worship me. Yes. *You* I still possess; but he who possessed my esteem, is dead. In what do the living interest me?—Oh, in nothing. This age produced but one independent man—*but one.*—He despised me—and died.

Alba. Our lives, then, are of no importance. Spaniards, let us hasten to our graves. Even when dead, this man deprives us of our sovereign's favour.

King.—(*Seats himself, and props his head upon his arm.*) I loved him with the affection of a father. He was the first whom I had ever loved, and no one knows what I intended

to bestow upon him. All Europe may curse me, but I deserved gratitude from him.

Dom. By what amazing charm—

King. And for whom did he fall a voluntary victim? For that boy my son. Never! It is impossible. A Posa could not die for a stripling. Friendship alone could never fill a Posa's heart. It beat for the whole world; for this and every future generation. How could he, then, reconcile to himself such treason against human nature? Oh, it is evident. He did not sacrifice Philip for Carlos, but an old man for his friend and pupil. My setting sun had not power to nourish his designs—he turned, therefore, to that which is about to rise.

Alba. Read his motives in these letters.

King.—(*Rises.*)—He might be mistaken. As yet I am myself. Nature, accept my thanks. I feel in these limbs all the vigour of a youth.—(*With enthusiasm.*)—I will make him an object of derision. I will prove that his virtue was a chimera, and his death folly. In his fall he shall draw after him his friend, and the happiness of the age in which he lived. For a short time the world is still mine; and I will avail myself so well of this short time, that, during ten generations, no one shall reap a harvest from the desolated land which I will leave.—(*Stalks to and fro with rapid strides.*)—He has sacrificed me to his idol humanity. On human nature, then, I'll wreak my vengeance,—and with his puppet I'll begin.—(*To* Alba.)—What said you of the Infant, and what do these letters contain?

Alba. These letters, my liege, contain the Marquis Posa's legacy to your son.

King.—(*Reads the papers, while every one minutely observes him. After having perused them awhile, he lays them aside, and paces the apartment.*)—Send to the grand inquisitor, and say I request the favour of his attendance.—(*One*

of the Grandees *goes. Expectation appears in every countenance.* Alba *and* Domingo *exchange significant looks. The* King *again reads the papers.*)—This very night, then?

Tax. At two o'clock a conveyance will be ready at the Carthusian cloister.

Alba. And people, whom I employed to make observations, saw several chests carried thither, on which the royal arms were visible.

Fer. It is reported, too, that large sums have been remitted by Moorish agents to Brussels, in the name of her majesty.

King. Where was the Infant last seen?

Alba. Close to the corpse.

Dom. Which he has, doubtless, left since that time, to proceed in business more urgent.

King. Is there any light in the queen's apartments?

Alba. No, my liege. A profound silence prevails. She dismissed her attendants sooner than usual; and the Duchess of Arcos, who last came away, left her already asleep.

Enter an Officer *of the guard. He draws* Feria *aside, and whispers; upon which the latter turns with surprise to* Alba. *The other* Grandees *crowd round them, and a murmur arises.*

Fer. Tax. and Dom.—(*Together.*)—Very extraordinary!

King. What now?

Fer. Intelligence, my liege, which scarcely deserves credit——

Dom. Two of the centinels, who had just left their post, declare—but it is a most ridiculous report.

King. Well?

Alba. That the ghost of our late emperor appeared in the left wing of the palace, and passed them with solemn steps. The rumour is confirmed by all the centinels on the same

station, who add, that the spectre entered the apartments of her majesty.

Fer. They cannot all be mistaken.

King. And in what form did he appear?

Off. In the very habit which he wore before his death, when he was a monk of the order of Saint Ieronymo.

King. As a monk! The centinels knew him when he was alive, then, or how could they ascertain it was the emperor?

Off. He had a sceptre in his hand.

Dom. Report says that he has been often seen in this habit.

King. Did no one speak to him?

Off. No one dared. The soldiers said a prayer, and respectfully allowed him to proceed.

King. And the spectre was observed to enter the queen's apartments?

Off. It certainly entered her Majesty's antichamber.

King.—*(After a pause.)*—What do you all think of this?

Alba. My liege, we know not what to think.

King.—*(After having reflected awhile.)*—Let my guards be stationed at every entrance to the wing, and on their lives let them allow no one to leave it. I wish to have some conversation with this ghost. [*Exit* Officer.

Enter a Page.

Page. My liege, the grand inquisitor—

King.—*(To the* Grandees.)—Leave us.

Enter Grand Inquisitor, *blind, decrepid, supported by a stick, and led by two Dominican Friars. As he passes, all the* Grandees *fall, and touch the edge of his garment. He bestows his blessing upon them, and they, as well as the Friars, withdraw. The* King *follows them through two rooms, and bolts every door.*

Inq. Am I in the presence of the king?

King. You are.

Inq. I never expected to be again sent for.

King. I renew a scene of former times. Philip the Infant applies to his tutor for instruction.

Inq. My pupil Charles, your most illustrious father, never was in want of instruction.

King. So much the happier was he. I have requested your attendance, because I must beg your aid.

Inq. My aid, or that of the church?

King. Your mind, and the arm of the church.—(*After a pause.*)—Cardinal, I have committed murder, and my peace of mind—

Inq. Why did you commit murder?

King. A deception unexampled—

Inq. I know it.

King. Know it! Through whom?

Inq. For whole years I have known what you have learnt since sun-set.

King.—(*Astonished.*)—You were acquainted with this man's designs?

Inq. Every action of his life is recorded in the sacred register of our office.

King. And yet he was at liberty?

Inq. The chain by which he was held, was long, but indissoluble.

King. But he was some time out of my dominions.

Inq. Wherever he was, I was also.

King.—(*Walks to and fro displeased.*)—It was known in whose hands I was, yet I received no warning.

Inq. Withdraw that observation. Why did you confide in this man before you had made enquiries respecting him? You knew he was a heretic, and neglected to deliver him into our hands. Are we treated thus? If majesty so far degrades itself, as to form connexions with our determined

foes, what must become of us? Why must three hundred thousand souls be sacrificed, if one of the same sentiments is chosen to be favourite and prime minister?

King. He is also sacrificed.

Inq. No, he is murdered—basely, infamously murdered. The blood which ought to have flowed for the glory of our church was shed by an assassin. He was ours, and by what were you justified in seizing our property? He was appointed to die by our hands. Heaven had fixed upon him to be a terrible example. Long has it been my determination to have shewn him as a public spectacle upon the wheel, but you have defeated my project. You have robbed the Holy Order, and stained your own hands with blood.

King. I was hurried away by passion. Forgive me.

Inq. Passion! Is that the answer of Philip the king, or Philip the Infant? Am I alone grown old? Passion! —*(Shakes his head.)*—Let every conscience in your realms be free, if you are such a slave.

King. I am still a novice in these things. Have patience with me.

Inq. No. I am dissatisfied with you. You have disgraced your reign. Where was that Philip, whose soul was firm and unalterable? Had he forgotton all his past actions, when the hand of a heretic was offered and accepted? Was poison no longer poison? Was the barrier between good and evil, between truth and falshood, broken down? What is firmness, what is resolution, what is consistency, if in a single moment the maxims founded on the experience of sixty years, can vanish from the mind?

King. I looked at his countenance. Pardon my remark, but man has one avenue less when he approaches you, for you have lost your sight.

Inq. But of what use could this man be? What could he say which you did not already know? Are you so little ac-

quainted with the language of innovation and enthusiasm?—If your conviction can be conquered by words, with what effrontery dare you sign the sentence of a hundred thousand souls, who are doomed to die for nothing worse?

King. I wanted to find a man. This Domingo, whom you recommended to me—

Inq. A man! Men are to you but cyphers. Must I again instruct my hoary headed pupil in the elements of government? An earthly God should learn to feel no wants but such as can be gratified. If you wish others to sympathize with you, is it not evident that you acknowledge others to be your equals—and by what right, I would know, do you claim authority over your equals?

King.—(*Throws himself into a chair.*)—I am a weak man. I feel it. You require of the creature, what can only be done by the Creator.

Inq. No. Me you will not impose upon. You are discovered. You wanted to escape us. The bondage of our Holy Order was oppressive. You wanted to be independent, but we are revenged. Be thankful that the church is satisfied with chastising you as a parent. The choice which you were blindly allowed to make was your punishment. You have gained instruction by the issue, and now we again receive you. Had you not sent for me to-day, by the Almighty, I would have sent for you to-morrow.

King. Moderate your warmth, priest. I shall not tamely submit to such language.

Inq. Why have you cited the ghost of Samuel to appear? I have reared two kings for Spain, and hoped my labour was at an end. To have lived in vain is a painful sensation at ninety years of age. I crave your pardon—and now, why did you send for me? My time is precious, and I do not wish to repeat my visit.

King. Once more let me employ you—and only once.

Peace is resolved between us, and the past is forgotten. We are friends.

Inq.—*(Presents his hand.)*—If Philip be submissive.

King. My son is guilty of high treason.

Inq. What mean you to do?

King. Every thing or nothing.

Inq. What mean you by every thing?

King. He must escape from Spain—or die.

Inq.—*(Listening with eagerness)*—Proceed.

King. Can you mention any thing, which will diminish the horror of decreeing a son's death?

Inq. To satisfy eternal justice the Son of God died on the cross.

King. You will propagate this opinion throughout Europe.

Inq. Throughout Christendom.

King. Nature revolts at the idea. Can you silence her, too?

Inq. Faith listens not to nature.

King. To you I transfer my office. May I be entirely neutral?

Inq. Deliver him to me.

King. He is my only son. For whom have I obtained and preserved my extensive realms?

Inq. (With fire.) For destruction rather than freedom.

King. We are of the same opinion. Come.

Inq. Whither?

King. To receive the victim from my hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Queen's *Apartment. Enter* CARLOS *in the habit of a monk, with a drawn sword under his arm, and a mask on his face. It is quite dark. He takes off his mask, and approaches a door, which is opened. The Queen appears with a taper, which she places on a marble slab.*

Car.—*(Kneels.)*—Elizabeth!

Queen. Alas! Is it thus we meet again?—*(Endeavours to compose herself.)*—Rise. Let us not distress each other, Carlos. He who died for his friend wishes not that we should shed useless tears. Let them be reserved for occasions less important. Posa bought your life with his. You feel the value of this sacrifice. Carlos, I myself answered for you, and the pledge I gave made him die more willingly. You will not prove my assertions false.

Car.—*(With enthusiastic ardour.)*—I will erect such a monument to his memory as no King was ever honoured with. A paradise shall flourish over his ashes.

Queen. This is as I wished. This was the great design he formed when he devoted himself to death. He fixed on me to be the executrix of his last will, and I charge you, Carlos, to bear in mind the promise you have made.—*(A pause.)* He bequeathed to me another legacy—I promised—and why should I conceal the truth; He bequeathed to me his friend—his Carlos. I despise all false appearances, and will no longer tremble at a mortal's frown. You perceive, Carlos, that I am not afraid of admitting you at this hour. I will be bold as becomes a friend, and openly declare my sentiments. Posa called our attachment virtuous. I believe him, and will no longer—

Car. Mother, end not what you have begun. Let no falsehood pollute those lips. You have known the godlike man—he never could wish you should degrade yourself. Let us not deceive each other. I have long been haunted by an oppressive dream, but I am now awake. Forget all that has happened. Take back your letters, and destroy my own. Fear no return of my wild paroxysms—they are past. My being is refined by a much purer flame. My passion now dwells in the tomb of the dead. This bosom no longer harbours one mortal wish.—*(After a pause.)*—Give me your hand. I came to take leave of you.

Queen.—*(Turns away, and says, in a voice which proves her contending sensations.)*—Carlos——

Car. Be not surprised. This is not a sacrifice, for it has not cost me a pang. I at length perceive that there is something more worthy of ambition than to possess Elizabeth. A few hours have roused my latent faculties; have ripened my ideas. In this world I have nothing to do but to remember the instructions of my friend.—*(Approaches the* Queen, *who hides her face.)*—I go. Have you nothing to say, mother!

Queen. Pay no regard to my tears, Carlos—I cannot suppress them—but believe me, I admire your resolution.

Car. You alone were acquainted with our friendship, and this will for ever make you the most dear to me of any one on earth. I am as unable to grant you my friendship as I was yesterday to bestow my affections on any other woman. Sacred to me shall be the royal widow, should providence conduct me to the throne.

The King, Grand Inquisitor, *and* Grandees *appear in the back ground unperceived.*

I now leave Spain, and shall not see my father again in this world. I no longer respect or love him. The natural feelings of a son are stifled in my bosom. Be you again a wife to him. He has lost a son. Return to your duties. I hasten to rescue an oppressed and injured nation from the hands of tyranny. Madrid shall see me again as a king, or shall never see me. And now a long farewel, dear mother. Kiss your son.

Queen. Oh Carlos! I cannot, dare not endeavour to acquire these great sensations, but I can comprehend them, and admire their owner.

Car. Am I not firm, Elizabeth? I hold you in my arms, and maintain my resolution. Yesterday no power on earth

could have torn me from your embrace. Farewel.—(*Leaves her.*)—It is accomplished. Now, I defy fate. I held her in my arms and maintained my resolution.——Ha! What was that?

Queen. What mean you?

Car. Did you not hear some one breath behind us?—Hark!—(*A clock strikes.*)

Queen. I hear nothing but the dreadful clock, which warns you to depart.

Car. Farewel then. From Ghent you will receive my first letter. After that time, my conduct towards King Philip shall be public. *You* need not dread the discovery. Farewel. This shall be my last deception.—(*Is about to take his mask.*)

King.—(*Steps between them.*)—It is thy last.—(Queen *falls to the earth.*)

Car.—(*Hastens to her and supports her.*)—Is she dead? Oh heaven and earth!

King.—(*With perfect apothy to the* Inquisitor.)—Cardinal, I have done my duty. Now do yours. [*Exit.*

THE END.

Wright, Printer, St. John's Square.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015